# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

kly
Franklin

Vol. 199, No. 26

5c.

DEC. 25, 1926

Richard Washburn Child — Horatio Winslow — Day Edgar — Margaretta Tuttle
Joseph Hergesheimer — Leonard H. Nason — Samuel Crowther — Lilian Bell

Non-Breakable Permanite Barrel — Over-size Ink Capacity — Point Guaranteed 25 Years Not Only for Mechanical Perfection but *for Wear!*

# New Year-New Leaf-Fresh Effort

## *Will You Take Part in the Big Things Parker Duofold Shall Write?*

Scarcely a week before each one for himself will start writing a new chapter in his life's career. Will not the advantage be on the side of those who employ in this fresh effort a pen that cannot fail them, and cannot fail to inspire them?

The speed that goes with super-smoothness, the accuracy that goes with reliability, the capacity that goes with strength —that's Parker Duofold. Its standards have never been matched. Let them be your standards.

They have made Parker Duofold rise higher and higher in the world's employment, until the New Year finds this classic doing a major portion of America's handwriting. Daily association with this successful pen cannot but influence your own success.

So if someone doesn't give you this Black-tipped Lacquer-red Beauty for Christmas—take your Christmas money and buy it. Imitators can't deceive you if you look for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold" on the barrel.

*Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens:*
*Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4*

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS
SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

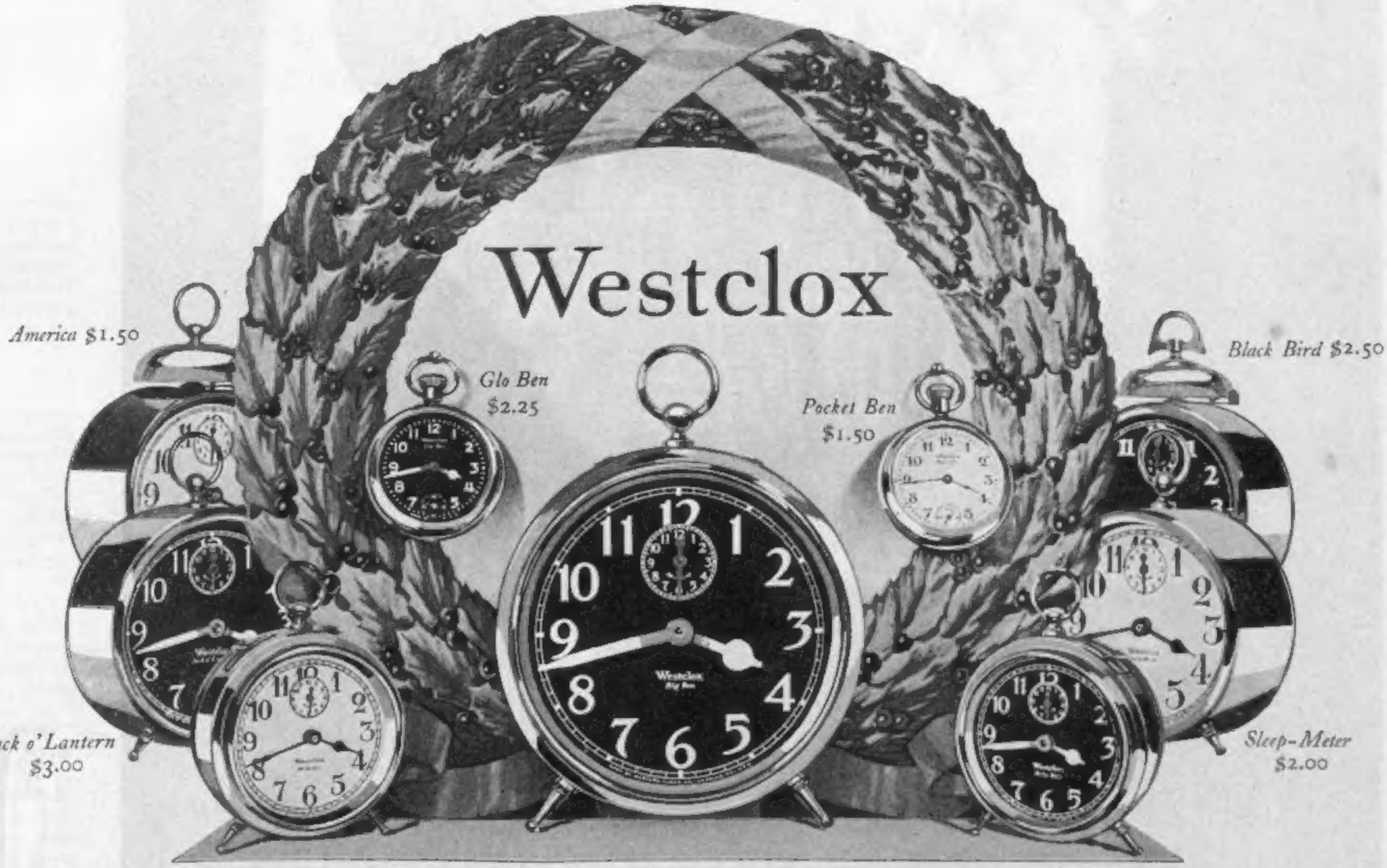
Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

**Parker Duofold** OVER-SIZE **$7**

*Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point*

*Duofold Jr., $5*
*Lady Duofold, $5*

# Useful gifts are best—
# A Westclox will be appreciated




YOUR friends will welcome Westclox as Christmas gifts, because they are useful and dependable.

There's a place in every home for another Westclox; and there's many a man or boy who will be glad to have a Westclox watch.

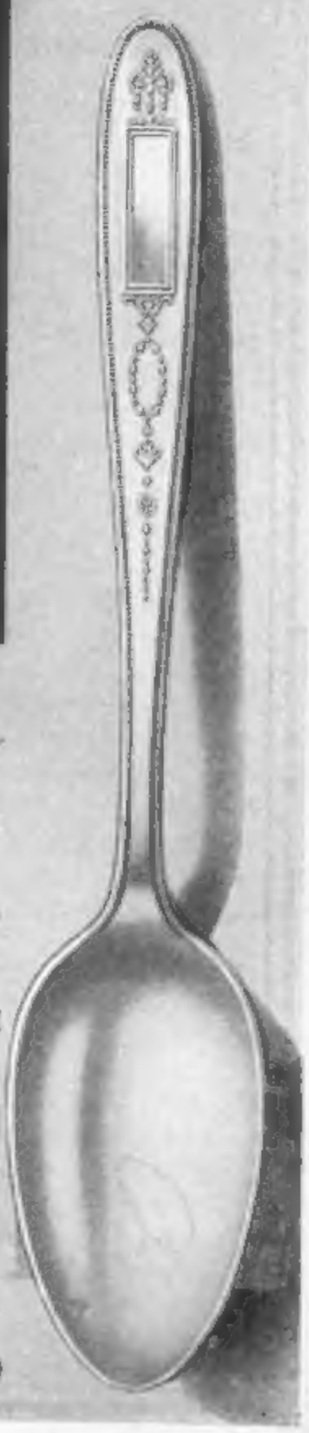
A variety of models, varying in design and price, but uniform in quality. The name "Westclox" on the dial is your protection. Luminous dials from $2.25 to $4.50. Plain dials from $1.50 to $3.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

*Factory:* Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

*A Merry Christmas from the whole Westclox family*

# COMMUNITY PLATE



~flawlessly shaped to hold beauty in every line Community is making complete silver services from teaspoons to tea sets~

THE TEA-SET SHOWN IS $60.00 FOR THREE PIECES • • TEASPOONS $3.75 FOR SIX • • ALL IN THE FINEST PLATE

SILVER SERVICES FOR SMART TABLES

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
E. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1926, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

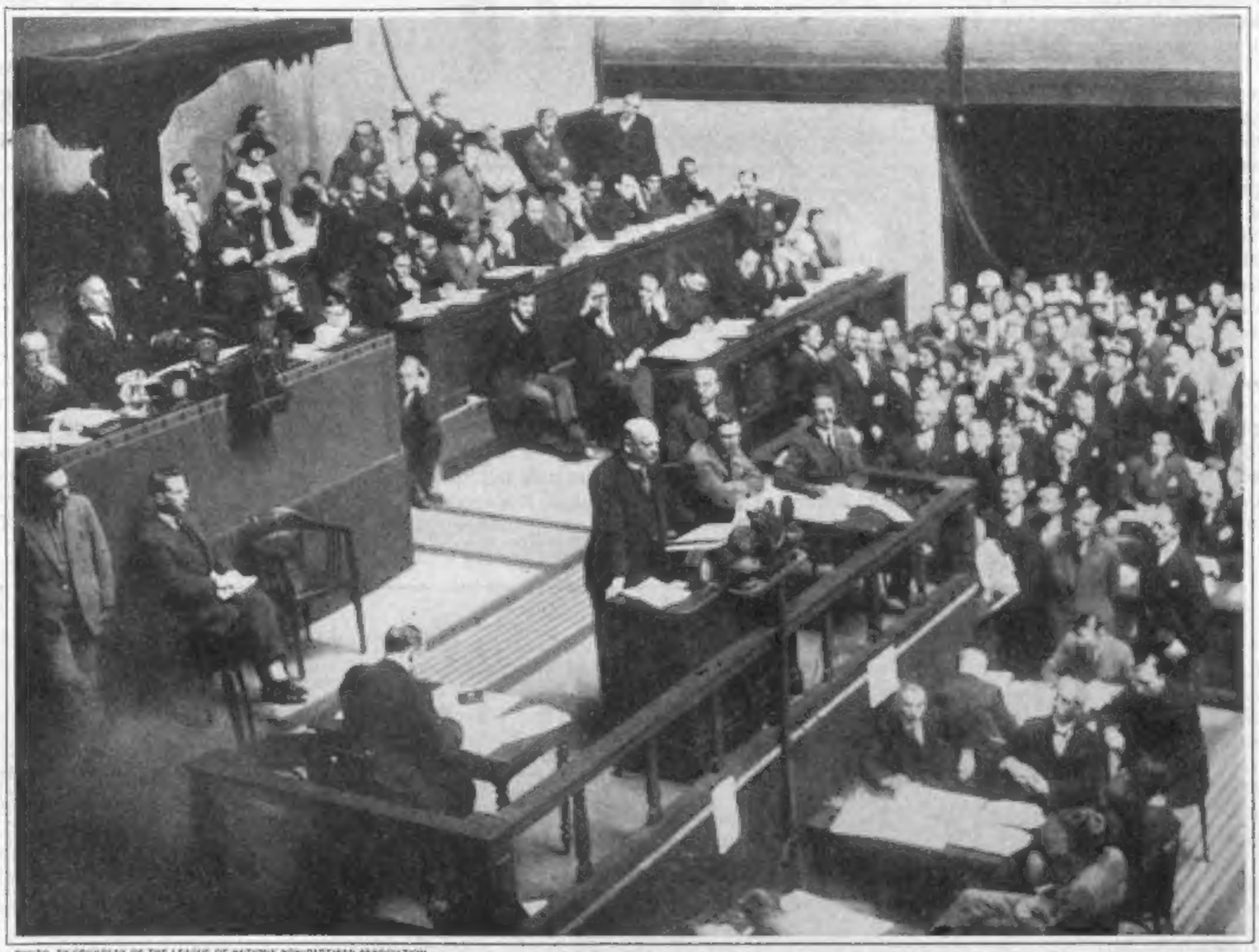
Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 25, 1926 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 26

# A UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

## By Richard Washburn Child



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS NON-PARTISAN ASSOCIATION

*Doctor Stresemann Addressing the League of Nations Assembly, After the Entrance of the German Delegates*

LONDON; a contact again with European conditions and with the channels of information of facts, contrasting with the flood streams of propaganda on which many Americans at home are made to toss about, leads always to one conclusion.

It is this: We fail to see the beach because we are wheedled into interest in the sand. We like new ideas and are disposed to overestimate the value of programs, policies and plans.

"That's good," we say. "Tomorrow! Let's go!"

The difficulty with programs, policies and plans is that the one in a hundred that will work at all works slowly. Overseas, at home, we are used to seeing material things spring up—dams, canals, railways, structures of Cyclopes, and even ideas spring all through us because we have an immense system of printing, radio, movie, canned thought, so that at least for a week or two we can run like sheep after something new. Sometimes I believe that there is only one man left who has a sufficient appreciation that while the material world may be ordered for delivery tomorrow, the progress of mankind is not seasonal, does not fluctuate much with passing fashions, is not affected too profoundly by endowment, foundations and a barrage of professorial suggestions, but works along slowly, painfully and sometimes quite noiselessly. That man, of course, we may note in passing, is Coolidge.

### *The World Moves On Regardless of Traffic Signals*

THE beach is not changed much when we squeeze a handful of its sand and thus try to make an impress on it. We may find nice sea shells without affecting the contour of the strand.

When we look out of the windows of America around the points of the compass at the future of the world it is neither the disinterested and noble ideas which we may shout to it as Wilson shouted, nor the Lord Robert Cecil or Winston Churchill or Clemenceau, or other interested and sometimes not so noble ideas which come drifting to us on the wind that count. There are forces much more present, real and powerful. Those forces are the factors to watch if one wishes to see the whole layout of the beach instead of a handful of flotsam and jetsam, mixed with a little shifting gravel.

Those forces are the big social, political and economic facts. Through the ages our ideas and wishes and hopes and prayers may have the slow toilsome effect which idealists who do not forget realism may count upon. But no saying "Abracadabra" or other mystic phrases is going to whisk those facts into nothingness.

No one is going to see the real new world by burning incense or by muttering phrases or by stewing academic lizards in the pot of our best minds. The way to see the real new world is to look at it. The way to prophesy whither it is going is to look where it is going. The chances are overwhelmingly in favor of its going the way its social and economic and political facts are pushing it. It is less likely now than just after the war that any voice or group of voices can change its major course a great deal by shouting, "Hey! Turn to the right!"

### *Crazy Quilt*

THEREFORE he is a wise American, and a wise American idealist, who is willing to take a look before leaping. With kindness in his heart, and restraint and patience in his mouth and hand, he will refrain from impossible conflicts with inevitable forces, and he will save his energies from what can be dreamed but cannot be done, to spend them on the Great Possible.

If anyone wishes to look at the world from this point of view, and then approaches its various corners with willingness to learn before teaching, there comes forth gradually, as a picture develops on a photographic plate, a vision of facts which carries with it also some prophetic insight.

Before the war the world was not settled down into a stable organization either socially, politically or economically. After the war it is even more askew from the logical and now perhaps inevitable new organization toward which, by decisive forces, it is slowly making its way. It is a troubled world, because its organization is all wrong. History has made a crazy quilt of racial, social, political and economic scraps.

The suggestion made by King C. Gillette, a manufacturer, many years ago that the world should incorporate in one gigantic corporation to supplant political and racial conflict, was regarded as bizarre by some of its critics. It is not so often sniffed at when compared with the present feeble efforts along mere political lines and the drifting toward the mud flats, just as the Holy Alliance drifted.

We may go toward a world-wide organization. We may go there centuries from now, when the scraps in the crazy quilt become more uniform in shape, size and color. That is the logical end of the present tendency. Today, however, the real work to be done, as I find the European statesmen and realists and thinkers have accepted it more and more during these years 1925 and 1926, is to deal with smaller units than the world.

It is logical that geography should count first of all in new world organization. The map may not be the ultimate authority in every problem, but it has the first call on our attention. And the dominant factor of the map is the sea. The easiest and the simplest

plan to begin the control of the world is to mobilize sea power. The United States in its sphere, Great Britain in her sphere, Japan in hers, working in coöperation—and, let us not forget, with high conscience of their three-cornered trusteeship of the destinies of mankind—could stand together as a league of nations beside which the League of Nations itself, with all its membership, would be an impotent and futile and pathetic preceptor, policeman and idealist. There are those who would not like it, and obstacles too great for statesmen who are too little stand in the way. But a Martian with vision and experience in the trial-and-error method of political adjustments on various planets would probably see at once that such a partnership, with all its imperfections and its somewhat autocratic assumption of its obligations, would none the less be the shortest cut to good policing and to permanent peace. If they wished, America, Britain and Japan could give their best service to the world, and the world, calling spades spades, would have to take that service.

If, however, we turn from the fact that the sea dominates the map and that sea power, whether maintained by water or air, could dominate the policing of civilization, we have to go ashore on the realities of land zones. Failing, as we probably must fail for centuries, to make a world-wide organization, the chances are that zone organization will be the next great development in world politics. Again this is the force of geography—the logic of the map.

Everywhere in Europe today one finds a growing realization that a vast territory like that of the United States, with its federated political units, its absence of economic barriers, its ability to act as an economic unit, at least in material progress, must be more than a match for crazy-quilted Europe, more than ever Balkanized by the Treaty of Versailles and more than ever exposed to petty political differences rather than to useful economic unions by the very fact that the League of Nations emphasizes old conflicting national political interests rather than new economic facts which will knit nations.

### The Modern Welders of Nations

THE world has changed. Not much perhaps spiritually, nor in the advance of mankind, which goes slowly, but certainly it has changed, and changed comparatively fast in economic phases, and consequently in those business necessities which feed and clothe and finance peoples and erect standards of living.

We are fortunate in America that we can meet and, indeed, help to create these economic changes, not only because our forty-eight political units can act in a giant authority over a great territory but because those forty-eight units are joined also by similarity of racial ideals and wishes and by the absence of historical enmities. Let no one believe, however, that the other nations of the world will look long at the United States and then study their own groupings on the map without considering at least the possibility of an attempt to do likewise. Let no one believe that this attempt will succeed so well by the political method, with its old suspicions and byplay and with statesmen looking over their shoulders at

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

*Doctor Seipel, Former Chancellor of Austria, and Former Prime Minister Bratiano of Rumania*

parliaments ready to cut their throats, as by the banker and business man and engineer method, which seizes upon facts to support logical unions and can deal across boundaries without much thought of having to go on the stump to defend quiet and sometimes secret knitting of groups of nations. Today it is the economic forces which precede the parade of politicians and statesmen and theorists and document draftsmen.

These economic forces have come marching up to the limelight in the past few months not only in Paris and London, Berlin and Rome, but in Prague, Budapest and Latin America, and in somewhat more gossamer garments in the nations of Russia and Turkey, and in China, Japan and other Asiatic nations.

Before these forces are through with their work over a long evolution ahead, there may be many a United States in the world.

Count upon the geographical and economic basis for these nucleuses of new world organization. There will be found exceptions. The British Empire is one. It is not a geographical unit or a logical economic unit. It holds together in spite and not because of the map and economics, and certainly not because of logical political reasons. These are so absent that no one can even draw a constitution for the organization. It holds together solely by force of social and racial reasons, by traditions, and by strong spiritual bonds which are maintained by a racial minority still dominant in carrying civilization to the far corners of the world, willy-nilly. The British Empire has nearly 14,000,000 square miles and nearly 500,000,000 population, but no one need forget the fact that only a little more than 15 per cent of that population is even white, nor that, as the world changes, the burden of civilizing and of colonizing and of administration becomes heavier and heavier upon the white man in that strange unit of organization.

### A Healthy Oriental Ghost

GIVEN the freedom to act as they would wish, populations of racial and social similarity and geographical proximity would find fewer and fewer reasons why they should not act together in federations. The history of colonization—that of Asia Minor, of Greece, of Rome, of Spain—indicates that geography and race rather than empire settle ultimate political groupings. The stirrings of Latin America toward federation are not so marked today as they will be, but assuredly they are stronger than ever. The A B C States are building an understanding for joint action in world politics, and the conferences to codify laws and regulations, to create unified policies and to act with wisdom in a Pan-American union forecast more ultimate success for an American League of Nations than the South American states can see in detached membership in any United States of Europe at Geneva.

In Asia, and also in Russia, vast territories and vast populations have become cynical in their attitude toward Occidental world management. Almost the whole Oriental population regards the World War and the world peace as being a fairly complete exposure of the unnecessary breakdown and spiritual failure of the Western world. Since the war began, in my experiences in China and with Turkey at Lausanne, and with various delegations from the Near East at Genoa, and with Japanese and Siamese and Chinese colleagues in the diplomatic service, I have seen a quiet contempt for the heads which guide the hands of Western money power and military power.

The ghost of an Oriental bloc may still be a ghost; but one who for his government analyzed its fictions and realities nearly five years ago is impressed with the fact that this ghost is still on its feet and more real now than then. It is all very well to say that, save for Japan, there is not a single nation among the lot which has even

*(Continued on Page 75)*

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

*Locarno, on Lago Maggiore, Switzerland*

# METAL MIKE KNOCKS OUT OLD STORMALONG—By Captain Dingle

THE first shipmaster after Captain Noah, profited by the stranding of the Ark to the extent of establishing a lookout and fastening a stone on a string to try the depth of water. It was quite a while yet before Captain Traprock discovered the compass plant; but navigators in very early times sought to devise some means by which they might guess at their distance from visible and recognizable land. First of all, a rough slant with the hand toward two points gave a more or less near result. Later a genius took two sticks and learned something better from the angle of their crossing. It is not known that fog signals, or even right of way, had place in very ancient days. Ships were fewer than now. When two vessels came near enough to be in danger of touching, that was too close for honesty, and generally there was more than wind in whatever sound signal was made.

*Captain Herbert Hartley and Officers Shooting the Sun on the Bridge of the Leviathan*

Navigation today is a fearful and wonderful thing to the old salt who renews acquaintance with the science after a lengthy retirement. If he served entirely in sail, modern methods are likely to bewilder him. Even if he knew the steamship of only a few short years ago, a trip on one of the up-to-date vessels of today is certain to set him wondering where the end is to be.

### *Officers in Glass Houses*

THAT does not begin to apply to such things as palm gardens, tennis courts, elevators, swimming pools or the hundred and one luxuries of passenger travel. Only to spend one watch on the bridge, say, aboard a fast mail steamship making in past Nantucket from the eastward bound for New York, will make Old Stormalong pinch himself to assure himself that it is a real ship on a real salt sea, that is doing the astounding things he witnesses. It will make the old man gape and shake his hoary old head, perhaps wring from him the time-honored wheeze about men these days not matching up with the tough old salts of yesterday; but he will probably wish, when he creeps to his comfortable bunk later on after seeing a pilot come aboard from a stout seagoing steam pilot boat, that at least the later years of his own sea service could have been spent in circumstances as free from chance and hazard.

As he stands on a warm, dry, inclosed bridge, looking out through a cold drizzle that seems likely to thicken into fog, habit urges him to poke his head outside so that his puckered eyes may have unhampered vision. He may do so once, but soon he will stand quite contentedly at the revolving clear-vision lookout glass, enjoying a view of the outer unpleasantness far clearer than his smarting eyes could give him if he braved the driving drizzle on an open bridge or poop until his red old face turned purple.

Travelers on fast modern liners see few leather-faced old sea dogs wearing deck officers' uniforms. Getting weather-beaten has gone out of date at sea. In many steamers an officer may make a dozen voyages, carrying on his regular routine of watch keeping and rest, without once having to brave the outside atmosphere at all.

Our ancient mariner, standing there at the revolving glass window, is not precisely at ease. He has seen enough almost to convince him that modern navigation may, after all, be safe in spite of the gadgets the bridge and wheelhouse is aglitter with.

### *Wonderland*

HE HAS seen an officer speaking to the lookout on the foremast by telephone. He has missed the lookout's "All's well and lights burning bright, sir!" He has been reassured by seeing the side lights on the bridge itself, electric lights in screens that swing around so that they can be inspected by the officer himself. He has seen one of them fail, to be immediately reported in the wheelhouse by, not a man, but the ringing of a bell and the lighting of a pilot light in a frame which tells at a glance which light has failed.

But there are some things which call for the human element, even in giant liners, surely. The drizzle has become a fog. The steamer is approaching a bad bit of coast. Icebergs are known to have been seen. Yet the great steel vessel slides along on her course at twenty knots, her siren roaring its warning every minute. Even that does not call for the pull of a human hand. When the fog first came down Old Stormalong had seen the clean-faced young officer of the watch turn down a switch on the bridge paneling, and the fog siren was automatically set to work, blaring forth at intervals far more regular than human hand guided by human eye set upon a clock could accomplish.

Quite early in the passage Old Stormalong had survived the first shock, but it had left him shaky for many watches. He had come upon the bridge at the captain's invitation, and had been a bit bewildered. There were so many queer mechanical and electrical gadgets. There was silence. He felt very much as if he were in a laboratory where a vital experiment was afoot. He saw the officer of the watch speak to another officer aft, six hundred feet away, by telephone, and a telephone without a mouthpiece! The receiver was simply pressed against what seemed to be the speaker's Adam's apple, really his larynx. Even that had not shocked his sailorly susceptibilities seriously. But the sight of the steering wheel beat him. There stood the brass wheel all glittering above the bone-white gratings. The compass was there. Not a sturdy old-time magnetic compass aswinging in its bowl in a bath of alcohol and distilled water, but a queer sort of dark face tiptilted like a pie being presented for admiring inspection to the helmsman.

The helmsman! That was the trouble. Old Stormalong had heard about the gyro compass. Though

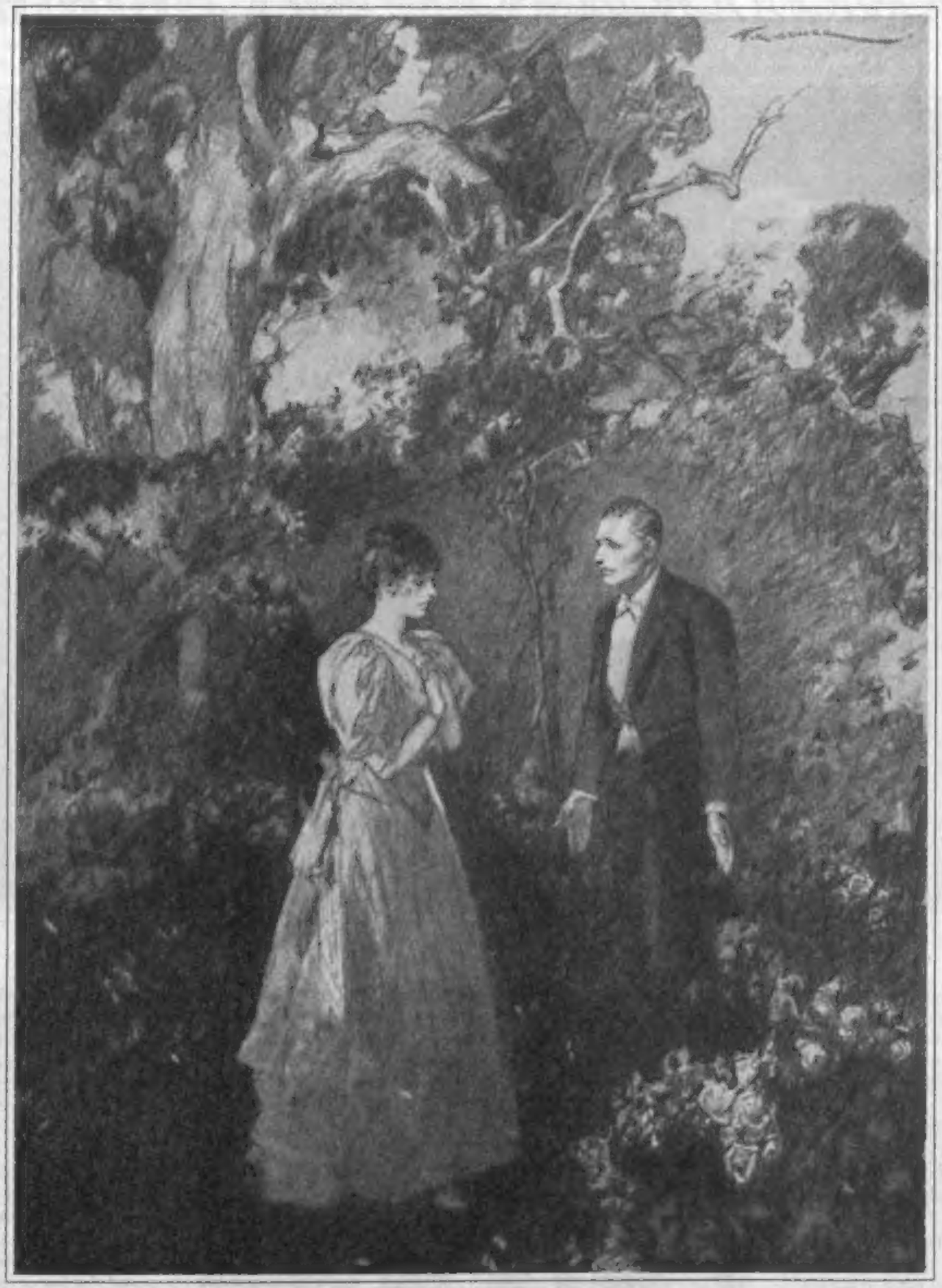
(Continued on Page 66)

PHOTOS, FROM PRESS DEPARTMENT, UNITED STATES LINES

*Explaining Navigation to Prince Nicholas of Rumania*

# 1888 — By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



*Hope Wanted to Stay With Her in the Rose Garden; to Leave, It Seemed to Him, Was to Return to an Unendurably Harsh and Graceless Existence*

AROUND the far rim of the cricket field there was a thin brilliant line of spectators. The dark red-painted grand stand was filled, the balcony on the junior clubhouse was full of boys, there were ladies on the piazza at the ladies' clubhouse, and a constant movement over the wide steps of the main building of the Germantown Cricket Club. It was July, a burning day, and, where the spectators sat in the sun, there was a gay flowering of parasols. The tops of the parked tallyhos and brakes were like flower gardens raised in air. The cricket crease was a deep dark emerald, and on it the flannels of the players were sharp like cut white-paper silhouettes. They were in attitudes of tense attention, the batter on guard before his stumps, the wicket keep, the point and cover-point bent forward. Only the bowler moved; he took some running steps, his arm described an arc and the ball shot forward. Almost instantly the middle wicket flew up, the bails danced in space, and the Gentlemen of England had been retired; the three-day match was over. A great deal of widely distributed applause followed; but a group of Yorkshiremen from the Kensington mills was silent—the Gentlemen of Philadelphia had won. There were cries of "Clean bowled!" and then the approving noise took on another purpose.

A very young man with bright red hair, more than usually immaculate, was walking in from the field with his hat tucked under an arm. "Well batted, sir," took the place of "Well bowled."

A girl on a tallyho clapped her hands violently and turned to the man beside her. "Lord Hope carried his bat," she exclaimed, "for a hundred and twenty-six. That's the third century he's made against Canada and the Americans." The man complained that she wasn't very patriotic. "Why, father," she went on, "that isn't fair and you know it. Only since Lord Hope is staying with us it is nice to have him so successful. . . . Annis, isn't he splendid?" She had deserted her father for the girl sitting behind her. Annis agreed that Eric, Lord Hope, was splendid. A third girl said nothing. But she was different in more than that from the others—her sleeves were not so full or so wide, the ruffle on her skirt was less of a ruffle; and, though parasols were up around her, hers was down so that it might not obstruct any possible view from the tallyho. In addition, she was very much the prettiest girl present.

"Father, do you think he'll come right away or dress in the clubhouse?" Mirelle Baker continued. "Don't Englishmen take tubs at every possible moment?" Engle Baker couldn't say. He really didn't know if Hope would have a bath and change now, or wait. Mirelle was answered by Lord Hope himself. He appeared with only a necktie and a dark blue blazer added to his cricket garb.

"I hope you don't mind," he said generally. "There was such a crowd in the dressing room. I thought I'd come right on. If I hadn't," he added, with a fresh and engaging smile, "I wasn't sure I'd get here at all. What with the whisky sodas."

Four stablemen with four sleek horses with banged tails moved forward; there was a slapping of satin-clean flanks and jingling of harness, coaxing phrases in sotto voices, and Mr. Engle Baker took the russet reins and whip. "Don't bother about me," Hope said, and he swung lightly up to a seat forward of a pair of grooms. There was a clatter of hoofs, the off leader reared, the whip cracked, and the tallyho was away. It rolled swiftly out of the club grounds, turned into a broad road bordered with maples, and left under the canopy of leaves the lingering music of its horn. The Englishman found himself beside a girl who, he had noticed, practically never said anything. She was good-looking too; although her clothes were not quite, not exactly, the thing.

"You know," he said, "I've never been to America before, and I had no idea you were so keen about cricket. Your fellows played awfully well. A little ragged now and then, perhaps, but hard. What do you think?"

She gave him a brief smile. "I couldn't tell you. I had never seen a game of cricket before."

He was amazed. "But you're staying with the Bakers and they're as up on it as possible." She didn't reply to this, and a sudden red stained Hope's cheeks. Probably he had been an ass again and said something inexcusable. Clumsy. A poor relation, he told himself. At least twenty times better looking than Mirelle Baker. That was a shame. However, it was very often like that.

The horses walked up a hill and turned into a shady lane. The leaves brushed the heads on top of the tallyho.

"I must say," Hope spoke again, "that Mr. Baker does this well too. Nice hand. Nice gees." His companion's hands, he noticed, were tightly clasped about the stick of her parasol.

"I don't like it," she confessed in a small voice. "I think we're always just about to turn over. And then it goes so fast. But it's only because I'm not used to it, I guess."

He had been right. "Oh, it's safe enough," he reassured her cheerfully. "As a matter of fact, we're not going at what you'd call a gallop. We are back anyhow."

They had turned in between high stone pillars; a stone gate lodge on the left was hung with trumpet creeper, and before them a driveway curved over an immense lawn, between immense beds of scarlet cannas. The drive dipped and rose through a grove of tulip-poplar trees and the house was in sight—a graystone house with wooden porches and a confusion of turrets and steep roofs. The tallyho swept up under the porte-cochère, the grooms sprang down and raced to the heads of the lead horses and Mr. Engle Baker unfastened the large pearl button that held a fawn-colored robe about his knees. Mrs. Baker descended in an awkward hurry; Annis Varney, her hand in Lord Hope's, jumped lightly down; Mirelle followed; and the girl who had sat beside Hope almost broke an ankle on an iron step. Lord Hope saved her.

For an instant she was practically in his arms, and he released her with an apology. "Really," he said, "it was necessary. It was a question of your ankle or perhaps your neck."

Mrs. Baker was plainly annoyed. "I can't understand, Eulalia, why you are so clumsy."

Her husband put in: "Are you certain it was just clumsiness? Nowadays the girls are getting very sharp." Eulalia Seyffert blushed painfully and Hope was sorry for her. Baker had been rather a beast. Yes, and Mrs. Baker. In England, he told himself, they would be common. Decidedly. He didn't know about America. But Mirelle was a lot of fun. High spirits. He was in his room, lounging in a dressing gown, with whisky and soda and a pipe.

Hope was both annoyed and surprised that the Gentlemen of Philadelphia had beaten them. The truth was that the ball on which Simpson-Kane had been clean bowled was a devilish hard one to hit—a wide break in from leg. He had watched it. Keen and hard players but undoubtedly ragged. And it didn't really matter—nothing could happen in America that would affect their standing in England. Nothing. Yet Hope didn't like to be beaten, in particular at cricket, by Americans. Though, personally, he had done well enough. He'd been lucky. But these Bakers—what about them? Did he actually, or, rather, could he, like Mirelle? His face was shadowed by a very boyish frown. He drank thoughtfully from his tall glass.

Mirelle Baker's room had a high ceiling, paneled in light woods, the wall paper was a design of love birds in a pink

jungle, the windows were wide and very tall. They were so heavy with plate glass that she couldn't raise them; but now, since the day had been so hot, they had all been opened as far as possible. There was a small elaborate brass bed with a ruffled pink cover, and Mirelle's dressing table was swathed in pink silk ruffles. So was Mirelle. She was seated in a mass of cushions, with her feet on a hassock, when there was a light knock on the door.

It was Annis Varney. "I couldn't dress, darling, until I had seen you, if it was only to find out what you were going to wear." She sat on the hassock with an arm across Mirelle's knees and sighed deeply.

Mirelle Baker leaned forward and kissed her. "Dearest, my heart told me you would come."

Annis grew melancholy. "Your heart is filled with another," she declared. "I feel like doing something desperate and fast, like smoking."

She wouldn't dare, Mirelle replied. "You'd be ruined. Why, no man in America would marry you."

Annis pouted. "Then they needn't. I'll take a page from your album and get a foreigner."

"Annis, do you think you'd be happy married to a—a foreigner?" Mirelle asked. "If you had to go across the seas far from home."

Annis Varney gave her a quick glance. "Why didn't you say an Englishman?" she inquired. "Since that's what you meant. It was in your head to say it. And his name is Eric! I could be happy with him. Yes. But he would never deign to look at me. Papa hasn't enough money. He wouldn't think of me any more than he would of Eulalia Seyffert. Dearest Mirelle, you are the lucky one. It will be for you to take a place in the ranks of nobility and walk on lordly terraces followed by your greyhounds."

Mirelle said that no one could be certain. "I don't know that he could love me. Besides, Eric is too noble to be influenced by wealth."

Annis laughed. "That's just funny and you know it. He mightn't love you if you were a fright, no matter how much you had; but you're not a fright, Mirelle. I guess Englishmen aren't different from other men, only more so. And wasn't Eulalia a sight getting off the tallyho? It's very nice of you to ask her to stay with you."

Mirelle was indifferent. "She doesn't see anything where she lives, and she is my cousin, after all. But her dresses are a trial. I really ought to give her some of mine. She did upset Lord Hope, didn't she? Although I don't really think she meant for him to catch her. Eulalia's an honest little thing. Honest but ordinary."

There was another knock and a maid came in. "I had no idea it was so late," Annis cried. "Now I'll have to hurry and that always upsets me." She vanished and the maid set about heating a curling iron. With that accomplished, addressed to Mirelle's bang, she set parallel rows of frizzes across her forehead. Suddenly, with a sharp exclamation, Mirelle half rose and violently slapped the maid. A slight evil smell of burned hair arose.

"There! You've burned it off again and I'll look a fright. I'm sure you've spoiled me." She bent forward to the glass. The servant, in tears, put down the curling iron where it made long brown scorches on the pink silk of the dressing table.

"I won't be struck," she announced hysterically. "I told you before and this is the last. I won't be struck by nobody." An inner door opened and Mrs. Baker, in a cloud of lace, appeared.

"What is it?" she demanded in a very much vexed voice. "Whatever in the world is the matter?"

Mirelle indicated the maid. "She just burned nearly all my bang off. You could smell it a mile away." The girl repeated that she wouldn't be slapped by nobody.

"Now, Agnes," Mrs. Baker went on, "you know Miss Mirelle is very sensitive, and you did burn her hair shockingly. Go on like a good person and get her ready for dinner." The maid, it appeared, was at least as sensitive as anyone else present, for she collapsed sobbing into a chair.

Mr. Baker appeared. "What's all this?" he demanded, and then, without waiting for an answer, added, "Stop it at once."

"It doesn't concern you, Engle," his wife told him. "Go back into our room, please. Agnes is a little upset."

Agnes in a muffled voice explained once more that she had been slapped. "Right across the mouth it was."

Engle Baker glowered at his daughter. "Am I to understand," he asked heavily, "that you struck a servant? If you did you should have dinner in your room. You are not fit to appear downstairs."

Mrs. Baker said, "Engle, be quiet, or Mirelle won't be fit to go down. You know very well how high-spirited she is, how sensitive to pain. Agnes burned her."

"High-spirited hell!" he exclaimed. "Bad temper, spoiled, is more like it."

Mrs. Baker was very dignified. "Mr. Baker," she asserted, "if you are going to curse in my presence, before your own daughter, we had better withdraw."

Engle Baker apologized at once. "I'm sorry, Carrie. It slipped out. But I spoke to Mirelle before about this—this high spirits. They get too high. They do indeed. People are apt to misunderstand them. It won't happen again, Agnes, I'm sure; and we'd be obliged if you would put it out of your mind and go on with Miss Mirelle." Mirelle, in a tearful voice, added that she had hoped Agnes would have time to help Annis too.

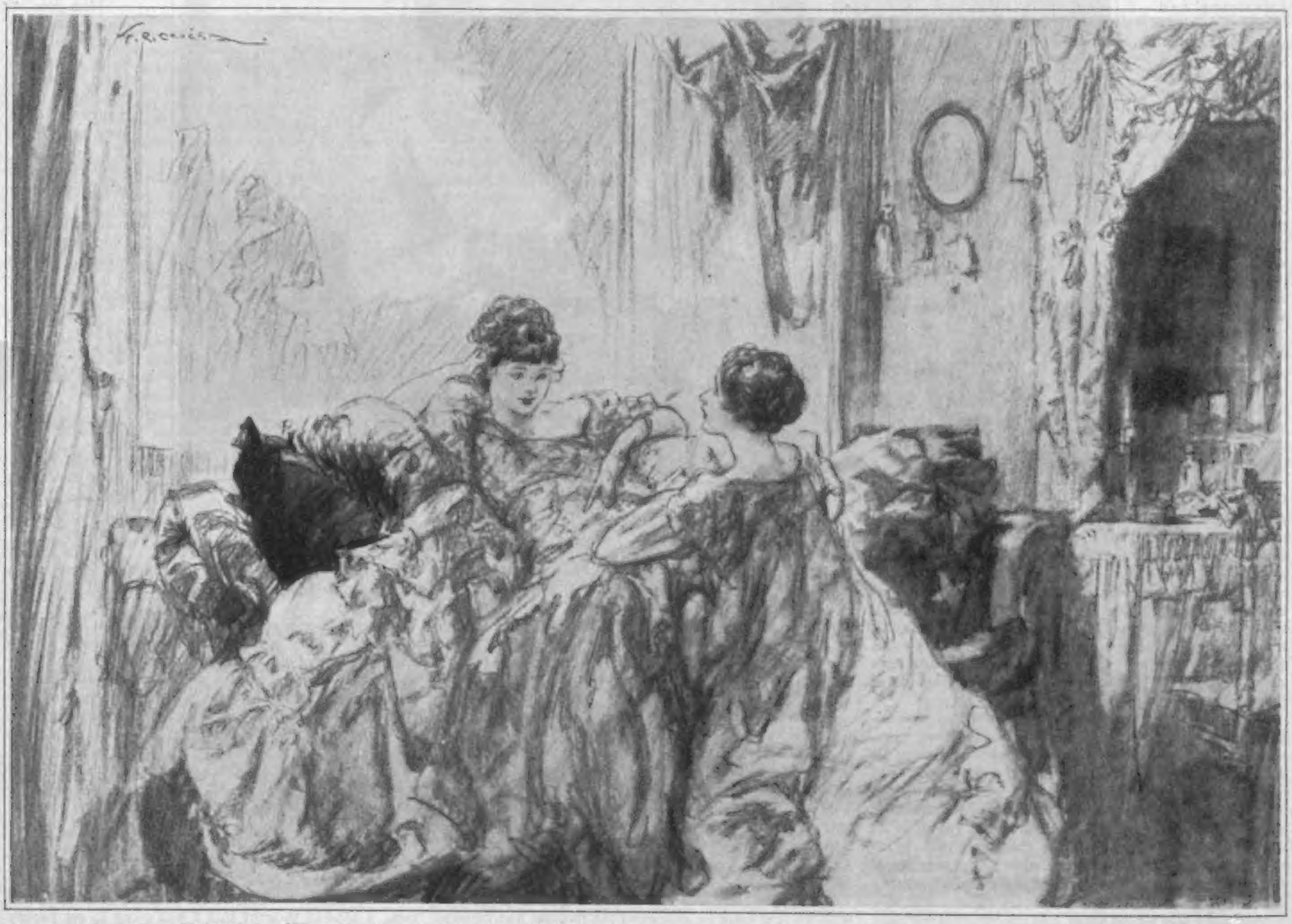
Her parents returned to their room, but the door between was allowed to stand open, and Mirelle heard her mother say that she was so shaken she would have to have a sip of sherry. A servant was sent for the wine and Mirelle, who felt that, compared with herself, her mother hadn't been touched, went to the door.

"Mamma, I'm so weak I can hardly stand, and there isn't a speck of color in my face, and—or rather don't you think—hadn't I better have a little sherry?"

Her mother was positive. "I do not. It isn't genteel for girls to drink. When you are married it will be right for you to take a glass of wine with your husband, in private. But never until then. Why, Mirelle, your father and I are surprised, yes, and quite shocked, at your asking."

Mirelle retired reflecting that she hadn't expected a favorable reply. But when her mother went down to overlook the table her father would soon follow. Shortly after,

(Continued on Page 30)



*Annis Grew Melancholy. "Your Heart is Filled With Another," She Declared. "I Feel Like Doing Something Desperate and Fast, Like Smoking"*

# THE MAN THAT OBEYED

## By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

ON THE topmost floor of one of Boston's highest buildings a young man sat at a desk and looked sadly out across the smoking chimney tops to the distant hills. They were hills crowned with trees, and white houses twinkled here and there. How would they look, thought the young man, with smoke from burning ration dumps going up black against the sky, or with faraway haze-obscured kite balloons floating above the trees, or with black shrapnel blooming suddenly like a great bouquet on their wooded sides? The young man sighed, and wrenching his eyes from the hills, he turned them to a book that lay open on the desk before him.

This book was a small brown volume entitled The Adjusters' and Investigators' Handy Book, and the young man was attempting to read it. His progress, however, had been slow. Again and again he had begun the first paragraph, only to have his eyes wander and his thoughts follow. The building was too high, the view too interesting. The young man had seen other hills, not so long ago, that rolled away to the horizon, fold after fold, and he and other Americans had taken these hills away from the Germans to whom they belonged—had taken them, hill by hill, at the price of a thousand lives per hill. He had eaten when he could find food, once perhaps in three days, and then on other days every hour, depending on the amount of food available.

He had gone days without sleep, so many that he had lost count, and then slept for many hours at a stretch, like an animal, so that when he arose he did not know the day of the week. But now the war was over, a door had opened through which he had gone a soldier and emerged a civilian. But a stroke of the pen could not remove the things that he had seen, the strangeness of regular meals, regular sleep, or the monotony of going each day to the same place at the same time, and of going away at the same time each night, and of knowing that this would go on, year end on year end, until he died. The young man sighed and applied himself again to the first paragraph of the book.

"The adjuster," began the book, "is he who, preliminary investigation of an accident having been completed, approaches the claimant and, without arousing his antagonism, is able to dispose promptly, thoroughly and economically of the case. This is done by the payment of varying sums of money, and the signing by the claimant of a document, varying in different states, but known in all as a release; and it is upon the cheapness with which this release is obtained, in its relation to the severity of the injury, that the value of an adjuster to his company depends."

The young man sighed again, and removing his left hand from beneath his brow, replaced it with his right. "Man," he moaned, "I know an adjuster that won't be much value." The adjuster he had in mind was himself. One must eat, and an ex-soldier must pay his bills the same as any other man. The young man that read was a would-be adjuster of claims for the Blank Mutual Liability Company of Boston, Claims Settled Within Twenty-four Hours, and his name was Joseph Blake, formerly corporal of infantry, United States Army.

Facing the desk where young Mr. Blake sat was a long glass partition divided into sections, each section being the private office of one of the minor officials of the company. It was summer, and the offices were all empty, for their occupants were on vacation—all, that is, save one, in which sat a huge man in shirt sleeves. This one smoked a cigar, and turned hurriedly the typewritten pages of huge folders that lay before him, grunting the while. There was a stenographer with him, to whom from time to time he dictated matter, speaking from the corner of his mouth and without turning his head. This was the chief adjuster, a man who told the adjusters to go here and there, and what they should do when once they had arrived thereat. It was his custom to refer to the days when he started work to show how degenerate the modern school of claim adjusters had become.

It was said of him that no case that he had investigated had ever been lost in court, and that he had once adjusted a case that involved the then President of the United States. This man's name was MacClusky, known as "Sign-'em-up."

The phone beneath Mr. MacClusky's desk buzzed; with his free hand he unhooked the receiver and inclined his mouth toward the transmitter.

*"Twenty's Enough," Said MacClusky, Lowering His Heavy Eyebrows. "It's Too Much. Why, I'd Been Workin' Seven Years Before They Raised Me to Eighteen"*

"Chief 'juster!" said he. The receiver squawked, and MacClusky reached for a pad and pencil. "Yeh, where was it? . . . Corner Revere an' Tenth. . . . Ten o'clock. . . . Ridin' a bicycle. . . . Nah, I know yuh didn't see him; never mind that, where'd they take him? . . . Home, yeh. . . . Where's he live? . . . Magoun Street. . . . Name's what? . . . Don't get it. . . . No, spell it. . . . L-i-p-m-a-n—Lipman. . . . That right? . . . What's his injuries? . . . Broken leg. . . . Which one? . . . All? Whaddyuh mean, all? How many's he got? . . . Ain't sure if they're all broken? . . . Never mind. What's your name and address; give's policy number if yuh got it. . . . Right. We'll look after it. Give no information to anyone but our 'credited rep'sent'ive." MacClusky hung up the receiver. "Look up this coverage, Miss Clancy," said he, "and send in the smartest guy you see out there."

Miss Clancy returned in a few minutes with a slip in her hand that showed that the automobile that had been involved in the accident was really insured by the company.

"Man goes out in a automobile an' knocks someone off a bicycle an' away he goes. 'I reported it to my insurance company,' he says; 'an' it's done.' He won't even give us half an hour so we can get a statement out of him. Didn't even get a witness, I'll bet. Where's my man?"

"There's only one here; it's that new man—Blake."

"Where's the rest of 'em? There's only four been in this morning!"

"Well, we sent two to New York, Mr. MacClusky, and three are on vacation."

"Vacation!" growled MacClusky. "Why, in the old days I never knew what the word meant. Every other year they used to give us Christmas Eve off! Well, send him in."

"There's been a accident reported," began MacClusky, when the former corporal stood before him, "over in Chelsea. One of our assureds knocked a guy off a bicycle an' broke both legs, as near as I can make out. There's the address. Name's Lipman. Now you go out and get a story out of him an' get him to sign it. You know what to get—what side the street he was on, where he first seen the auto—all that. But don't monkey with the adjustment. We'll have a doctor out there this afternoon and the first man I get hold of will go out with him. But you get the story out of him before he gets time to think up a good one. You get the statement an' get it signed, an' we'll take care o' the settlement. Want to ask anything?"

Mr. Blake cleared his throat. "There was one thing," said he, "that I'd been wondering about. I got my first week's pay this morning and it was only for twenty dollars. I kind of thought that I was going to get twenty-five."

"A Hundred!" Called Mrs. Movitz

"Twenty's enough," said MacClusky, lowering his heavy eyebrows. "It's too much. Why, I'd been workin' seven years before they raised me to eighteen."

"Well, I know," faltered the ex-corporal; "but twenty dollars ——"

"Gwan!" snapped the chief adjuster. "Git the story! If the pay ain't high enough, go git another job!" He bent once more over his folders. "I'll show 'em," said he. "Twenty dollars a week for givin' away the company's money! Huh! An' then he's kickin'!"

Mr. Blake took his hat and went sadly to the elevator, and so to the street. To Chelsea must he go, but whether to go by the Tunnel or by Charlestown was the moot question. He walked along and his hat felt queer. It had neither the reassuring weight of the steel helmet nor the merry lightness of the overseas cap. It went on the wrong place on his head. His trousers flapped, and his lower leg, long used to the thickness of wrapped putties, felt cold even in the summer air. He continually felt of his neck that had been so long used to the rubbing of the high military collar. It made him nervous. He was always trying to hook up his coat whenever he came out of anywhere as he had been used to doing to his blouse in the Army. But now, farewell the plumed troop! Alas, he was a civilian. And so, on to Chelsea.

On the top floor of a house on Magoun Street, Blake paused to catch his breath. Three flights of stairs he had climbed, fighting his way through a smoke screen of fried onions and cabbage. From behind the door came clamor.

"This is the place all right, I guess," muttered Joe. He gathered his courage and knocked. Instant silence. There was a muffled scratching, the turning of a lock, and then the door opened about an inch. There was a female face in the opening, whereat Blake removed his hat.

"Pardon me, madam," said he. "I understand that Mr. Lipman lives here, and has been injured in an automobile accident. I would like to take a few minutes of his time to find out the facts of the accident. I'm the representative of Mr.—er—er—MacClusky, the owner of the car." He did not know the owner's name, but MacClusky would do as well as another.

The woman regarded him with suspicion. What was the matter? Joe wondered. He had opened the attack according to the Adjusters' Handy Book, but something was lacking.

"I want to see Mr. Lipman," went on Joe desperately. "Maybe he's hurt bad and we need a doctor for him or something. The guy that owns the car sent me right over to see could he do anything. The car that run him over, you know." He hoped for some intelligence at this.

The woman's face, however, darkened, and Joe suddenly discovered that he could see less of it. The woman was closing the door. "Hey!" he cried. "Listen a minute. I just want to see how bad Mr. Lipman is hurt. Maybe he needs a doctor. We'll pay for the doctor if he does!"

"Watchew want?" said the woman heavily.

Joe gazed at the ceiling, put on his hat, removed it again, and then mopped his brow. It was a hot day, and the atmosphere in that house was many degrees above the temperature in the street.

"Watchyuh want?" said another voice. Blake looked again and discovered that there was a second face in the door.

"I'm representing the owner of the car that ran over Mr. Lipman," said he, "and I'd like to talk to him a minute to see how bad he's hurt."

"Sure," said the second woman, "come in. You mustn't mind my sister-in-law. She comes last month from the old country and she don't yet speak no English. Come in. Sure. Take off your hat and make yourself you should be at home. Mrs. Movitz is my name. Go down the hall to the parlor where it is her husband."

"This is the place, all right," muttered Joe as he entered the parlor. There was a couch by the window, on which the injured man had been laid. He was quite white and his upper garments had been removed. A pillow was under his head and a gray blanket covered him from neck to toes. "Yuh had a doctor?" asked Blake.

"Oh, sure," said Mrs. Movitz. "Already he is come an' gone. Quick work he makes it. Knock-knock he comes by the door. 'Good morning,' he says. 'How you feel? Good. Gives it two pills every halfuf an hour. Good-by.'"

"What did he say was the matter with him?" asked Joe.

"The matter? Ah, a question you should ask. The matter with him. So many things that if I should tell you them the half I wouldn't get done today. Oy, what he ain't got! And all for giving bad news I have to pay the doctor two dollars fifty cents what I would feel better to keep it and not know my brudder-in-law's got so many things!"

"Well, we'll pay the doctor's bill," said Joe in a conciliatory tone.

"You'll pay the bill? And how was it you would pay?"

"I'll tell you in a minute."

The ex-corporal began to paw at his coat for a breast-pocket that was not there, and then, remembering, opened his coat and took out a pen and several sheets of statement paper. He sat down on the edge of a chair and looked about him a moment before he began. There were other people in that room, and he had time to notice them now. There was a boy of fifteen or so, the trace of tears still fresh on his grimy countenance. There was the woman who spoke no English and the woman who did. All sat down and looked earnestly at Joe.

"Now, then," began Blake, "in order to find out just how this accident happened, I want to get a little story from Mr. Lipman; just how it all happened. Now, Mr. Lipman, how old are you?"

There was a piercing shriek from the hallway, a figure dashed into the room and, upsetting Joe in its rush, crossed the room and fell in a heap. Shriek after shriek rent the air. The ex-corporal lay as he had fallen. It is not for nothing that a man survives the battle. He learns to keep his head down when anything starts, and not to raise it until things clear a bit. He looked, however, from under his arm. The figure that had invaded the room crouched against the wall. It was another woman—an old one—and she clutched a small battered chair to her bosom, alternating her shrieks with streams of language in an unknown tongue. The young boy wept afresh, the injured man groaned heavily, and the two other women hastened to pacify the old one who shrieked. All shouted, as though each were trying to drown the other. Blake remained on the floor.

"You should get up now," said Mrs. Movitz finally. "It ain't nothing only my mother. The chair she brings with her from the old country and she says you can't have it. She says it's hers. She thinks you would be a man from the installment company already to take away the furniture. Once by the garment factory was a strike, and loafers what there was from furniture companies, they took away a piano on us."

"About this accident," said Joe patiently. "What side of the street was your brother-in-law on and where was the auto when he saw it first?"

"It was comin' down Meridian Street," spoke up the tear-streaked boy by the window, "an' it was comin'——"

There was a quick rush of air as the ample skirts of Mrs. Movitz swung by Joe's face, then a sharp slap as her open hand smacked against the grimy countenance of the young boy by the window. He shrieked piercingly and the tears washed new channels down his countenance.

"So you would speak when you ain't spoken to?" demanded the woman. "Interrupters we need here, is it? Trouble enough this morning you ain't caused me already, you should yell and make sick your uncle again! Stop now that screeching! Indians we don't want the neighbors should think we are! Stop now once or I stop you forever! Out from this house so you can yell all you want to in the back yard! Out now! A loafer what I should bring up!"

The grimy-faced boy, who all this time had shrieked piercingly, urged thereto by continuous and heavy blows from the hand of his parent, was, by that same hand, propelled across the room and through the door into the hall, where his shrieks died out down the passage.

"Now about this accident," began Joe. Shriek and howl as they might, his objective was a statement from this injured man. The old woman who had flung her arms about the chair now wept and sobbed, wringing her hands and beseeching Joe in an unintelligible monologue. Joe hitched his chair closer to the couch whereon lay the injured man, and raising his voice, demanded, "Where were you when you first saw the automobile?"

The man rolled languid eyes up at him and Joe had a chill of the heart at the thought that this man might be near death. However, that was none of Joe's business. "My orders," thought Joe, "was to get a story out of this bird. They said they'd get a doctor out this afternoon anyway. Now let's get some action."

Aloud he said, "Mr. Lipman, I'm from the owner of the automobile that ran over you. He had a very pressing engagement—he had to go to New York, in fact—so he couldn't come himself. He sent me. He wants to know how you are."

Joe waved away the old woman, who still lamented. The young woman who spoke no English sobbed by the window, and Mrs. Movitz smiled upon all.

"You shouldn't mind them," said she to Joe. "My mother what she is not so long from the old country she thinks now you are come to take her son-in-law away and put him in jail because he break up that man's automobile. In the old country, when a poor man breaks a rich man's automobile with his head, he gets put the jail in. Such things they do in the old country! So my sister, she is crying, too, to see her mother cry. You shouldn't mind them."

"I don't mind 'em," said Joe; "only I'm tryin' to get a story out of this injured man and with them lettin' off steam, it's a little difficult."

(Continued on Page 62)

Out Went the Screen and Out Went Joe; Milk Bottles, Flower Pots Crashed, One After Another, Into Ruin as Joe Sought Frantically for Escape

# TAKING OFF THE MASK

## By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

AS THE train rolled on into the gloom, sometimes I thought I might as well take off the mask and let the world see my terrible secret, and sometimes I thought I had ought to give the world one last chance before revealing all and acting accordingly. I had come pretty near taking it off the day before, when the doctor kept asking me, "Well, well, what seems to be the matter, youngster?" But instead, I had merely closed my eyes and repeated, "There is nothing the matter."

So finally the doctor had said to my mother, "Well, yes, Mrs. Bailey, I can give Forrest a tonic, and maybe, as you say, you can have him run around the block and fill his lungs full of fresh air; but what Forrest needs most is to get away and make a little visit away from home. His voice is changing, and he is not only embarrassed but irritable. Growing boys are frequently like that."

Now, as I looked over the car full of people with few friendly faces, I thought of the commotion there would be if I should suddenly take off the mask and reveal my terrible secret.

And then I remembered that, after all, these persons had done nothing to me and did not deserve such treatment at my hands. And anyhow, I had promised myself to wait and hope one last time for the best.

The only party on the car for whom I felt any real sympathy was the train boy, because he had an agreeable smile which made me think I had seen him before, and because he kept handing me sample lemon drops, and because he answered all my questions in respect to Madison, where I was going to visit my Aunt Frances. And I could not help thinking that if I had had a chum like him instead of Lee Kenny I would not have been made fun of when, at my mother's request, I did not smoke cigarettes or take the car out alone.

We had arrived within a short distance of Madison when, coming through the car with his usual agreeable smile, the train boy stopped at my seat and said, "Well, brother, what is the trouble? You look as though you need to be cheered up. Listen, I have got something that will hit you just right."

He winked toward the back of the car, and taking the suggestion, I followed him there. When we were opposite the water cooler he pulled a small packet out of his coat, and still smiling agreeably, spoke as follows:

"Listen, brother, I am not allowed to sell these, and if the road ever found out about it I would get fired. But for the convenience of a few livewires like yourself I carry about with me this little set of rich and racy post cards. And though I am not supposed to distribute these for less than two dollars a set, if you will give me the small sum of one dollar to help pay postage and packing, and promise to say a good word for me to your friends, I will be glad to make an exception in your case, because I can see you are a red-hot sport and would be pleased to have something to entertain the boys back home and become a welcome favorite wherever you go. Look at this picture ——"

I looked at it, and for a minute felt maybe I had better take the mask off after all. And then my early training asserted itself, and I said in a low voice, "I do not care for those kind of pictures, because they are against my principles."

At first I thought the train boy might be sore, but his agreeable smile did not change as he remarked, "That is the way I like to hear a guy talk. I can tell that you have been well brought up and that you have a mother."

"Yes," I said, "I have a mother."

"Never do anything she would not want you to do, because a mother is a boy's best friend. That is what I tell the gang when they want me to come out and have a good time. And it is pretty raw for a boy to desert his mother when she is getting old and gray, instead of sticking around and always making her little presents, because that is what she likes, and in return will do anything for you. I send my mother half of all I make every week and I am going to send her some tonight. Do you happen to have a five-dollar bill in your pants?"

"I have one in my pocketbook," I stated, and removing same, gave him the bill as requested. He counted into his left hand five dollars in small change and then dumped the entire amount, or that is the way it looked, into my right hand. After which, whistling merrily, he left the car.

I was feeling well pleased with myself, because, even in the case of those postal cards, I had not taken off the mask, when the brakeman came through, yelling, "Madison."

I got up; but, before entirely lifting my satchel down from the rack, began to count my change.

"What is the matter, bub?" said the brakeman, who probably noticed I was standing there perfectly still and without moving. "Have you got a pain somewhere?"

I did not say anything; I could not say anything. I merely slipped into my pocket the three dollars and twenty-five cents which I had received for my five-dollar bill and tried to think where I had seen that train boy before. As the train stopped and the satchel came down on my head, I remembered. I had never exactly seen him before, but the agreeable smile on his face was the same as that on the face of my father's cousin Elmer once removed.

II

"WHAT seems to be the matter, Forrest?" said my Aunt Frances that evening, as we sat together over the late supper which she had fixed up for me. I did not respond, but picking up the last piece of cake, began eating it in a thoughtful way.

"It is not any love affair, I hope. Didn't I hear your mother whisper something about that pretty little Rosemary Mellen?"

Well, I considered it would be better to take another mouthful of cake rather than risk removing the mask by starting to say what I thought about Rosemary Mellen. The last time I had seen Rosemary, she, thinking I was still on the porch, had said to a young university freshman who was calling on her, "Oh, it is just little Forrest, one of the youngsters of the neighborhood. Sometimes I let him give me candy, because it would break his heart

*Once I Gave Them a Song-and-Ukulele Recital With a String of Flowers Around My Neck the Same as a Hawaiian*

*I Looked at the Agreeable Smile Which Covered His Black Heart, Turned Out the Light and Fell Into a Troubled Sleep*

if I should refuse. But I will get rid of him in a hurry. I can't stand these growing boys." As I passed all this over in my mind I finished the cake.

"Well," said my Aunt Frances, probably noticing that I did not answer, "I hope it is not disappointment at failing to secure a position. Your father wrote me that you grieved over the fact that Carrick's refused to let you work Saturdays because they felt you were too young for the position."

"No," I said, picking up a piece of frosting from the tablecloth, and with difficulty restraining myself from taking off the mask. "No, it was not that. Though I cannot discuss the matter with you or anybody else, I have a secret in my life."

"What kind of a secret, Forrest?"

"I can only state," I replied, "that it is a grim and terrible secret, and as I do not want to frighten you I would prefer not to talk about it."

"That is all right, Forrest," said my aunt in a soothing voice. "We will do just as you wish. And now, perhaps you had better go upstairs and get a good night's sleep, because there is nothing like it for a growing boy, and then tomorrow you will feel like running around the block and filling your lungs full of fresh air."

"Aunt Frances," I said, standing up from the table, "I would like to ask you a favor."

"What is it, Forrest?"

"Well," I said, "my private difficulties would be a good deal easier to bear, and I could give them more attention, if people would only kindly leave off calling me a growing boy and telling me to run around the block and fill my lungs full of fresh air. How would you like it if every time you asked an interesting question the answer was, 'Forrest, let your victuals stop your mouth. Remember, you are only a growing boy, and you had better try to think of other things and run around the block and fill your lungs full of fresh air.' And when you wanted a new suit because your pants were getting highwater, suppose the answer always was: 'You are just a growing boy, Forrest, so who do you think is taking the trouble to look at you? Why don't you run around the block and fill your lungs full of fresh air and observe the birds? They do not waste the precious hours wondering about what they are going to wear.' And it is the same for everything, whether you want fifteen dollars to buy the Perfection-Made-Easy Exerciser so as to have superb physical condition, or whether you want to take a girl to a show. The answer always is: 'You are just a growing boy, Forrest, so run around the block and fill your lungs full of fresh air.' And I would be very grateful, Aunt Frances, if you would not call me a growing boy and if you would not say anything about running around the block and filling my lungs full of fresh air. I have never run around a block in my life, and I never will, even if I should live to be a hundred."

"I believe I understand how you feel, Forrest," said my Aunt Frances in a soothing voice, "and I promise you I will never offend in that way again. And I hope your secret is not so terrible as you seem to think. Secrets often are not."

I did not say anything to discourage her false hopes, but walked slowly upstairs to my bedroom and undressed. Then, having placed on the table the picture of my father's cousin Elmer once removed that I had taken from the family album, I looked at the agreeable smile which covered his black heart, turned out the light and fell into a troubled sleep.

In respect to my Aunt Frances, it is but simple justice to state that she lived up to her promised word, and in addition did all that she could for me, such as taking me to the movies, trying to interest me in piano lessons and good books, giving me pocket money, and so on.

But in my personal case it was practically impossible to get interested in anything, because of my terrible secret, which, in spite of all efforts, began to weigh heavier and heavier.

And sometimes I felt what was the use of struggling further, and why not take off the mask, and sometimes I felt I had better try to fight it out a few more days.

I cannot remember just how I was feeling on this subject the morning my Aunt Frances said, "Forrest, over on Gorham Street Mrs. Lawly wants to send me a book she was telling me about. I wonder if you would be kind enough to go over and get it. You can tell the house even if you don't see the number, because there is a brick garage in the back yard at the left."

There was no difficulty as to finding the place, which I located by means of the brick garage, as directed. And I had just rung the bell when, at the second-story window, I saw a sight which took my breath away. Over the sill a young lady was leaning with curly golden hair, and as I looked at her I could not help saying to myself, "That is the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in my life."

"Do you wish to see someone in particular?" she asked in a sweet and musical voice.

For a minute I could not answer, because everything was spinning around, and she had to ask again. As soon as I could speak and had picked up my hat the second time, I told her about the book.

"Mother's not here," she said, with a laugh that made you think of a bird singing, "but I know which book it is. Won't you come in? I'm afraid you'll find the house rather torn up, but you men never notice such things."

That evening I said, "Aunt Frances."

"What is it, Forrest?"

"You told me once I could take music lessons if I wanted."

"Yes, Forrest."

"Well, Aunt Frances, I would now like to learn to play the ukulele."

"Why, certainly, Forrest. We'll buy one right off. I'm so glad you're waking up."

And here began the happiest period of my life. In spite of the fact that I could not but consider myself a whited sepulcher on account of having to conceal my terrible secret, nevertheless, hour by hour, I forgot it more and more, and sometimes I used to feel that the time would come when I might forget it altogether.

Every day I used to see Miss Lawly and she would give me good advice on neckties and socks, and often we would go walking together, or to the movies, or somewhere else, and little by little we became well acquainted. And it was scarcely no time at all, in spite of the difference in our ages, that she allowed me to call her by her first name—Genevieve. She had been graduated from the university many years before, so that she was probably between twenty-five and thirty, but she did not look her age and was extremely young at heart. And she liked to hear me talk and play on my ukulele, or to play the accompaniments while I sang popular and sacred melodies of the day.

"I am sorry I cannot sing better," I once stated. "But I cannot because my voice is changing."

"To me," she said, "there is something fascinating about your voice. I could listen to it forever. And when you play your ukulele I think I am on the beach at Waikiki."

Though I had never before indulged in any musical instrument, I seemed to take to the ukulele naturally, and

*(Continued on Page 34)*

*For a Minute I Could Not Answer, Because Everything Was Spinning Around, and She Had to Ask Again*

# THE UNDERSTANDING EYE

## By Margaretta Tuttle

*Julia Faye, Robert Edeson and Ricardo Cortez on the Castana*

IT IS one thing to learn something because somebody explains it to you, and quite another to dig it out yourself. Here was I on an island in the Pacific watching something I had written being put into a motion picture. You would have thought that since I had written it, it would not be hard for me to understand even its most intricate problems of transference from one medium to another. But it was hard. For one thing, it took me a good deal of time to discover that these problems were intricate. It was like watching a beautiful dancer; it looked easy.

On the way out our porter fell ill, and a substitute porter was used for a night. I have watched Pullman berths being made up many times and it never seemed hard to do until I watched this beginner do it. He got the curtains upside down and the mattresses humped, and the sheets did not stay where they should.

It was not until I tried to discover why the things I saw done were being done that I found they were difficult to do. At first I made no search for reasons; the little mechanical matters connected with photography engrossed me. I let myself down easily for the first day or two. I said I couldn't be expected to understand. Everybody was perfectly polite to me. They gave me a chair when I came on the lot, though there were chairs enough only for the directors and the stars. They spoke to me pleasantly, even when I got in the way. Once somebody cautioned me that it was fatal to get before the camera. And after I had been saved from falling twice, I learned to look where I was going and to escape the innumerable cords and ropes attached to the lights. There are people who fall over trunks, and people who do not. If you are one of the former you ought not to hang around a picture studio.

### *A Shark a Day*

I DID ask why so many cameras were needed, but I found that out for myself later, when we assembled to watch the work that had been done the day before. These scenes were taken from different angles and the director decided as they were shown him on the screen which was best; and the cutter took it down in a notebook. Everybody went to the rushes—the camera men and the actors and the writers. They all knew why a scene was better one way than the other. I didn't. Nobody offered explanations to me; nobody assumed that I did not know. I had to ask; and it took me quite a while to find out what to ask.

"Somebody has to catch a shark every day," I wrote home, "and put him in a tank."

"But why a shark a day?" my family inquired reasonably.

"Because Mr. De Mille doesn't know when he will reach the scene where the hero's foot is bitten off, and they have to be ready beforehand. The shark is a long-lived fish when he is in the sea, but in a tank he lives only a day or two because he doesn't understand glass and flings himself against it. It can be a large or a small shark. They can enlarge the photograph if the shark isn't big enough."

PHOTOS BY COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

*The Scene Which Necessitated a Shark Every Day*

### *Camera!*

I FOUND I was getting mentally slipshod about asking why. There was so much going on. It was like a three-ring circus; if you stopped to ask why, you missed something. Just as you were wondering why the director did some especial thing, he would stop doing it and begin describing the next scene to the actors. The scenario writers sat by with manuscripts that were referred to from time to time. The scene was rehearsed, sometimes many times, until it satisfied the director. Then came a little hush, and speaking into his electric voice magnifier, the director would say, "Move your hand there, Vera. Rod, forward there. Now, this is camera."

All conversation ceases when the director announces "This is camera." The cameras begin to click. After a few minutes the director says, "All right." The acting stops; a man describes the next scene to the actors.

In between scenes—called sequences in picture parlance—anybody who had anything to say to the director said it then, before he began again. This particular director seemed able to put the story he was directing out of his mind while he came to one decision after another, and then to go back to his story with perfect concentration on it.

The catching of the director's attention, especially when he is also the producer, is not confined to the extras. He is the buying power in his world. He hires and fires; he makes and breaks. When he is shut up in his office you cannot always reach him, but out here in the open maybe you have a chance. It won't be so much of a chance; there are competent people to keep you off the set if you have no business there. It becomes more and more difficult for the outsider to get in. The reason is that they will not keep still. If they see somebody in a ludicrous position they laugh, or if the position is unusual they exclaim. And both the laugh and the exclamation are a serious thing for the actor who is earnestly trying to keep in character. Even an uproarious farce is a serious thing to act. If a girl is running down the

ladder in her nightgown while the camera is clicking, and somebody behind her says "Oh, look how little that girl has on!" the girl gets self-conscious and the scene is spoiled.

It doesn't matter that you meant no harm if you confide to your escort that Leatrice Joy looks like your cousin Serena in Charleston, and he cranes his neck so that it catches Leatrice's eye when she should not have to bother about necks or cranes.

After you have been on the set a while you get so that you can tell what the others are there for. I recall watching a man during the gorgeous garden scene that Bel Geddes designed. I couldn't think why he was there, because, for all his good clothes, his finger nails were dirty. He didn't watch the extras or the outsiders, so he couldn't be a detective. This was a scene where there were a hundred women in handsome ball gowns wearing the company's real jewels. This director thinks real jewels photograph better than sham ones. And so there has to be a detective about. I once asked him if he was as careful to photograph real ladies, when they were needed in a picture, as real jewels. And he answered that though it was not hard to determine the reality of jewels, it was of ladies; that any real ladies wanting jobs were not turned down because they were ladies.

This man I was watching paid no attention to the directors—there were three on this set—so he couldn't be hunting a job; and he wasn't the casting director or an electrician. Finally I asked him what he was there for.

"I own the peacocks; I have to watch them," he said.

### *Out on the Bounding Main*

I LOOKED about for the peacocks. On four boxwood pillars were four live peacocks. Their legs were tied to the twigs of the boxwood, but you couldn't see the rope. You could see them when they moved their necks, and since this was a motion picture, and a De Mille special, it would never do to use stuffed peacocks. There were also huge white swans swimming in the tiny lake, where men on shore, out of range of the camera, fanned the water to make it ripple. I suppose there was another man to look after the swans.

At Catalina there were all kinds of strange men because there were so many boats, but they went about their business without any waste of time, and if you watched long enough or asked often enough you found out what their business was. One morning a few days after my arrival the beach was suddenly as empty as a summer resort after the season. All the beautiful extras were on the water in fascinating bathing suits, standing up on aquaplanes hitched to the end of power boats. They held the ropes of the planes in one hand and spears in the other, and as they passed a mark they cast their spears at it and these were photographed as they hit. The ocean was very blue and glittery, and seven big yachts were peopled by men and women who glittered. There was a starter, before whom twenty power boats lined up with the aquaplanes hitched to them, and all this glittered. The cameras were on a small float near the shore. If you are watching the filming of a picture you get used to looking for the cameras the moment you approach the scene, for that is where you want to be.

*A Scene From Feet of Clay*

The minute the boats were off the cameras began to click. Too many people were involved in this boat race to rehearse it many times, but it was photographed many times. I stood on the flag-decked wharf and watched. I didn't know where it came into the story. Unless you have the script in your hand, there is no way of telling. If a sea scene occurs in several parts of the story, it is photographed all at one time while the sea and the cameras are both in the same place. That is one reason there is a director. There has to be one person who knows what it is all about. By that time I had given up bothering about it, and perhaps I should never have bothered but for a little incident that occurred that afternoon.

In the afternoon Mr. De Mille was photographing on the large yacht Casiana The publicity man had explained to me that if the land is kept out of the camera range, a yacht looks as much as if it were in the middle of the ocean when it is a few rods from the shore as if it really were out at sea, and therefore I need not fear my usual sea affliction during this afternoon, because the Casiana would cruise only around the island close to shore. I was doubtful, but I went. As far as I am concerned I can feel the same way near the land as I can in the middle of the ocean, whether I am in range of the camera or not. So, once on deck, I picked out the most comfortable chair I could find and sat in the background.

### *Matching Lines and Action*

AS FAR as I could comprehend the story that was being acted before me on the deck, the hero, having had his foot bitten off by the shark, was being nursed back to health by the heroine in a close-fitting yachting frock. They both looked profoundly interested in each other. Rod La Rocque, with his foot bound and a crutch at his side, was trying to reach for a rose Vera Reynolds had dropped, and in his crippled condition he could not get it. This is continuity; it is action that shows the audience a certain thing, without words being needed to explain it. Ricardo Cortez came to La Rocque's assistance. Cortez had the use of both of his feet and he was smartly garbed in the latest yachting clothes, to show that he had plenty of money and could support the heroine both financially and physically. Cortez was fearful that the heroine's sympathy for the injured hero would be mistaken for love and that his own suit would suffer. This was hard to put into something that could be photographed The scenario writer had done it, and with the action went certain lines that the actors could say if they wanted to, to make the scene more real. Later the title man would decide which of these lines would be put on the screen to make the scene clear to the audience. The director also spoke these lines as he directed. At this moment the lines did not please the director.

Frowning, he flipped over a page or two, paused, read and reread All the actors stood waiting, except Rod La Rocque, who looked out at the ocean and rested There was absolute silence.

I had been talking with Jeannie Macpherson about The Ten Commandments. But in the same fashion that you wake up in your berth in the middle of the night when the train stops, so when this silence fell on the deck—no camera clicking, no light buzzing, nobody moving—I woke up.

De Mille was frowning and biting the forefinger of his right hand. Either of these gestures means: Look out! But both of them together mean: Stand from under.

*(Continued on Page 68)*

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES

*Vera Reynolds, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque in the Bel Geddes Garden*

# BREADED WATERS

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Uncle Wilmer's One of This Family From Now On," He Said. "I Don't Want Any Mistake About That"

MRS. HARRISON DILLAHAY drew back the curtain from the library window. Her face forfeited a little of its surviving youth and prettiness at the sight of a saturated landscape brimming under dogged April rain.

The oblong sheet of stippled, yellow water bore very slight resemblance to the tennis court on which Irene and Junior were, according to their mother's winter day-dreams, to entertain their friends, numerous and agreeable but as yet unmade. The surrounding gray-brown grass gave as little promise of the smooth green sunlit lawn of Mrs. Dillahay's seed-catalogue imaginings. The dripping, naked trees, swaying in a sort of jeering dance, the puddled drive, the muddy scars that were to be neat, smiling flower beds—all these matters impinged but remotely on Mrs. Dillahay's foreboding gaze; she looked past them to something still invisible, but unmistakably more present and more dismaying to her eye.

A mud-splashed open car, its glistening side curtains accenting its shabby paint, scuttled into the drive. Mrs. Dillahay stepped a little back from the window, the look of clairvoyant apprehension yielding now to definite and immediate concern.

By the time, however, that she threw open the front door and stood in the glow from the light overhead, her features had rearranged themselves to a convincing counterfeit of pleased and amiable welcome, and her hand went hospitably out to the wispy man who came up the steps.

"Come in, Uncle Wilmer," she said cordially. "I do hope Harrison didn't let you get wet, but you must be simply tired out, aren't you?"

Holding his cloth cap in a thin brown hand the little man peered at her through his glasses, while, by deft, unconscious sleight of foot, he removed his rubber overshoes.

"I feel first rate, Mary." He spoke soberly, but without gloom. "Fetched me through dry as a chip, Harrison did."

"Fine!" said Mrs. Dillahay warmly. "We're all so glad you're going to live with us, aren't we, Harrison?" Without removing her attention from their guest, she contrived, somehow, to greet her husband, entering with Uncle Wilmer's telescope bag. "The room's ready; you show him right up."

Uncle Wilmer moved obediently to the stairway, but on the lowest step he turned and faced her with dogged purpose in his look. The hall light threw curious patches of iridescence on the polished surfaces of his old blue suit.

"Ain't many people would give me a home this way," he said slowly. "'Preciate it. Won't be no more burden to you'n I c'n help, Mary."

"Why, Uncle Wilmer"—Mrs. Dillahay's voice was affectionately reproachful—"we just love having you here. You mustn't even think such absurd things!"

"Bound to be another mouth to feed," said Uncle Wilmer soberly. "An' I ——"

"Nonsense—as if we counted them!"

Mrs. Dillahay laughed and her gesture dismissed him with a certain loving impatience. Her face, however, had regained its look of uneasy concern by the time Uncle Wilmer's back was safely turned. She moved reluctantly into the living room, and here, entering almost with stealth, Irene found her. The daughter's cornflower eyes were wide with question and unmistakable dismay.

"Is he here?"

Mrs. Dillahay answered the whisper with an upward nod.

"Is he very awful?"

Her mother's eyes silently challenged the speech. Irene endeavored to meet their rebuke with the insouciance due her twenty-year independence, but her voice rose in the key of aggrieved and innocent sixteen.

"You don't have to look as if I didn't have a right to ask, do you?"

"He'll be coming down soon," said Mrs. Dillahay. "You'll be able to see for yourself." Hope, in Irene's eyes, made a last and feeble stand.

"I don't suppose he's had his dinner?"

"Of course not," said her mother, and Irene's face became resignedly martyrish.

"Susabelle wouldn't make floating island, either," she said mournfully. "She almost snapped my head off when I asked her. And now he's here!"

Mrs. Dillahay's attention wandered to the sound of a familiarly determined tread on the stairs.

"Everybody has relatives," she said. "Very likely Rodman has uncles of his own; and, anyway, I'm sure he's too well bred to ——"

"I wouldn't mind if it were just some ordinary person," Irene interrupted; "but the Elwoods have butlers and everything, and Rodman just took it for granted that we dressed every night for ——"

Mr. Dillahay appeared in the doorway. His heavily good-humored face looked as if it had not yet become accustomed to the perpendicular line between his bushy brows, nor to the resolute creases that now disturbed the normal placidity of his mouth. His eyes alternated from his daughter to her mother with the effect of challenging question.

"Anything wrong, Irene?"

"Rodman Elwood's going to be here for dinner," explained Mrs. Dillahay. "When Irene asked him she didn't know that ——"

"I tell you what we could do!" Irene's face suddenly brightened, but behind her animation there was a false note that somehow belied the implication of spontaneity. "We could have Uncle Wilmer and Junior eat first. Country people always eat early, and I'll bet Uncle Wilmer would much rather have his dinner now—Junior would."

Mr. Dillahay frowned. "I didn't bring Uncle Wilmer here to have him eat in the kitchen."

"Not in the kitchen," protested Irene weakly. "He could eat in the dining room just the ——"

Her father sat down with a finality that closed the debate. "Uncle Wilmer's one of this family from now on," he said. "I don't want any mistake about that. If he hadn't helped me when I was starting in business we'd be living on some back street in town, and you'd probably have a nice job tapping a typewriter."

"I know." Irene moved to the door as if to escape an oration neither unfamiliar nor agreeable. "It—it doesn't matter."

Her steps lingered audibly in the hall, but the pathetic quaver, usually effective, did not elicit recall and a reversal of decision. Instead, Mr. Dillahay turned unhappily toward his wife.

"I'm sorry about this thing, Mary," he said, "but I felt I just had to do it."

"You did perfectly right, Harrison." Mrs. Dillahay spoke, however, without conviction. "It's going to be a little awkward, of course, especially for Irene; but, after all, your father's own brother ——"

"He looked so darn pathetic," said Mr. Dillahay. "Reminded me of a stray dog, with everybody shooing him away. It seems Aunt Elizabeth only had a life interest in the farm, and her people have been sore at Uncle Wilmer for years. They hardly waited till the funeral was over before they gave him notice to get out. All he's got is a cow and a few tools that he left up there till he can sell them."

"Was Sam there?"

Mr. Dillahay responded to the implied question rather than the spoken one.

"Sam'd take Uncle Wilmer in in a minute," he said, "if they had as much room as we've got here. You couldn't shake a stick in their flat, though, and everybody knows we have more room here than we know what to do with. I could see that Uncle Wilmer was sort of—well, counting on us. I just had to ——" He shook his head. "We'll manage somehow, but it's—it's one more mouth to feed."

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Dillahay, as if from force of habit. Her husband frowned and his voice found a touch of masculine impatience.

"I can't help worrying," he said. "This place is just one unexpected bill after another, Mary. I'd like to find the idiot that figured it was cheaper to live in the country! We've been spending a lot more than we ever did in town—I got the bill for the fixtures today."

"We just had to have electric lights," said Mrs. Dillahay. "You said so yourself."

"I know I did; and we had to have everything else we've bought. That's the trouble." Harrison Dillahay shook his head as if worry could be dislodged like a mosquito. "I've bitten off more than I can chew I'm afraid. And now, with another ——"

"We'll economize," said Mrs. Dillahay briskly. "I'll cut down everywhere I can and —— Oh, dear!" She stopped, contemplating a recollection at once sudden and unwelcome.

"Now what?" demanded her husband.

"It's Susabelle—she's grumbling again about wanting more pay. And with another person to cook for, I ——"

"Well, do the best you can with her." Dillahay shrugged. "We've got to keep her. I don't believe there's another old-fashioned hired girl alive, and that's what we've got to have out here."

"It would be easier to manage her," said his wife, "if Junior didn't keep forgetting to bring in the wood. She seems to mind that more than anything else, especially when it rains."

"If that's all, it's settled right now," said Dillahay. "I'll just interview that young man myself. Why, when I was his age ——"

"I know." Mrs. Dillahay spoke with some haste. "But you weren't at all an ordinary boy, Harrison. Irene's much more like you than Junior is; she really helps me as much as an extra maid would."

"She's a good girl." Mr. Dillahay did not dispute the resemblance. "She'll get over most of her fancy ideas."

"Yes." His wife brightened. "That's why we've simply got to manage things so we can go on living here—it's so splendid for Irene. She's—well, she's twenty, and her whole life depends on the kind of people she associates with right now. And the people out here—people like the Elwoods, for instance ——"

"Um-m-m." Mr. Dillahay's assent was not enthusiastic and his eyes narrowed speculatively. "We'll see it through, Mary. Uncle Wilmer's got his pension, you know, and maybe he'd feel more at home if we let him pay something for his board. Not much, of course, but it'd help perhaps."

"It might make him more comfortable," agreed Mrs. Dillahay. "After all, the main thing is to keep him from thinking he's a burden, and if ——"

"How do I meet the eye?"

In the old white doorway, Irene, sheathed in vivid orange, gave evidence of a conviction that not even the most inconvenient rural relative could wholly distract a properly observant attention from her optical appeal.

"Isn't that dress a little short?" Harrison Dillahay's tone made the question a compliment which his daughter took jocularly. Her slender body curved forward, her hands pressing the skirt against her knees.

"These are silk all the way up," she said, as if his doubt had concerned itself purely with the gleam of the sheer stockings.

In spite of himself—in spite, perhaps, of an unworthy calculation as to the price of stockings that were silken to the uttermost stitch—Dillahay grinned. For a moment the three faces wore a look of untroubled complacency. Then descending footfalls on the stairs abruptly erased this mutual expression; three faces turned in unison to the doorway, now framing, instead of eager pliant youth, age, hesitant and faintly diffident—age, lacking at the moment the reassuring adornment of a necktie.

"Uncle Wilmer," said Mrs. Dillahay, "this is Irene."

The old man, as if he distrusted the statement, gravely inspected the girl from head to foot.

"She's growed like a weed, Mary," he said. "Looks some like you did when you was first married, only she ain't fleshed up so good."

"I remember you perfectly." Irene spoke with the haste in which she always piloted conversation, in her father's hearing, from the vexed topic of weights and diets. "You gave me a ride on a white horse up at your farm."

Unerringly Uncle Wilmer moved to the sole surviving rocker. "That was Dolly," he said. "Had to shoot her. She got a milk leg and it festered bad."

In his gently nasal voice he summoned other memories of more glorious days, his tempered melancholy, as he described the likeliness of a parcel of young shotes but lately bidden farewell, vaguely suggestive of some marooned sailor, far inland and wistful for the sea.

In Harrison Dillahay—and, he thought, in his wife and daughter too—this discourse seemed somehow to lessen the uneasy awareness of Uncle Wilmer's naked collar button. He became, for the moment, a character costumed for his part. It was only when the hum of the doorbell interrupted him that Irene exhibited any symptom of her earlier self-consciousness. She sprang up, a certain hunted quality in her look which duplicated itself in her mother's as the girl twinkled from the room. Uncle Wilmer's bright

Continued on Page 48

*"I Thought"—Irene Spoke With the Voice of One Who Rallies From a Slight Concussion—"I Thought You Went Home to Jail Her"*

# NOT IN POLITICS

## By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

*It Was This First Day of Formal Greeting, This Appearance of Reunion That Was So Difficult. He Knew It as Well as She*

BILL DUNN did not like to have his wife look at him. Years ago he had imagined that he might enjoy it, but now he knew better. It did not set him up at all to have her eyes run over him as they did now, absently and yet observantly, taking him all in, from his rather out-of-press trousers to the crumpling flesh in his neck. He realized, as she looked, that he was dumpy, with shoulders that were too big for his height; that he had not kept up his diet while she was away; that he was, on the whole, a rather coarse person. He wished that Coralie would look away.

Yet there had not been criticism or, indeed, any particular feeling in her gaze. Just home from three months in Europe, it was possibly only natural that she should wish to become familiar with her surroundings again, including Bill, who was legal part and parcel of them. The place itself was rather nicer than she had expected, even brought up against the difficult contrasts of the environments from which she had come.

The grounds were aging beautifully and the seven little pools made out of the brook on the left side of the estate were enchanting. It was a city estate, on the far edge of a residence park, with its valuable acres inclosed by a wrought-iron fence and a marvelous gate which Coralie had once, so very expensively, bought in Louisiana from a tumble-down plantation which had in the beginning acquired it from Spain.

But just as the place was always better than she expected, Bill was always a trifle worse than she had feared. She didn't mind his being short and thick. Plenty of the men she knew were mercilessly ugly. It was the complete stop that Bill had come to in the lower middle class, the ineradicable second-generation Irish of his make-up that thwarted her. You knew when you looked at Bill that his legs had known overalls, that he often got a second day out of a shirt and that he frequently wanted to spit.

When you saw Coralie you knew nothing much about her except that she was excessively well done, and that though she might possibly be thirty-eight or nine, it did not matter and would not matter for another ten years how old she might be. She had the kind of beauty which has a quality stamp upon it and will last indefinitely, only thinning a little with the passage of time.

"Glad to be back?" asked Bill.

"I haven't unpacked yet," said Coralie lightly—"neither my clothes nor my emotions."

Bill floundered at the word "emotions." It vaguely embarrassed him. Then he went back to his point. "Well," he said, "I should think it would feel pretty good to get back to a normal country. Europe's in a bad way. All those birds can seem to agree on is that it's all right to get sore at us for lending them money."

He wasn't thinking much of Europe as he spoke, nor caring about its general soreness. He was thinking of Coralie's slim, distinguished charm and wondering why he had ever dreamed that when she got back he would be closer to her, would be able to warm up to her. Every time she went away, and she went very often, he had a debauch of secret anticipations, dreams, hopes, swaggering plans for walking in upon her reserves. It was easy enough to fancy things when she was not around. But now, in her dark traveling dress, with memories and experiences deep in her cool brown eyes, looking aware of everything and not in the least curious about anything, she put him off as usual. He thought with regret of the diet he had not kept up. He had intended to be twenty pounds lighter when she got back. But a man got hungry about 12:30 when he had been working all morning, and to try to lunch off a piece of watermelon and a dish of spinach was too much.

"You look as if Europe had agreed with you anyway."

"It does. I stayed with the Shiptons in England. Did I write you that?"

"More or less."

"I hunted. It was the first time I'd really done it, except for that comic-opera stuff that the Pink-Coat Club here pulls off in Jefferson Park. This was real hunting. Cold rainy—good horses—it was marvelous."

"Jumping fences and things?" he said vaguely. "Lucky you didn't break your neck."

He had only an indistinct picture of her riding and hunting, patched from his perusal of Sunday newspapers, with their occasional rotogravure photographs of notables on horseback, but it made him proud of her. He was always proud of her in spite of feeling left behind or out most of the time. He admired the life she led, tightly packed with physical and mental activity, with its great control of the body, its ease with words. Coralie did everything and did it well, he liked to boast. She rode, she swam, she played a championship game of golf. And then, as Bill was accustomed to say and believe, she read everything and knew all about books and art. To a series of pictures of her in his mind, he now added a slightly blurred one, as her horse rose gracefully over the hedge in a hunt. His imagination dressed her in a bright-green habit and a hat with a flowing feather, which would have amused Coralie.

"Well, I'll run along," he said. "I've quite a day ahead."

She smiled her detached good-by. She had been growing in detachment in the past few years, under the tutelage of modern literature.

He wanted to kiss her again—the kind of kiss he had been thinking of when she was away and not the cool salutation they had exchanged in the train yards—but he did not. He said the first thing that came into his head, to account for his still loitering: "It's election day. You ought to vote, Coralie."

"For what?"

"It's the regular June primary election. Governor, congressman, county attorney, county commissioners. Big fight on over commissioners. There's a lot of people going to be sadder and wiser this time tomorrow. You've got a permanent registration card, you know, Coralie. You want to go over and vote surely sometime today."

"I wouldn't have the faintest idea who to vote for, Bill."

"Oh, well, you can't go wrong. Blaine's running again for governor. You know Blaine, of course."

"The gentleman with catarrh who talks like the Fourth of July? We had him for dinner."

"That's the one. He's all right, Blaine is, underneath the windjamming, and he can't break that habit."

"I wish him success," said Coralie, "and a good nose-and-throat specialist."

"Of course we want him in again, and Sherwin for Congress. Right down the line, they stay pretty well, except for county commissioners. We want to get Jacobs out. Vote for Nye. Jacobs is a dirty crook and he stops at nothing."

"He sounds alluring," said Coralie. "I've always wanted to know someone who would stop at nothing—or is it wouldn't stop at anything? So many people make the proud claim and then stop at the first crossing."

Bill laughed. But his mind had turned to Jacobs and was slow to move.

"We vote down here at the tennis club, you know. Drop in there sometime today, Cora, and remember to vote for Nye."

"I'm too busy to be political today, Bill."

"But it's only three blocks, and you don't want to lose your vote, do you?"

"I don't mind. I'd never miss it."

"There you are. Women wanted the ballot ——"

"I didn't," said Coralie; "not in the least."

"Well, but now that you've got it," he argued, "you ought not to waste it."

"Why not? What's one more useless, incoherent vote?"

He stumbled. It was hard to explain why a vote did seem so important to him. All his long training in politics had given him conviction on certain points, but it had not made him articulate.

"Your vote's just as good as anyone else's," he told her.

"That doesn't stir me at all. It's one of the things that makes voting so unstimulating. I can't say that I find your politics interesting, Bill. You're always trying to get someone else in or someone else out—a noisy battle of cheap pots and cheap kettles."

"Got to worry along somehow. Have to run things," he defended himself. "Got to do the best we can. It's a free country and you can't help letting a lot of queer ducks try for things. What else can you do?"

She smiled at his growing eagerness. One of the things that Coralie never permitted in herself was excitability.

"I can keep out of it," she said. "I leave politics to you, Bill, with my blessing."

He wanted to say something more, but he was afraid of the barrage of her easy mockery. Yet he was sure that there was a point he should have made. Anyone as smart as Coralie ought to take an interest, ought to see how important this election was. You couldn't even get good roads as things were, and it was going to be next to impossible to get a square deal on the construction of the new courthouse.

"Well," he said again, dropping into formula, "I guess I'll be getting along. Big day waiting."

She tossed him a little kiss which was not at all the kind he wanted. He had been lonely while she was away, but sometimes phrases and gestures of Coralie's, like the artificial kiss, made him even lonelier when she was around

When he had gone Coralie was faintly sorry for him, but she did not allow that mood to grow. It was sentimental, and she had scrapped sentimentality some time ago, along with an earlier liking for chocolate creams. Coralie was heading toward a goal of complete sophistication or, as she preferred to put it, civilization. To that end she disciplined herself, mind and body and emotions. The discipline consisted chiefly in never reacting to any stimulus or situation as a commonplace person might be supposed to react. To greet one's husband most casually after three months' absence, not to mention the fact that one had been nearly killed in an automobile wreck crossing the Alps, or made love to in London; to speak very casually of having visited the boys at school, but to be fascinated and deeply interested in the difference in the springs in English and American taxicabs—that was the line Coralie cultivated. She enjoyed it. Occasionally, as now, a feeling that the chunky little man who had not dieted was feeling rueful and let down—there had been an almost comical look of welcome in his face as he had first seen her getting off the train—disturbed her for a moment. But being disturbed was in itself commonplace and she cut the mood off short.

Bill stopped at the tennis club and cast his vote. He did it quickly, marking the long yellow ballot without any hesitation, for he knew every name on it and what it signified. He knew things about some of the men mentioned that their own wives did not know. He held the I O U's of two of the candidates and had kept one out of jail. He hoped to be instrumental in ultimately sending another one of them to jail. So, with competence and rapidity, he recorded his preferences, folded up his ballot and asked how the vote was coming in. It was light, the judges said, and Bill did not like that news. A light vote was always tricky.

The big day he had anticipated was waiting for him at his office. He was president of a cement plant, which had made him rich, but his interests did not stop there. He did a great many things—was chairman of various charitable funds, sat on a number of directorates, was friendly with many politicians; and though he had no pretensions to make the world any better, he had no serious quarrel with it as it was. He enjoyed it the more because it took a certain amount of intrigue and finesse to get along in it at all.

"Nye's going to be licked, I suppose," he said to one of his friends and informants as they sat at luncheon. "If he doesn't get a big vote in the primary he may as well get out of the race."

"From all I hear, he hasn't got a chance."

"Too bad. He's a good man."

"Well, Jacobs was out for blood. He's not going to get off the county commission in the year when there's a million and a half to be spent for a new courthouse—not before the architect and contractor are picked anyhow."

"They've opened it to a general competition of architects, haven't they?" asked Bill thoughtfully.

"Sure they have, and that's as far as it goes too. They opened it. You know Dan Jacobs. He'll let them all draw pretty pictures and then he'll pick the man he wants."

"I've been thinking about that," said Bill, "and it seems to me it might be a good idea to put a little pressure on Jacobs to have an independent committee to decide on the architect. A committee of maybe five public-spirited citizens, you know, to pass on the plans submitted."

The other man eyed him. "Have you got that under way?" he asked.

"Oh, sort of. I wouldn't be surprised if it was suggested by the press first—a couple of editorials. Just because Nye is licked isn't any reason why Jacobs should increase his pin money too much. You've got to consider the public."

"Sure—the cement business too." Bill grinned his agreement.

That was one of the angles of the big day. At another point in it Bill personally called on two wealthy men and asked them to increase their subscriptions to the community fund for supporting charitable institutions. He put it to them reasonably, without discussing either the destitute or the wayward or the orphaned.

"We can't let the town fall down on this thing. It don't look right. Sam Reynolds came up to the scratch with twenty-five hundred, and we think you ought to match him, Dave."

Dave matched Mr. Samuel Reynolds with another twenty-five hundred, and having to that extent attended to the needs of the poor and orphaned, Bill went back to his office, signed a good many checks, took up the slack in a

*Continued on Page 41*

*Behind Her Gilt Tea Table, She Was Very Effective. Bill Saw It. He Always Saw Coralie Even When She Was Distant Like That*

# Old Maids of the Last Generation—and This

By LILIAN BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

TIME was when no self-respecting family was without its old maid. Generally it was an aunt; sometimes a cousin. But always she could sew and cook. If not, she lived alone. She never belonged to the family.

This sewing-and-cooking old maid, at stated times, received cordial invitations from all married members of the family to come and make them a nice long visit. Whereupon, smiling grimly or humorously, she would pack up her kitchen apron and her thimble and go. Well she knew, none better, that an invitation in July meant jams, pickles and jellies. In August, school outfits for the children. But what will you?

The old maids of yesteryear were lonely! It is a fearsome thing—that word "lonely." It has caused many a widow who longed to remain faithful to an ideal to rush into marriage with a stodgy dullard, with only sufficient brains to have observed that she made a good wife to another man. It has made a widowed father, in a moment of distraction, give a bitter-minded stepmother to his helpless children. It has caused many an innocent bystander to marry a gold digger. But most of all, it has made thousands of old maids turn servants to their married kin. Horrid word—lonely! I heap reproaches upon its six letters because of its responsibilities and sins.

I remember many of these old maids from my childhood days. They were always thin. Never do I recall a plump old maid. They had sallow stringy necks, surrounded by white ruches. Oh, those ruches! Next to the notions, they were. I am referring now to the places where you bought them in dry-goods stores; wrapped around slabs of white-glazed cardboard, one just topping the other. Widows' ruchings were there, for the fronts of black crape bonnets. Like little sea shells, these were, lying one against the other. I am very partial to widows' ruchings. Then there were the flaring ruches, a little more transparent. These were more like bits of cauliflower, thus most becoming to thin necks. They also filled in the hollows of square-cut gowns over flat bosoms. Old maids generally wore these cauliflower ruches, and a cameo brooch modestly fastened the ends at the throat.

As I remember it, the hair of these last-generation old maids was always thin and generally turning gray. It was not considered proper in those days to dye one's hair. It was called "fast." If the same prejudice existed now, we would indeed live in a swift age. And this thin, old-maid hair was always parted in the middle. No woman parted her hair on the side unless she was willing to be classed with woman's rights. Woman's righters—brassy things!—wore their hair short and parted on the side like the men they strove to imitate. Did you ever? Old maids' hair was drawn smoothly into a knot at the back of the head. Surely nobody could class that with immodesty.

They wore spectacles, over which they looked if they wished to see anything except their sewing. Bifocals were unknown in those days. And if they lived in the country or on farms they nearly always had bad teeth, whose condition they strove to conceal by the habit of drawing down their upper lips. This gave them an air of modesty truly virginal. In company they used fans. Many a turkey wing has concealed a gap in the teeth of those to whom a visit to the dentist was about like a trip abroad would be now, and never resorted to until all the teeth were gone, when they made a clean sweep and came home with mouths either stretched like a sickle moon or gathered up like a buttonhole.

The visiting old maids of a generation ago were the acid test on purity in the home brand of conversation. Purity and modesty were their slogans, and no word could be spoken in their refined presence which had not previously been dry-cleaned and sterilized.

Thus wives who possessed wicked husbands with profane or foul vocabularies used the visiting-old-maid season as one of effective reproof. The presence of young children was not in it with that of old maids, whose virginal ear purity must be preserved at any cost. It was a kind of fetish even with the men, so that the "Hen-ry! Have you forgotten that Aunt Hannah is with us? She is not accustomed to such language!" was effective.

Injured refinement on the part of the wife and growls of indignant protest on the part of the husband. But cowed by the modest blush on the withered cheek of Aunt Hannah—Aunt Hannah who made such peach preserves and denim overalls—did the trick. So the rumbling would die away and no more stories with double meaning would be told before Aunt Hannah.

(Continued on Page 46)

"Hen-ry! Have You Forgotten That Aunt Hannah is With Us? She is Not Accustomed to Such Language!"

# THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

*This is What is Known in the Big Cities as Life*

## By George Rector

*ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS*

NO MATTER how rich and successful we become in life the best we can hope for is what the vagrant calls three squares and a flop, meaning three good meals a day and a place to sleep. No man has more and no man should have less. The vernacular of the panhandler is the sum total of existence.

Rector's did its best to see that man got his three squares a day. In this respect the home is also a restaurant, with the exception that it has a smaller clientele. We might paraphrase an old proverb and say that when bad cooking comes in the window love flies up the dumb-waiter shaft. One advantage that dining out has over home cooking is you can take your choice in a restaurant, while at home you must either like it or lump it.

It is amazing how many thousands of restaurants advertise so-called home cooking. After eating this home cooking you know the answer to why girls leave home. Home cooking must have been a greatly overrated institution for years. You realize this when you note how many modern homes seem to be able to get along without it. The old-fashioned kitchen has been replaced by the kitchenette, which in turn is about to be supplanted by the serving pantry—a shrunken alcove about as large as a telephone booth, but not so comfortable. I defy any woman to get a biscuit out of a serving pantry without breaking an arm. Like many other unfortunates who are doomed to spend their lives in great cities I have just leased an apartment with a serving pantry just large enough to act as a kennel for one solitary Frankfurter. There is an ice box about as big as a medicine chest and an electric stove small enough to be platinum.

Fortunately we are within crawling distance of a delicatessen store and we have become expert enough to cook our eggs by holding matches to them.

Our bread arrives from a bakery filled with machinery. It is not like mother used to make. It is better. Mother was no mechanic.

It is not necessary for a bride to know about cooking today. Every known variety of food is now put up in tins, and a woman can do all her cooking with a can opener. However, there is one pleasant feature about home cooking—we get it without a cover charge.

The present cover charge is a war tax laid on hopeful diners to defray the loss by evaporation of certain contraband liquids.

The night clubs also impose this nocturnal assessment to assist them in paying the salaries of whispering baritones, laughing trombonists and soprano hostesses. It was introduced into America by J. B. Martin, of the Jean Baptiste Martin café. Practically all the restaurants of Paris have always fined their patrons an extra franc to cover the depreciation in china and glassware and also for the bread and butter service. This was known as the *couvert* charge and amounted to about twenty cents a person.

When the Café Martin inaugurated the habit in America we nabbed the idea, but raised the ante to twenty-five cents a cover.

The able reason for the charge was for B and B, known in the rural districts as bread and butter. When Florenz Ziegfeld opened his illustrious Midnight Frolic on the Amsterdam Roof, his audience sat at tables and chairs instead of the orthodox orchestra seats. Ziggy served a very good meal with his roof operettas; there was a space for dancing and also a wine list.

I am again singing the song of the dear old days beyond recall; also beyond referendum. The tables were bought at the box office just like theater tickets, because Ziggy had a theatrical and a concert license. But when the modern cabarets opened they were unable to sell tickets for their tables because it would be a violation of city ordinances and fire laws pertaining to places of amusement and restaurants.

No cabaret can sell tickets for its tables. That is where the *couvert* charge stepped in. It was raised to five and ten dollars to cover the thousands of dollars spent by the owners in entertainment and decoration. There is one night club which has a cover charge of twenty-five hard dollars. This is merely the admission charge. You can get real champagne for another twenty-five a bottle; that is, it is as real as cider and carbonated water can make it. There is also prewar gin about a week old. The patrons pay heavily for this. The customers sit around their tables all night, listening to the ribald singing, drinking bad wine and inhaling an atmosphere consisting mostly of rice powder and spots before the eyes. This is what is known in the big cities as life. If this is life I will take Patrick Henry's second choice. Curiously enough the price of the liquor is jotted down on the check as B and B.

*(Continued on Page 72)*

# THE SILVER CORD

## By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XVII

HARRINGTON sprang up from the stump. "Let's go to bed on that, shall we? I don't mind confessing it will take a lot of thinking out."

"Why go to bed?" asked Midge, following him reluctantly through the screen of firs. "I won't be able to sleep. There are a million questions—— Harry!"

"What?"

"There's a light in your house. Did you leave it burning?"

"No." He stopped stock-still and drew the word out interminably. "Go ahead, Midge. Get to bed. I'll stand here until you turn the corner of the porch. Don't hurry."

She obeyed him to the letter, going on without even turning her head. He waited until she had disappeared and then struck across toward the light shining from his dining-room window. The shades were up, and as he drew near he saw a stocky figure seated in the rocking-chair, which was tilted forward to keep it steady. It was D. T. Dobbs. He sat with his elbows on the arms of the chair, his hands clasped and his eyes staring patiently at the wall. Beside him on the dining-room table lay the family Bible. The side door was swinging open and Harrington noticed as he passed into the hall that the lock had been sprung.

"Hello, Mr. Dobbs. I don't have to ask how you got in."

"No," said Dobbs, without moving even to look around; "I used my knee. For a country guy you keep pretty late hours."

"Have you been waiting long?"

"Not so very. I had a feeling Bill was going to botch things, so I had myself wheeled up here at sixty miles an hour. Where have you been?"

"I had dinner next door, and saw Williams with a reporter named Smith right afterward."

"I know all that; I've seen both those pretties. Where have you been since you left Mr. Frazier?"

"Didn't Williams tell you I've resigned?" asked Harrington gently.

"Yes; and he shot off some guff about your not wanting your pound of flesh, but I didn't believe either joke."

"They weren't jokes," said Harrington. He drew out two chairs, sat on one and stretched his legs on the other.

Dobbs swung around and looked at him with an amazing expression in his eyes. If it had not been for the rest of his face and the pendent leathery dewlaps hanging from his jowls, one would have said he was as kindly as the much-maligned bloodhound.

"Eh, boy, what wouldn't I give for a partner with your nerve! You can buy brains and you can buy nerve; but in our business you can't buy, beg or steal the blend, and you've got it."

"You must want something."

"I want a lot of things, but all I'm asking for tonight is the flyleaf out of the Jones family Bible."

It was one of his bullet sentences; it started slow, but ended with the snap of a revolver shot. So that was why he had turned around and really felt kindly and genuinely yearned for a partner. Harrington laughed aloud—the laugh of a boy watching a fat man hurl a ball at a nigger head, and miss.

"You can take it for all I care, Mr. Dobbs."

*"Begin at the Beginning," Breathed Midge. "Tell Me Everything"*

"I can't take it," said Dobbs dryly, "unless you hand it to me."

"What do you want it for anyway?" asked Harrington, flipping open the cover of the Bible and examining it.

"I want to look at a question mark I wrote in pencil at the foot of it."

"Why a question mark?"

"That's what I want to find out. I wrote it, and I've forgotten why. If you can believe I'm that big a bonehead, believe it. It's true."

"Looks to me as if the sheet had just slipped out and been swept up," said Harrington, frowning. "I'll ask the woman that cleans the place if you like, but I remember the page perfectly, and I can tell you why you wrote that question mark."

"You can?" grunted Dobbs, shaken in spite of himself from his stolid base.

"It was because you couldn't find Harry Jones' name."

Dobbs drove his right fist into his left palm. "That's right! That's why!" He sank back with a sigh of relief and let the chair rock, his heels held an inch or two above the floor. As the movement diminished, just so did his satisfaction lessen, until his forehead became tightly puckered in a frown. He planted his feet solidly and stared at Harrington with desperate intensity. It was the look of a man battling for his self-respect when pride is the only thing in the world he cares about.

"There's no reason you should make a fool of me," he whispered hoarsely; "not one. I've been wrong on things lots of times, but I've never been wrong on a man. You're straight, and if you'll tell me where you're heading I'll go with you. If you'll show me your game I'll help you play it. You've proved Jones didn't get away with the bonds, and you say he didn't bump Detwetter. All right, I'll say the same. But so help me God, Harrington, if you try to add D. T. Dobbs to your collection of wrist bangles, I'll hound you to hell, and you needn't feel safe because you think you've got nothing to hide. I'm telling you. I'll frame you in a black border three feet wide and seven feet long."

"You're excited," said Harrington, studying him curiously. "I don't give a darn what you do."

Dobbs rocked to his feet with surprising agility. "That stands, does it?"

"Yes, it stands," said Harrington, as if to humor him. "Can't I offer you a bite to eat or something to drink before you go?"

"No, thanks," said Dobbs, started toward the door and turned. "Will you tell me something, Harrington, just for fun?"

"Sure! Try me!"

"Is there nothing that worries you? I mean aren't you worried by just one little thing in the world?"

"No. Why should I be?"

"There's a funny look about you that's driving me cuckoo."

"I know what you mean," said Harrington, smiling up at him. "I found out about that only tonight, Dobbs. It's because I'm profoundly and continuously happy."

"Hell!" gasped Dobbs, waved his hand and went. He walked with a rapid rolling gait to the corner of City Hall Park, where he found Williams and a negro chauffeur asleep in his high-powered car. "Wake up, Burly! Get going!"

The driver came to attention instantly. "Where to, boss?"

"Did you get gas, water and oil?"

"Yas-sir."

"Tires even?"

"Yas-sir."

"Make the city by daylight."

Williams stirred, yawned and scratched an eighteen-hour beard with a rasping noise. "Did you make a monkey out of him, D. T. D.—like you said you would?"

"Shut up!" snapped Dobbs as he drew up a rug and settled himself into one corner.

"All right," said Williams with oily meekness; "but tell me first if I have to go to Haiti."

"Not yet, and perhaps never. There's something that was in my head once and isn't there now. But it's hankering to break back into the belfry and if it ever hammers down the ivory gates you won't have to go to Haiti."

"Thanks," said Williams, drew up the other rug and slept.

They had reached town hours before Harrington left his house for the small office in the State Street National

whose door was soon to be labeled Assistant to the President. His first day was a blank, and the next seven were almost equally uneventful, taken up as they were with the assembling of the parts of a new job. He was to attend only to such matters as would relieve Mr. Frazier of onerous duties, whether financial or civic, and the skill with which he sorted out a machine for himself that fitted into the intricate mechanism of the bank as a whole aroused his employer's admiration to the danger point.

"You must have worked in a bank before, Mr. Harrington."

"Yes, sir."

"What bank?"

Harrington smiled; without knowing it, he had acquired the habit of smiling every time he found himself in a tight place, and thereby dragging himself more than halfway out before he spoke. "This one, sir. I've never been in any other bank except to cash a check."

"You're a fast learner," said Mr. Frazier, wholly satisfied without quite knowing why. "What did you want to see me about?"

"May I sit down?"

"Certainly."

"You're one of the county commissioners, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Do you remember the conditions under which you and Mr. Treadle were put on the board?"

"Perfectly. Our election was considered the biggest victory the Civic Betterment League had pulled off up to that time. If you mean how was it done, I can tell you that too. Fallahee was a boss, but he wasn't rotten. I honestly believe he loved this town as much as I do. When the league started what it called the Watchdog Movement, I happen to know he passed along the word that if Treadle and I were nominated we'd be elected."

"Fallahee is dead," said Harrington.

Mr. Frazier laid down his pen and touched his buzzer. Miss Walker appeared at the door, and stopped as her eyes fell on Harrington. "I'm not to be disturbed by anyone, Miss Walker," said Mr. Frazier; "there's no exception." He half turned his chair toward Harrington as the door closed. "I know Fallahee has been dead for months. What are you driving at?"

"Don't rush me," begged Harrington. "I've got to lead up to this thing in my own way."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Frazier, forcing his slow smile. "I'll remain on the witness stand."

"You know the tide-water line between licit and illicit graft, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said the banker, his eyes hardening. "I can't admit any such distinction."

"Let's you and I hve with the truth for a while," said Harrington quietly. "I'll talk while you think. You've just struck an attitude that hasn't any more substance in actual life than a stuffed scarecrow. It's the old difference between morals and a moralist. I'm going to tell you a lot of things you know; then I'm going to tell you one thing you don't know. Productive graft is one of the greatest constructive forces this country has ever seen. The generally accepted formula nowadays is that a man who has been awarded a contract by town, county or state pays in 10 per cent through the secretary of the organization of the party that happens to be in power. The benefits of this arrangement simply smother the moralist. Do you want me to list them?"

"You're doing the talking."

"Here's what the benefits do: They open the road to honest competition, because the organization no longer cares who gets the order. They hand the cash to an active and necessary machine, and not to a person or a group of individuals. They inform automatically all the members of a political division how much money has come into the communal locker – a mere sum in multiplication and addition of published figures. They free the hands of party government by just so much as they relieve it from the necessity of begging money in exchange for favors, all the more sinister because they're never put down in black and white. They ——"

Mr. Frazier held up his hand and this time his smile was not forced. "I can guess the rest. Let's have a few samples of what you consider illicit graft."

"I'll give you the meanest and the biggest. The meanest is a form that has never dirtied this county—as far as I can find out. It consists in an unwritten rule that all orders must be signed in some metropolis, preferably New York. That means no cash passed, but an outlay on the part of the contractor amounting to from three to five hundred dollars on suites of rooms, wine, women and song." He paused.

"Now for the biggest," said Mr. Frazier soberly.

"The biggest is when the local boss rises in his might and makes the killing of his life—when the individual steps out to hamstring party, community and his fellow man."

"Dot your *i*'s and cross your *t*'s."

"What's the business before the board this afternoon?"

"We're going to sign the contract for a Nathan & Nathan Drop Lever Bridge—the best there is. It will be the biggest in this section of the state."

"That's it," said Harrington. "The Drop Lever is a Nathan & Nathan patent, and the Nathans have been expelled from the National Society of Mechanical Engineers for certain practices. The minute you sign on the dotted line, Mr. Frazier, Ben Brosnahan will come in for two hundred and fifty-odd thousand hidden dollars on the way

*(Continued on Page 57)*

*Quite Suddenly All Voluntary Movement Ceased, His Knees Sagged and He Began to Bend Backward in an Increasing Curve*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.60 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.50 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 25, 1926


## How Britain Muddles Through

THE Imperial Conference, which traces its hazy beginnings no further back than 1887, the year of the jubilee of Queen Victoria, has, within this short span of time, become one of the most august deliberative bodies to be found in all history. Its voice is the voice of four hundred and fifty million persons. Its decisions run through all the hemispheres and are binding, subject to parliamentary ratifications, upon one-quarter of the inhabitants of the globe.

Such were the power and scope of the Conference which sat in London a few weeks ago and declared that Britain and her Dominions were each and all equal one with another. It was further decreed that though the British Foreign Office shall continue to be the spokesman of the Empire in matters international, British ministers shall sign treaties in the name of Britain only and not for the Empire as a whole. Dominion ministers are henceforth to sign for the oversea nations which are to be bound. Each Dominion will assume its own obligations at its own pleasure, and none will be asked to live up to agreements not of its own making. The British Foreign Office will thus be shorn of its last claim to being the sole arbiter of relationships between the Empire and the outside world. The very title of the sovereign is to be modified to conform to changed conditions. Thus does the Commonwealth of Nations, in fact as well as in name, supersede the unwieldy Empire.

In every land there are those who hail with delight every concession made by Britain to her Dominions—not because of any advantage which will accrue to either but because they regard these amenities as sure signs of weakness, as signs that the Empire is slipping and crumbling. No one can deny that the Commonwealth of Nations of 1927 is a less imposing structure than the towering edifice of 1887, the year which marked the completion of Queen Victoria's half century upon the British throne. Nor can any sane observer deny that the new structure is less top-heavy than the old, that it sits on a broader base, that its strains are better distributed and that its equilibrium is more stable.

It is hard to see how England could have bartered a certain measure of her perilous grandeur for future security and good will any more wisely than she has done; or, once having made up her mind to the trade, how she could have put it through more gracefully or in a manner more acceptable to her Dominions. The first law of survival is adaptation to circumstances and surroundings. Britain has perceived the existence of this law, has correctly interpreted it and has applied it unsparingly to her own situation. Britain bends, but never breaks. Weathering storms is one of the best things she does. Eight or nine centuries of catch-as-catch-can have made her an adept in falling on her feet. Today she is not only recovering from the greatest war in history but is at the same time paying the penalty for having been too slow to discard her outworn social and economic systems. Her heaviest burdens were piled up, not between 1914 and 1918 but in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Even had there been no World War, England would still have been subjected to the rending strains of major social readjustments

Many thoughtful Englishmen regard the future of their country with gloomy forebodings. Even though the coal strike has petered out and the outlook for trade and industry is distinctly brighter, their horizon is peopled with hostile shapes. The best they can hope is that their country will somehow muddle through. We cannot share this common pessimism; nor yet do we believe that she will muddle through in the sense that she will blindly stagger to safety through a Slough of Despond. All history teaches us that when Englishmen are said to have muddled through the crises of the past they have actually hacked their way through by grit and courage, superior headwork and sturdiness of character. Much as Britain has suffered materially, she has not been bereft of these priceless advantages. They will serve her in the future no less effectually than they have served her in the past.

## Nothing in the Papers

NO REMARK is more often heard than "There's nothing in the paper this morning." Or perhaps the reader says that "it's too big to read." The two criticisms do not destroy each other. Newspapers may be full of drivel, of silly nothings which make for useless and tiresome quantity. Much that is printed should not, cannot interest a person with even moderate intelligence and some thought for the preciousness of time.

But the statement that there's nothing in the paper is rarely true. Too often the reader who makes such a remark means that there is nothing sensational or shocking or salacious. He means that he is not stunned by the headlines or swept off his feet. In the daily drama of current events he may not be discerning enough to find much, but it is there for those who can see.

One easy amusement which the long-distance railroad traveler can provide himself with at slight expense is to glance at the local papers taken on by porters at cities of any size. The variety and individuality which still pervade the country's press are healthy signs. Syndicates and chains have not yet wholly standardized the newspapers of all sections. There are patent comics and features common to thousands of mediums, but somewhere in most papers is to be found the local, individual point of view.

There are good newspapers and very poor ones. They are vigorous or colorless, bold or timid, clean or besmirched. Excellence is not sectional or based on census returns. Wholesome, intelligent and valuable papers are found in cities much smaller than those that occasionally harbor a weak or tawdry sheet. Journalism is still one of the great fields for success or failure, for the real measuring of men. No standardizing process has yet eclipsed these mirrors of men, good and bad.

Time—lots of it—is wasted in reading newspapers. But the press has the right to be considered a great educational force. It all depends on how the paper is read. There may be nothing in it that resembles the outbreak of the World War. Fortunately there is not a first-page or whole-page murder every day.

But running through every issue of almost every newspaper is the stream of current life. A thousand minor items, international, national and, above all, local, are of interest to those who see and think. The smaller doings of a people are what make history in the end—the little civic, business, educational, industrial, financial and political happenings. The real test, or one of the real tests, of an educated man is the ability to find something in the paper without spending his whole day reading it.

## The Redwood Crisis

AFTER negotiations extending over a period of several years an agreement has been reached between one of the large lumber companies on the Pacific Coast and such organizations as are interested in preserving intact what is generally considered the most superb forest of redwood trees of any size. This grove consists of the Bull Creek and Dyerville flats in California. Within the length of time agreed upon, a sum of between five and a half and six and a half million dollars must be paid to the private owners of these trees or they will be cut for commercial purposes.

It has been said that the redwood is perhaps the best known by reputation of any tree in America. Yet the larger and more monumental forests of redwoods are less visited than any other scenic feature. Many tourists have seen the smaller groves near San Francisco, but the forests of maximum growth and age are as yet known to few, although in no sense inaccessible, stretching as they do in all the majesty of their centuries of growth along the northern coast of California.

Except for a relatively few areas that have been saved for the people by gift or purchase, the giant redwoods are owned by private interests. They cannot be withdrawn, like so many Western forests, from the public lands and given the title of national forest or national park. They must be purchased through private negotiation or by county or state condemnation. The owners are entitled to cut down these most marvelous of trees, and will continue to do so even though ill-informed or superficial writers and agitators describe the lumbermen as murderers. A great industry is based upon the utilization of the redwood tree and its products, and it is primarily a business problem which must be approached in a businesslike way to work out a balanced program between the scenic values and those of an economic nature.

On the other hand, years of study by foresters and scientists have resulted in the firm and settled conviction that the Bull Creek and Dyerville redwood forests are without an equal. As long as the attempt is being made to save a substantial area, it seems wise to save the finest.

It is true that the lumbermen have taken up a vigorous program of reforestation, which may possibly in time be of commercial use to them and prevent the disappearance of redwood timber. But too many centuries are required to create a giant redwood for any of us now living to be much interested, except from the strictly commercial viewpoint, in any reforestation efforts.

It is unfortunate that more Americans have not visited the great redwood forests. They do not bring to mind the story of kings, as do the shrines of Europe. There is no connotation of patriotism, as at Valley Forge or Mount Vernon. They tell of living things rather than of the dead, of life for half a thousand years.

But a modern power saw makes short work of even these long-spanned trees. Five hundred years are as nothing to a lumber mill. The sunshine and soil, ocean mists and clouds, and time in all its full abundance, have created the redwood tree. No words can describe its strength and graceful beauty alive; yet anyone can describe the shingles into which it is sawed.

The Save-the-Redwoods League regards the preservation of the Bull Creek and Dyerville areas as its paramount duty to the public. Never have more careful and painstaking efforts been made to arrive at a fair price for a piece of property. The sum is large, but the property is of extraordinary commercial value. That it has an even higher value no one will deny who has ever seen this forest.

The state of California may yet be persuaded to contribute toward the purchase. But like other states, it is overburdened with bond-issue proposals already. No individual who contributes to the saving of these trees can ever regret such a gift. In every life there are times or moments of exaltation, of attainment of the highest values. No man or woman can gaze upon the redwoods and fail to have that portion of life enriched.

# EDSEL B. FORD—By Samuel Crowther

WILL Edsel Ford carry on?

There is a tradition that the sons of great men never step into their fathers' shoes. No matter how capable may be the son who follows his father, the wise heads will wag: "Yes, he's all right, but he'll never be the man his father was."

In point of fact, many a rich man's son goes his father one better. Only a few fail. But the facts have never altered the tradition.

The five largest business concerns of this country—which means of the world—are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Ford Motor Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the General Motors Corporation, and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Four of these companies are owned by stockholders—thousands of stockholders. No one man holds even a working control of the stock of any of them. The fifth company—the Ford Motor Company—is owned by three people—Henry Ford, Mrs. Henry Ford, and their son, Edsel Bryant Ford. The Steel Corporation is still in the charge of the founder, Judge Gary. John D. Rockefeller founded the Standard Oil Company, but for many years he has had little or nothing to do with its management, and his son has never been in the management. General Motors long since passed out of the hands of William C. Durant, who organized it. The founder of only one of these companies is dead—Theodore N. Vail.

The chairmen and presidents of nearly all the large corporations have been elected to their positions solely on merit. Of the officers of the four companies whose stock is widely held, only Judge Gary has a heavy personal investment in his company. The chief officers of the other companies are not rich men and their salaries form the largest items of their incomes. Neither their own stock holdings nor the holdings of their relatives elected them to office.

The well-being of the country is bound up with the conduct of its great corporations. If a dozen of them were to fall into utterly incapable hands at the same time, production and consumption would be so thrown out of balance that we should suffer more real injury than would be caused by a tremendous invading army. Prosperity hangs on the balance of production and consumption, and the beam works on a knife edge. That is why the managers of great corporations have to be considered as public officers and not as private citizens. That is why it is a matter of public moment who will run the Ford industries when Henry Ford goes to join his fathers.

There are several facets to this interest. One is the general belief that Henry Ford has so much of genius that no one can carry on just as he has—that his empire will crumble with him. Another side is that the succession is not going to be determined by the pooling of the minds of a number of people, but by the accident of birth. The heir apparent is Edsel Ford, who is the only child of Henry Ford. He is now thirty-three years old. Already he owns about a half interest in the Ford industries. Some day he will own the remaining half, and then he will be not only the richest man in the world but the richest man the world has ever known. By general agreement the Ford fortune is considered to date as having benefited the country. No one begrudges anything to Henry Ford. On the other hand, many hold that a great fortune can be a menace. No fortune has ever become a menace, for when incapably managed, fortunes quickly shrink to a harmless size. Of more real importance than the menace question is this: Has Edsel Ford the ability to manage the fortune represented by these industries?

He is the heir, whether or no, to a vast industrial empire. He is not the heir to a fortune, for, although the Ford Motor Company carries a cash balance in the neighborhood of $300,000,000, that money belongs to the business and the Fords themselves have almost no outside investments. The whole Ford fortune, outside of the business, will hardly run to $10,000,000, and this would probably lose half its value if it had to be converted quickly into cash. The personal holdings are insignificant when compared with the $1,000,000,000 which their industrial holdings are easily worth as going concerns.

Edsel Ford is the heir to a job, and there never has been a job quite like it, either in diversity or in magnitude.

(Continued on Page 77)




THE KID THAT DOESN'T GROW UP

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

### No Such Luck

*'TWAS the night before Christmas, and Santa Claus stood by a fireside and gazed in a ponderous mood at the stockings that hung by the chimney in rows; and what puzzled Saint Nick was the length of these hose, for he'd heard Mrs. Claus say that fashion decrees that the girls roll their stockings and show their pink knees. Then old Santa winked slyly, and laughed with good will: "But they don't roll the stockings they want me to fill!"*

*—Mary Kathryn Hanson.*

### Playing Safe

A SHREWD and thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch farmer got into a boundary dispute with his neighbor. The battle waxed hot and the farmer sought legal aid.

After stipulating that there was to be no fee unless there were grounds for legal action, he gave the lawyer a detailed and graphic account of the trouble.

"Fine!" the lawyer exclaimed. "The case is air-tight. The other fellow hasn't got a leg to stand on. My advice is ten dollars, and for a fifty-dollar retainer I'll start suit at once."

"No," said the farmer; "no, I guess you better not. I told you the other fellow's side." *—Hal Ressler.*

***Whiskers, the Barber's Dog, Announced Yesterday That the Trick Poodle of Bunkum's Big Show Would be in for a Hair-Cut at Noon Today. Gus, the Butcher's Dachshund, Was Late, But Gus' Structure Was Such That He Easily Made the Front Line***

### Elephants

*THE strangest thing in Nature is her wonderful proliferance,*
*Not only in productiveness but also range of difference,*
*From microscopic microbes of the minimum intelligence,*
*To elephants, creation's top, most affluent and swelly gents,*
*Remarkable not only for their physical exuberance*
*But for their long proboscis, or cylindrical protuberance,*
*With which they can propel a van, and yet—an odd concomitant—*
*Decide which peanut offered has a succulence predominant.*
*Consider tiny ants, for instance, weighable in milligrams,*
*Alongside hefty elephants we scarce can weigh in kilograms;*
*A single footstep, planted firm, of any brand of elephants,*
*Converts a happy hill of ants into a very hell of ants.*
*To trample fellow creatures thus is certainly no trick of ants—*
*No wonder other animals to elephants are sycophants,*
*For rather than be flattened, they flatter them with reverence,*
*And thus avoid, by sufferance, their lives' untimely severance.*
*Theirs is the John L. Sullivan's, the Caliban's, preëminence,*
*Most ponderously practicing the art of fear dissemінance.*
*And yet, when white, these beasts acquire the elements of elegance,*
*Have suppliants, much circumstance, and strut like sacred pelicans;*
*Their coming forth's a swell event, they're treated with all deference,*
*And offered, for their appetites, whatever has their preference.*
*And finally I may remark, though the fact has little relevance,*
*The English language can afford no perfect rime for "elephants."*

*—George Jay Smith.*

### The Country Editor's Catechism

WHAT did Bill Jones do? Ans. He accepted a lucrative and responsible position.

Who left for New York today? Ans. Miss Mary Smith, one of our most popular young ladies, departed today for the great metropolis. Our loss is New York's gain

What is the proper way to refer to Hi Hanks, our leading advertiser? Ans. Mr. Hiram Hanks, our genial and esteemed fellow citizen, left yesterday on a business trip to Chicago.

How did the announcement of the wedding come? Ans. The wedding came as a great surprise to the many friends of the young couple.

How should a birth be reported? Ans. The stork left a ten-pound baby boy with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown last night. Congratulations, Harold.

(Continued on Page 71)

***OLD TIMERS AND HALF TIMERS***

***An Evening in the Home Forty Years Ago——*** ***——and Today***

# The first happy glow to holiday feasts - Campbell's Tomato Soup!

**12 cents a can**

# SOUP

## *for brighter, better meals!*

THREE meals every day! One thousand and ninety-five meals a year! No wonder some one has said that the general who directs the campaign of the family dining table is the true national heroine, deserving of all praise for her ingenuity, resourcefulness and varied knowledge! And it is a truth known to every skillful housewife that the greatest success comes to her who has the gift of imparting sparkle and attractiveness to her meals.

Invariably you will find that such an experienced "strategist" in meal planning uses soup as one of her most effective means of giving the bright touch to her menus. She realizes that soup offers a deliciousness of flavor, a variety, a temptation to the appetite which no other food can supply in quite the same way.

APPETITE! A healthy, eager, alert appetite! If the people for whom you provide have it, you know your daily problem is being solved. A plate of piping-hot, delicious soup sends a glow of satisfaction about the table, arouses the appetite, makes it keen and active. This is the great value of soup. It not only nourishes, but it causes the digestive juices to flow more freely, increasing the desire for food and promoting digestion of other foods.

This explains why healthy people crave soup and relish it so eagerly. Wise nature has given us a special fondness for this hot, liquid food because it acts as such a wholesome and invigorating stimulant. For this reason food experts include soup in the daily menus which they recommend for the family table.

AND NOW that it is so easy and convenient for you to obtain the best of soups at your store, let them help you constantly in the task of providing brighter, better meals for your home. Begin now and serve soup daily for the next two weeks, as an experiment. Notice how much it adds to everybody's enjoyment and how much it *saves you!*

Visit your grocer's and familiarize yourself with all the delightful and different kinds of soups you will find there, already prepared and cooked for you by makers of world-wide reputation. Tempting vegetable purees, such as Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups which, by the way, you will often serve as Cream Soups. Hearty substantial soups, such as Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef, Beef, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Mutton, Pepper Pot, and Clam Chowder. Dainty clear soups, such as Consomme, Bouillon, Julienne, Printanier.

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

# THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

## By Corra Harris

*Mrs. Harris at the Entrance of the Spring Road*

AT BEST, writing an autobiography is very much like weaving a luminous veil with which to soften your harsher features. You may work into it your sublimer prejudices and more valorous thoughts without giving any very distinct impression of the human being you still are beneath these bright blandishments. So much of actual living is contradictory to the good things, and even the bad things, you can tell about it.

Precisely so, you may recall that one of the top notches of the preparations I made for starting out upon this pilgrimage of emancipation was that I left my Scriptures behind me. My idea was that I had made living unnecessarily hard by going back too frequently to the Copy Book of the Almighty's will and word to try myself out by the fiercer gospels. I was not all spirit. I had spent fifty years endeavoring to produce an honorable human being in the flesh, and it seemed to me that I had become too dependent upon the directions of my heavenly Father, as grown-up sons and daughters sometimes remain disgracefully beholden to their parents. I was for coming of age, so to speak, going off into the world to try out the person I really was, weak or strong, without praying or fasting or being suspicious enough to take tests in the Beatitudes in order to find out how I was progressing.

Naturally I was not counting upon being laid by the heels for two months at Santa Barbara. My plan was to whisk brightly from one continent to another and to do every single thing I wanted to do.

The Lord Himself never prepared a shrewder test for one of His strongest saints. The only result of which I can boast is that I did not develop the grumbling egotism of Job and give myself airs about holding fast to my integrity. A man covered with boils has very little chance in Nature to damage his integrity. The worst one I ever knew was suddenly bereaved of all his temptations by the loss of the use of his legs. It was astonishing how rapidly he grew in grace.

I had already received some inklings of our greater God by figuring out why the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust, not regardless of me, but grandly regardful of the whole order of things in Nature, in favor of all life—a characteristic of every great law made without favoritism.

Therefore if I had got a bad heart by transgressing the laws of health it was of no use to lash myself about it. The sensible prayer of penitence was to lie still, endeavor to recover and join the procession of happier adventurers in living as soon as possible. I can be as rational as anyone, if you concede me the Almighty as a premise. Even so, I cannot claim that I was always capable of this highly intellectual grandiloquence toward Providence. There were times at night when I could not sleep for pain and loneliness, when I dropped all this camouflaging and craved a more intimate heavenly Father. More than once I remember, in an anguish of restlessness, folding my hands and giving way to my earliest remembered petition:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep;*
*I pray the Lord my soul to keep;*
*If I should die before I wake,*
*I pray the Lord my soul to take."*

The strongest of us do these little foolish things in the dark before the Lord. I suppose there is some provision in the great law of His mercies to cover these weaknesses. Anyway I used to get by with that infantile prayer sometimes and did fall asleep. The trouble was that at other times it would not work. This was late in May, as I remember, before the earthquake at Santa Barbara in June. Now and then the little cottage where I lay used to have rigors in the deeper, darker hours of the night. The floor beneath my bed seemed to buck up and undulate with a sickening motion. The windows would rattle for the briefest moment, like the teeth of a house chattering. But when I reached up, turned on the light and looked gingerly over the side of the bed, the floor would be smooth, the windows as steady as clear eyes above the rolling tides of the ocean beyond. But I could not get over feeling pop-eyed. I might have recited every prayer and litany known to man then in vain. As far as I have been able to discover there are no specific directions in the Scriptures about how to calm ourselves when the very earth beneath one seems to turn over and shake its foot in a bad dream. My feeling is that it is not so much a flaw in the earth as it is a flaw in the order of things. It is a positive manifestation of disorder there. And I am sufficiently rational to take what license I need to cover my flaws by observing the patience with which the Almighty works out this in the great plan. A star must behave very badly indeed before it is snatched from its orbit and cast into the shimmering dust heap of the universe. And the most righteous star in the heavens has not striven harder than I have to stay in the straight and narrow way, always wishing for a broader, more circuitous route.

*Doctor Harris*

I do not know if I was the only one who felt these tremors, being very imaginative and nervous at the time, or if it was a mere coincidence, but it is a fact that more people invariably called upon me the next day. It seemed to me that they were more solicitous about how I felt, and that their manner was singularly cheerful. But never a word about that tremor of the night before. I was equally polite, having discovered that it is as bad form in California to refer to these misdemeanors of the earth as it would be to talk scandal about every man's and woman's nearest relative there. So I lifted a steady glance up to each visitor, without a flicker to betray the lying coward I really was, and matched their unusually sprightly conversation with my own faked gayety, probably in a fainter voice than usual, but very good stuff at that, to come from the hollow tomb of my terrors. And I envied them their courage, as I have rarely conceded this superiority to others.

What I have to say about the people of the West Coast in this connection is that I believe they are the bravest on this earth. Endowed with the sensitiveness and enthusiasms of youth to a degree I never imagined possible in mature men and women, they are never mastered by fears of these terrifying unnatural phenomena, but they show a dignity of silence and courage rarely equaled by the most valorous army going into action. And they always go immediately into action when one of these earth disasters overtakes them. If their city is damaged they make haste to erect other fairer buildings upon the ruins. They have made a garden of the desert and lifted up an invincible civilization upon a land where other races faded away. And they will be there when the last flow of the earth in that place has shaken down into firm foundations, living in castles of loveliness raised by immortal faith in the light of the sun. Whatever record of their limitations these pages may contain, I have no words to express my admiration of their heroic spiritual quality.

Looking back now at the breathless invalid I was at this time, I am astonished to realize that my thoughts never wavered from the purpose I had in the beginning of making a long pilgrimage. I was still outward-bound. My mind was a ship of many sails upon a quiet sea, day after day, as I lay alone in that bright room with the tides of the ocean roaring in and out beneath my windows; with the fogs rising out of it like gray curtains enfolding me, making all things dim; with the wind of the desert blowing across purple mountains to lift the curtain and reveal again the majestic loveliness of that great golden rim of the world.

(Continued on Page 28)

*The Supreme Interpretation of Chrysler Standardized Quality*

*The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.*

*Eight body styles, priced from $2495 to $3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

You may be perfectly satisfied with the smoothness, riding easement, acceptable performance, and luxury of the car you already own; you may think you have experienced those qualities in their finest form;—*until you ride in the Chrysler Imperial* "80" . . . From that moment you will never again be fully satisfied with any other car but the Imperial "80". For Chrysler engineering and manufacturing have conferred upon the Imperial "80" such a rare new degree and *kind* of motoring luxury that the Imperial "80" is being regarded everywhere, by those who demand the best, as the logical successor to the finest cars of yesterday.

*All Chrysler models—"50" "60" "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows at the annual special model displays at the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, Jan. 5-12, and at the Ballroom Rooms of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.*

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

# CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

(Continued from Page 26

It was like resting in a long furlough of dreams. Nothing to do but to go on presently; nothing else to win or lose; not much more of life to live; delivered from the fears I have always had of the weariness and loneliness of old age. The leaves from the tallest tree must fall. So be it.

I felt blessed and free at last, with a long bright road to travel in the happy wind of my spirit, until some day, somewhere, the mere leaf of me would come fluttering down. I could not have been in my own mortal senses or I should not have been so rational about death. As it was, the only thing I feared was those sickening sensations of the rumpling earth. My imagination revealed to me widening cracks far below the surface, and immeasurable hollow, stinking depths below these cracks, filled with heat and gas; and it seemed to me that the water tasted more and more of sulphur and brimstone, or whatever that Old Testament stuff is! But there were only a few of these tremors, and since nobody admitted them, I was more than half persuaded that my own imagination had quaked beneath me.

On the whole, these were days of the happiest revelations, with only the briefest recurrence of pain and distress. One thing that sticks most vividly in my recollection of this period is the feeling of friendliness I enjoyed toward the people who came and went; not gratitude, not quite affection, but such artless confidence as children enjoy in their relation to others. No doubts, no questions in my mind about whether they were worthy or unworthy. I seemed only to know the goodness of their hearts, and nothing else mattered. Not since my conversion many, many years ago have I had such incontestably correct knowledge of my fellow men and women.

Therefore I am admitting, in case your attention has already been riveted upon the fact, that some of the thinking I did then was not in keeping with the kind one is supposed to do in the sublimated state of sweetness and light. Maybe something I had read or heard said stirred up my old righteousness; then I would take a day off from being a placid invalid propped high on my pillows, and go housecleaning in the world at large with all the violence of a virtuous termagant. At such times I used the pen for a broom and scribbled blasting notes of my opinions until the very sweat of morality popped out on my brow. After that a sleepless night attended by rigors of the house and severe palpitations of my own heart would reduce me to meekness and that faint air of hallowed goodness which, I am persuaded, endeared me to my visiting friends the next day, they being unaware of the animosities of mind I had practiced, to the point of exhaustion, which had reduced me to this softness of spirit.

The only way I can account for these spells is that the noble Pharisee never dies in the humblest of us. Once in so often we must get up, sweep out the faults and fallacies of other people simply by showing off to ourselves, if not to the world at large. I shall copy in some of these sweepings as soon as I have sung another psalm or two.

No sooner was I strong enough to hold a book in my hand than I began to remember the Bible, passages in it, not those preservative ones we use for our salvation, like the Commandments and the Beatitudes, but the scenery which it contains. All that is written with a vividness and power not found in any other literature, because it is something infinitely more than mere literature—a majestic record of the truth, from the sublime photography of creation spread out in Genesis to that luminous vision of the blind man, John, in Revelation, conceived, to be sure, in the gaudy terms of the Hebraic imagination, but ineffably splendid, and a faithful interpretation of the substance of the last things we hope for.

I had passed through a desert, seen one of those chapters of the Old Testament of the earth, since I had opened a Bible. And now I wanted to read again certain hot, dusty passages in it, as we go back and study for a long time some great masterpiece after we have seen the original from which it was painted. There are many wild scenes laid in the books of the prophets which always seemed to me unbelievably remote in time and incredibly desolate, but full of the motion and color which we are no longer able to impart to the most terrible tragedy, like this description Habakkuk gives of "that bitter and hasty nation," the Chaldeans, when he was standing somewhere in his long priestly robes, threatening the Jews with these marauders as a punishment sure to come upon them because of their sins. "Their horses also are swifter than the leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves; and their horsemen shall spread themselves, and their horsemen shall come from far; they shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat. They shall come all for violence; their faces shall sup up as the east wind, and they shall gather the captivity as the sand." I have listened to some fairly able cursers in the name of the Lord in my day, but not one who had such a grasp upon the pigment words of disaster.

Corra Harris

These old seers who depended upon inspiration were sublimely independent of the rules of rhetoric which enslave our best writers and speakers now. Habakkuk mixed his metaphors enough to compare horses and riders with leopards, wolves, eagles and the east wind in the furious flash of color, ferocity and speed as they rode across the burning sands upon their victims. And he took only a couple of sentences, composed chiefly of frightful nouns and galloping verbs, in which to paint his picture. I do not remember that leopards are renowned for their swiftness, but you get the spots of their glistening hides, the impression of the sneaking, noiseless advance of these horsemen, from that highly effective mistake he made in the choice of a simile. The wolfish rapacity of these riders, of their garments flying like the wings of eagles descending upon their victims. And for once in your life you see men with ravenous faces coming like a wind with a thousand tongues to lick up their captives, piled "as the sand." The construction is bad but who in our times can paint with the strokes of so few words a picture that will last as long?

Just so, having lain for so many days in a sort of grammatical quietness, I wanted to read words lawlessly flung together in a passion of prophecy, with that rearing, plunging gait verbs never attain in our times. I wanted to refresh my memory about Sennacherib and the fate that overtook him and his riders. Going through a desert, no matter how swiftly you travel, is like going through the immemorial past. Ages and ages lie buried there. You feel them. I had just had this experience. The brightness, the horrible stillness of the great Western desert lay in my memory like a hot vision. Former things, even to the beginning of all things, seemed closer to me, as if the element of time had been removed for a moment from consciousness, and I had got back into the Old Testament, and literally perceived the veracity of that greatest of all human dramas.

My suspicion is that it depends upon where you read the Bible, what impression you receive of it, and that this is not the case with other books. One would not, I imagine, derive the same ideas from reading the Scriptures in China, for example, as he would from studying them in Boston. I cannot imagine how it would be at the North Pole. For some strange reason I cannot associate any kind of Scriptural scenery with the Arctic regions. I recall storms enough by

(Continued on Page 81)

The Cathedral of Pines Back of the Garden With Mrs. Harris' Cabin in the Background

More than a million faces
reflect the gratification of Buick
ownership—the exhilaration
of Buick performance

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
. . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . .

Buick
MOTOR CARS

# 1888

(Continued from Page 7)

she was in her parents' room, the decanter and glass had been left and she was drinking with an exciting sense of sin. The sin was immediately evident to her in a delightful warm glow; in a mirror she saw that after the smallest amount of sherry her cheeks were transformed by color. She must whisper to Annis, when she was certain they wouldn't be heard, that she had been drinking wine. She, at least, hadn't merely talked about smoking.

And when she was married, on a lordly terrace followed by her greyhounds—but, she reminded herself, Lord Hope hadn't asked her yet. He hadn't shown conclusively that he loved her. However, privately she was almost certain that he did. Wasn't it nice about papa? He would be able to give them—Eric and herself—so much.

The room given to Eulalia Seyffert was not ruffled in pink silk and there were no love birds on the walls. The truth was that it was quite bare and small. It was on the third floor, close to the servants' quarters and the bath was far down a hall. She had, too, little trouble in raising her sole window; no one had done this for her, and consequently the room was unbearably hot. Yet Eulalia felt no sense of grievance. She was a girl with a very grateful nature, she was impressed by the kindliness of people in general, specially pleased by the fact that her Aunt Caroline had her at all. She thought Mirelle was as stylish as possible and hoped that Annis Varney liked her. It was natural, with what they had in common, for the two girls to whisper together a great deal. Eulalia wasn't hurt because they ignored her; she was only sorry to miss what they might be saying.

She took off the dress she had worn to the cricket match and, carefully folding the sleeves, she laid it on a bed. Then she was so hot she had to rest for a little. What a various and exciting day it had been, and almost the best was yet to come—a dinner party. Eulalia wondered where she would be seated. Not in a very important place, of course; she was such an unimportant person; but she'd be where she could see and hear almost everything. She was tremendously interested in Lord Hope's voice; it was the first English voice she had ever listened to, and sometimes she positively couldn't understand the things he said. He was, Eulalia thought, a very nice boy, even if he was a lord. Lord Hope! It was funny, but he blushed like a girl. He blushed, but it couldn't be possible that he, an actual lord, was shy.

Probably, she went on romantically, he would marry Mirelle—her Aunt Caroline had intimated as much—and then she would be Lady Hope. Live in England. Eulalia wasn't sure that she personally would like that, with everything so strange. But on the other hand, she would go anywhere with the man she loved and who loved her. But she had nothing to worry about where England was concerned, she went on; no lord would marry her and take her away from Plainfield. She didn't expect that; but love, some day, she did expect. Love. Eulalia was a little confused at repeating that magical word, even silently, to herself. It wasn't delicate. But suddenly she grew even bolder.

She wanted love and she wanted it soon. Her cheeks grew hot, her attitude defiant. There wasn't, after all, any harm in thinking about it. Yes, she wanted to be in love; with a young man of blue eyes and fair hair, who rather blushed when she gazed at him. She didn't know anyone like that, she thought, but he might come along. Young men were very handsome in white, with brightly striped caps on their fair hair. Her mind returned to Hope; she had understood very little of the cricket match, but she realized that he had done extremely well—when he had walked across the grass everyone applauded. Mirelle exclaimed that he had carried his bat. Mirelle! She had a very great deal, but then she was correspondingly sweet about it, and wore the loveliest clothes.

She couldn't sit there thinking forever, Eulalia recognized; it was time for her to get out her own dress for the evening. At last, she considered, she would look almost as nice as the other girls, in her best organdie. Eulalia had never worn it and she stood regarding it lovingly—the sleeves of gauze were quite enormous, the green-ribbon sash was lovely and fresh, the skirt fell really beautifully. Of course she hadn't silk stockings, but her cotton ones were fine, and only very rich girls—girls like Annis and Mirelle—had real silk. Her petticoat, too, was crisp and white; she had borrowed an iron and pressed it in the pantry before leaving for the game. Yes, Aunt Caroline would have no cause to be ashamed of her at dinner, and with a very happy heart she proceeded to dress.

The gas jet was so high that Eulalia was forced to stand on a stool to heat her curling iron; by the time she reached the bureau mirror it was half cool; but at last she got her hair frizzed. Then, however, she was so hot she had to sit again; and she recalled how awful it had been when she'd nearly fallen from the tallyho. Right into Lord Hope's arms. He had been just scarlet. She mustn't act clumsy like that again, since it upset her Aunt Caroline. Uncle Engle's joke—she supposed it was a joke, because Annis Varney had laughed—had been a little hard to meet. She was a little afraid of him. But that, Eulalia admonished herself, was wrong, because while Aunt Caroline had asked her to visit them Uncle Engle was paying for it. The kindness in a way was his.

Tying the green ribbons of her slippers about her slim ankles Eulalia was caught by vanity; her feet were the smallest she knew of. They were, for example, a great deal smaller than Mirelle's. Annis Varney's feet were almost twice as big. And her ankles in cotton stockings were slimmer than the others in silk. Girl-like, before the mirror, she examined her complexion. There wasn't a flaw, not the slightest mark on it; her face was evenly, purely white, except for the faint stain of pink brought to her cheeks by excitement and the heat. Her shoulders as well, sloping delicately into materials not delicate enough, were without a blemish. She backed away, trying not to be too satisfied. If she was slimmer than Mirelle she hadn't Mirelle's style or dash, she wasn't brilliant like Annis. And men, particularly young men, liked style and dash and brilliancy above all else.

She wouldn't, naturally, be seated by Lord Hope, but perhaps she'd be where she could see him, watch the color that came so easily into his face. She'd had no idea, Eulalia repeated, that a lord would be like that. Why, he got confused; and he spoke nicely to simply everyone. It had been in her head that a lord was haughty, unapproachable. She had thought of them with dead-black hair, a curling lip, and disdainful gestures, when here was one almost boyish. Mirelle probably would marry him—Lady Hope. Well, she told herself, she was glad for Mirelle to do it. Eulalia was dressed and, though the sleeves were even better than she had thought, she was depressed. Suddenly sleeves didn't seem important. The truth was that she felt like crying. But that—to go down to dinner with eyes red from rubbing—would be fatal. A tear, however, rolled solemnly over her cheek, another followed it. They stopped then, and she couldn't discover that any damage had been worked.

But her heaviness of spirit persisted; almost she would have liked to stay in her room and avoid Engle Baker's humor, her aunt's comprehensive gaze, the giggling of Mirelle and Annis. Suddenly it all seemed tiresome to her. Yet that was wicked; she was a wicked girl not to be thankful when so much was being done for her. Eulalia told herself that the Baker house was like a play which she was privileged to see. She could have no actual part in such a brilliant life; she was merely, for a few days, an onlooker; and so, resolute if not happy, she turned down the gas and left her room.

From his seat at the table's head Engle Baker could follow practically all that was going on at a dinner party that promised to be more than commonly successful. Carrie, he admitted, looked exceedingly well in a headdress of ostrich feathers. She was literally blazing with jewels. At her right Lord Hope was entirely satisfactory both as a member of the nobility and a—well, a prospect. Baker smiled privately at Carrie's determination to marry Hope to Mirelle. He approved of this thoroughly; he could afford it—a titled son-in-law as desirable as young Hope would be a decided addition to the annals of his family. Annis Varney, he decided, was an impertinent-looking miss, and he wondered what his son Engle, who was seated beside her, was saying. Engle's face was very red, his spoon clattered in his soup plate—it was clear to Baker that again he had had too much to drink. If, in defiance of all paternal authority, he continued his present habits he'd have to disinherit him.

Across the table he saw Eulalia Seyffert; she was pretty enough, but thinner, paler than he liked a girl to be. Still, he had to admit that her bearing was admirably in keeping with her station in life. Personally he would not have invited her to be present, since such luxurious scenes could only make her discontented with her proper surroundings and prospects. Next to her Carrie had seated James Fillamon, and there, he realized, his wife had made a mistake. James was not an individual to be so lightly put aside. Until the appearance of Lord Hope he had been the favored suitor for Mirelle; indeed, it was in Engle Baker's mind that James and his daughter had almost reached an understanding.

Yes, Caroline should not have seated Fillamon exactly there, by Eulalia. He, too, Engle realized, had been drinking; and when the ladies had left the table and decanters of port and whisky made their appearance Fillamon's ill temper became apparent. He disagreed sharply with the few remarks Hope made; and finally, after drenching his throat with whisky neat, he turned to the man beside him.

Fillamon asserted, "American liquor for Americans. As far as I'm concerned they can keep all the French brandy and British ale where they belong—at home! And the French and English too. They haven't got any more use for us, the truth is, than I have for them. They're just after what they can get and I'm opposed to their getting it—American gold and American girls."

A strained silence enveloped the dining room. Engle Baker was in a rage; there was something he should say, something he must say, at once; but with Lord Hope beside him, he couldn't think of it. When finally he did speak, it was to tell James Fillamon to take his hand from the whisky decanter. Another silence followed. Hope's face was red and then white and then red again. It was evident that he was forcing himself to say something.

"I suppose it's natural, here, to say America for Americans. I don't doubt you'd hear just that in England. But I am not certain there is any nationality in charm. Not absolutely. And about the gold—why, gold is a very good thing. We are rather different there. It is very hard for some of us—perhaps the ones who need it most—to get it." He turned directly toward Engle Baker. "For example, I couldn't really ask a poor girl to marry me. I really couldn't. She wouldn't be happy. And with us, as—as I said, with us, marriage is a little more than simply love. I dare say we're wrong, but it can't be helped. I can't change it. My ancestors have been living in a small place, more or less, for a thousand years, and—and I hate to see it leaving us piece by piece."

When he could escape, Hope went into the garden for a solitary cigarette. What a rotten situation, he thought—what a beastly rotten situation. He didn't think he could stand any more of it; it was difficult to think of entering the house again. What incredible men. The women, particularly Mirelle, happily, were different. The women were different. But of course; or how could he consider marrying one? At any cost he had had to be honest, and he wondered how Baker had taken it. There had been no alternative even if the fellow was drunk. None, that was, except fight, and that would have been quite too awful.

He was standing in a rose garden shut in by a tall clipped hedge, arched over the narrow entrances. It was like a pool of scent in the last glimmer of day; the crimson roses were turning black and the tea roses growing pallid; and suddenly he realized that he wasn't alone. It was the girl—what was her name?—who had almost fallen off the tallyho.

"I hope I'm not interrupting you," she said. "I only came out for a moment."

Her low half-timid voice, her face pale like the tea roses, attracted and soothed him. "Oh, no," he replied. "A rose garden isn't the place to be by yourself. Anyhow, not on an evening with fireflies in the grass."

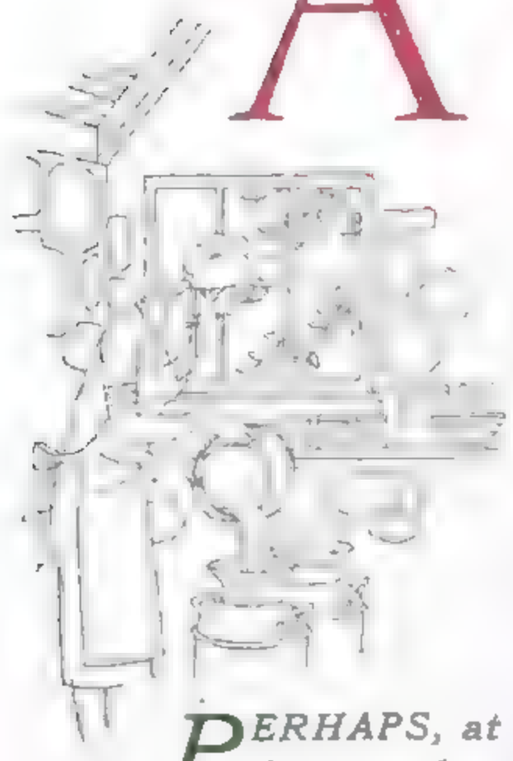
Eulalia Seyffert answered pointlessly: "Isn't it frightful? We call them lightning bugs."

They both laughed. Close beside her he was amazed to see that she was actually lovely. Her skin was like white rose petals, her eyes quiet and dark and dreaming. She had the tranquil beauty of an English mayflower. Sharply, with that in his thoughts, he understood her completely; she was more familiar to him than anything else he had seen in America. She had the peacefulness of a Devon twilight. Why hadn't he noticed her before? "Look here," he said abruptly; "tell me about yourself."

There was so little, she replied. "Mrs. Baker is my aunt; I'm poor and live in a little town called Plainfield, and Aunt Caroline, who is as good as possible, asked me to stay with them for a few days. That is all, Lord Hope."

He stared at her so continuously that she looked down at the path and her hands caught together in a fragile tangle. "Do you like it here?" he demanded. "I mean do you like the people?"

(Continued on Page 32)



# A new-churned sweetness *tells you that this butter is* creamery fresh

*PERHAPS, at some time, you have tasted butter just from the churn—cool, fresh, fragrant . . .*

*You wished that you could have butter of such goodness for your table.*

*And now you can—simply by asking for Brookfield Creamery Butter at your dealer's.*

IN spotless creameries in the best dairy districts Brookfield Creamery Butter is churned from tested, pasteurized cream.

Immaculate refrigerator cars take it direct to Swift branch houses throughout the nation. From one of these your dealer receives it.

Throughout its quick journey the most rigid sanitation and refrigeration regulations prevail.

And it is this speed and care in handling which preserves so wonderfully its first fresh flavor. It comes to you with all its new-churned sweetness—*creamery fresh*.

BROOKFIELD Creamery Butter is one of a famous family of farm products. The others are Brookfield-Premium Poultry, Brookfield Eggs, and Brookfield Cheese.

No matter where you live, Swift & Company's nation-wide food service brings these products from farm to you.

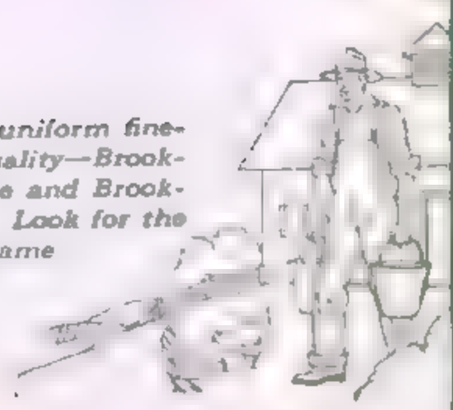
All are of the same fine quality. All are marketed in the same perfect condition. The name Brookfield on the package is your guarantee of that. Ask to see them at your dealer's.

SWIFT & COMPANY

# Brookfield

## *Butter · Eggs Cheese*

*The same uniform fineness of quality—Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Eggs. Look for the name*



(Continued from Page 30)

"Oh, very much." For an instant she gazed up inquiringly at him. "Don't you? I thought you did. Or at least one of them." She became confused and he could see the color rising in her cheeks.

"Of course," he answered hastily—"of course." In fact, he was rather annoyed by her allusion to Mirelle. He didn't like to have such things, where he was concerned, taken for granted. He was rather stiff about it. "We were talking of you," he reminded her. Eulalia Seyffert rewarded him with a swift and amazingly sweet smile. All her being was as transparent, as clear and pure, as a crystal goblet of water.

He felt completely soothed, recompensed for the trouble at the dinner table. Hope wanted to stay with her in the rose garden; to leave, it seemed to him, was to return to an unendurably harsh and graceless existence. He said reluctantly, "We must go in." He wished she would look up at him again. He wanted to tilt her divine face back, to hold it framed in his hands. Naturally, he didn't.

A gold slip of moon trembled on the mystery of the blue horizon and vanished, the night gathered, but still Eulalia didn't go into the house. At times she could hear faintly ringing voices; there were the soft notes of the piano, but they had no power to attract her. She wanted to stay in the place and attitude in which Lord Hope had left her. Then she could more easily recreate his exact appearance, hear his words. They had been few enough, but nearly all were about her. Just before he'd gone away she had been frightened by she didn't know what—a gesture, an expression on his face she had been conscious of rather than seen. There was, Eulalia knew, a marble bench at the garden's end, and tremulous, like the young moon, she was forced to proceed to it. There were tears on her face again, but now she didn't care. Anyhow, she couldn't control them. They came slowly, and slowly rolled down her cheeks. She distinctly felt one fall on her neck.

She wished that they were pearls and that she had strings of them—strings and strings like Aunt Caroline. Silk stockings like Mirelle. Her feet were ever so much littler than Mirelle Baker's, and there were no red marks, masked in powder, on her face. Boils, she said, with a small, fierce lack of delicacy. But a sense of heaviness pervaded her at the realization that such things were commonly unimportant. It was the pearls, the sheer silk, which mattered. Soon, Eulalia thought, they would be calling her, and now she couldn't support the mere idea of talking and gayety. Perhaps through a side door she could go unnoticed to her room. If anyone did see her she would explain that she had a headache. And now it would be true.

Hope was saying to Annis Varney that he thought life was getting awfully noisy. "Don't you think so? There seems to be so many more voices. Thousands of pianos; and all going at once."

Annis said he wasn't very complimentary, and Hope blushed. He hadn't meant that, he protested. "I can relieve you of one voice," she pressed her advantage.

"It's just that I like to hear one at a time," he explained. "Yours is charming." He couldn't, he recognized, keep this up; it was too beastly wearing. Where was Mirelle? Tonight, he had rather thought, he'd discover if she cared for him; but perhaps it was too soon. He hadn't known the Bakers for more than ten days. But that had been long enough to recognize that Engle Baker's fortune was as solid as his own position. A fair enough exchange, since Mirelle was so possible. He liked Mirelle very much, he told himself.

How beautiful that girl—he couldn't remember her name—had been in the rose garden! Like the English may—delicate and shy and lovely. He understood her perfectly. But then, no one who wasn't a perfect ass could fail to see how utterly charming she was. Hope guessed that he would see her no more that night, that she had gone to her room. He wished she wouldn't be so self-effacing about the Bakers. Yet he would not have her changed ——

It was dark and still in Eulalia's room; she lay, a slight motionless figure, in bed with her eyes wide open, her lips just parted, and her hands relaxed. The coverlet on her breast rose and fell irregularly. It seemed to her that she was stifling in a weight of perfume which lay on her heart. It might have been that she was actually buried in roses. It was like that. Her headache had gone, but its place was taken by a new and unfamiliar pain. She couldn't think what to call it, what it was. A strange pain that was immensely dear to her; and yet with the scent, the burden of roses, it was like to kill her.

It didn't, however, for she woke up in the blaze of another immaculate hot day. She got up slowly—breakfast at the Bakers' was precisely when and wherever you wanted it—and listlessly dressed. Nothing interested her or held out any reason for further living. She wondered, standing at the small single window of her small room, if Lord Hope had asked Mirelle to marry him yet. There was no reason Eulalia could see why he should delay—Mirelle would take him as quick as a shot—quicker. That reflection, it occurred to her, was inexcusably ill-natured. Specially after the kindness everyone had shown her. She was a most unchristian girl. Eulalia hoped that Mirelle would marry Lord Hope and be miraculously happy; she hoped Mirelle would marry—somehow her wish vanished half formed, and left her with an increased sense of heaviness.

Tonight, too, there was to be a hop at the cricket club and she had looked forward to the gayest possible spirits. Below her on the drive she saw Mirelle and Annis Varney and Hope on bicycles. They were leaving the veranda and she could hear the sound of their laughter. Probably they had arranged it after she had gone upstairs the night before. Lord Hope had on his cap and blazer.

He was, in reality, saying, "We might have waited a little longer for her."

Mirelle didn't think that Eulalia Seyffert rode a bicycle. "She isn't frightfully modern," she explained, "and it's a little difficult having her around." Annis added that Eulalia was to be regarded exclusively in the light of a duty. Hope nearly said a very delightful duty. He was rather glad that he hadn't, since it would have only invited more disagreeable comments. He could only think of one girl in all the world who was more unpleasant than Annis Varney—it was Mirelle Baker. The discovery that he felt like that was very disturbing. He didn't, then, see how he could ask her to marry him; but perhaps his feeling was only temporary. Certainly Mirelle was pretty enough. Not lovely—just pretty.

Waiting for her at the door to the ballroom at the cricket club, he moved forward to meet Mrs. Baker, Mirelle and Annis Varney, and behind them Eulalia. The girls, except her, had lilies-of-the-valley in gilt bouquet holders, and they were trying to hold their dance cards unostentatiously. He asked for Mirelle's, and with the little white pencil attached to it by a silk cord he scribbled his name opposite three numbers. She was, Hope saw, disappointed, but already he had turned to Annis.

"Where is your card?" he finally asked Eulalia. She found it for him, and he saw that not a dance had been provided for, although Mirelle's and Annis' cards had been in evidence for two days. He wrote his name opposite the third dance—a schottish—and put down a Mr. Brown for the tenth and a Mr. Sims for the last waltz.

"But I don't know either of them," she protested in a small panic.

"Although you look as white as a dove," he replied, "you really are a rather green, aren't you? Now be a good girl and have some dances. But not too many with one man." The music started and he swept out across the floor with Mirelle, the bouquet holder drooping elegantly over his arm. How well they looked. Eulalia thought, together they had everything, money and position and—and a young man was briefly presented by Mrs. Baker and Eulalia danced. He was very awkward and she was in a terror at the possibility of his stepping on her satin slippers. If he did they would be spoiled for—she smiled—for Mr. Brown and Mr. Sims.

The orchestra was playing Vienna Life in soft wide sweeps of sound and Mirelle was sitting close beside her mother. There were tears in her eyes and voice. "I can't imagine where anyone is. I haven't seen Annis since supper, and here it's the last dance and Eric is nowhere. I think it is very strange." Mrs. Baker asked where Eulalia was. "I don't know," Mirelle answered petulantly. "Why should I bother about her? She's nothing." Her mother said no more, but her lips were tightly pinched. It was time, Caroline Baker told herself, for Eulalia Seyffert to go back to Plainfield. The truth was she shouldn't have been here at all. But it wasn't too late; she was sure no harm had been done; Engle had repeated to her Lord Hope's sensible speech about marriage and money. Really, she thought, Mirelle was a little fool. Yes, Eulalia could go tomorrow.

Eulalia at that moment was leaning back against the railing of a balcony over the obscured cricket field. Hope was very close to her and she was terribly afraid. Instinctively she closed her eyes and slowly and deliberately he kissed her. She thought her heart would break with pain; and then, with her hands on his shoulders, she forced him away from her.

"Oh!" she gasped—"oh, you ought never to have done that. Never. How could you?" She had her handkerchief at her mouth, and her eyes were the widest he had ever seen. It was, he realized, extremely serious.

"I can ask you to forgive me," he said, "but I can't say I'm sorry." He was close to her again, with a low eddy of music at his back. "How can I say that?" Hope repeated. She half turned and leaned crushed on the railing. She felt certain he couldn't think anything of her at all. She was just a poor girl, a bad girl, to Lord Hope. What could she have said or done to make him k-kiss her? Yet, like him, against everything, she wasn't sorry, since it was the end. "I'll go back to Plainfield in the morning," Eulalia told herself miserably. Then to her horror his arms were around her again, his lips were pressed against her ear.

It was, Hope told himself, as serious as possible; he had returned with Eulalia to Mrs. Baker and she met them with a glacial silence. Mirelle was silent, too, and her nose was red. Annis appeared almost immediately, in the charge of a raffish individual more than a little blurred by brandy. The return to the Bakers' grew worse moment by moment; it was so bad that Hope grew defiant. If he had had a pipe he would have lighted it. He was at once happy and rueful. The truth was that he had been all kinds of an absolute fool. He was mad. Hope didn't see how in the world he would manage—yes, and he didn't care. What, even, was clearer was the fact that his position—and Eulalia's—at the Bakers' had become impossible; and for that reason, and because of his madness, when he found Engle Baker still up and in the library, he decided to speak to him at once.

"There is something I ought to say to you that's very important."

He spoke standing and, surprised, Baker looked up. A pleasant smile came over his face.

"Whatever you like," he replied cordially. "If I can help you in any way at all it will be a privilege."

Hope said, "I understand Miss Seyffert's father is dead, and that, in a way, you are her guardian. Well, I should like to marry her."

The smile on Baker's face vanished spasmodically. His mouth opened and closed noiselessly and his hands gripped the arms of his chair.

"You want to marry Eulalia Seyffert," he repeated. "But that—that is nonsense," Baker asserted, "and damned dishonest nonsense." With a palpable effort he regained control of his words. "My dear Hope, I shouldn't have said that, of course, and I apologize. It was my surprise. Now, while you are a member of the British nobility, at the same time you are hardly more than a boy, and I feel more than a measure of responsibility for you. A parental interest, at least in America, if I may say so. And for that reason I'm going to be very frank about this—this infatuation. It would be an entirely unsuitable marriage. I am forced to tell you that my niece Eulalia is, to put it shortly, a pauper. She would be utterly ill at ease in the situation you'd open to her, and you would both end by being wretched. No, certainly not. Neither of you may have my consent. I don't know how she got this declaration out of you in less than no time at all, but that will be discovered. And meanwhile, if you feel that you are involved, I will excuse you any obligation."

Hope stood very rigidly, his face was very hot and his eyes very cold. "I see, sir," he replied precisely. "And thank you very much for listening to me. There is no obligation that you would need to free me from." He bowed shortly and went from the library. What a beastly mess, he thought. He'd have to see Eulalia at once; that was clear, and he found a servant, charged him with a short note. Then Hope went out into the rose garden. Eulalia wasn't coming, he had decided, when he saw a slim white presence on the night.

"How could you do this?" she asked. "It's after midnight. I'm certain someone saw me; there were lights and voices everywhere." She was, he discovered, trembling prodigiously.

"I had to," he declared. "I spoke to your uncle and he—he didn't think I was a fit person for you to marry. No money, you see, and all that. Naturally I couldn't tell him how we felt about each other."

Eulalia began to cry silently. "I knew it was wicked," she said at last; "it couldn't happen. It wouldn't be right for you, Eric. You must go away quickly and forget me."

He was merely impatient. "How can I go without you?" he asked. "I'm only sorry about this because of you. The Bakers will be pretty average disagreeable, and you'd get most of it." His face was set, his forehead lined. "Listen to me carefully," he directed her; "go back to your room and put on a different sort of dress and come back here in an hour. It will take me just that long to get to the town and back—with some sort of trap from the livery stable. I won't return to the house at all and they will have to send my things on."

She clung to him with hard fingers. "No, no, no. I can't. Don't go until I explain to you. I couldn't leave them like that. It would be so unkind. And, Eric, I'm afraid—I'm afraid of the night and the ocean and England. You mightn't love me; you might get tired of me, Eric. You can't be sure."

He stopped her with a kiss. "Don't let anyone see you if you can avoid it. I'll be back in an hour. And don't worry, Eulalia, specially about my love. It's only if you don't mind being poor."

When she opened her eyes he was gone. The roses were unendurably sweet. Eulalia sank onto the marble bench at the end of the closed garden. The sky was a garden with silver flowers. Eric had told her to go up to her room and put on another sort of dress, but she couldn't move. She wondered if he'd be cross with her in the dress with the wide gauze sleeves and green ribbons she had worn at the hop. She was incapable of movement. If she went into the house she would faint dead away. She was faint now, with the sweetness of the pain in her heart—faint and troubled by her wickedness, her ingratitude. She was lost in vague terrors, but back of them stood Eric, daring and fair. She mustn't be afraid, Eulalia thought resolutely. But she was. She told Eric, "Eric, I'm afraid."

## *FREE*

### *The Secrets of "Color Magic"*

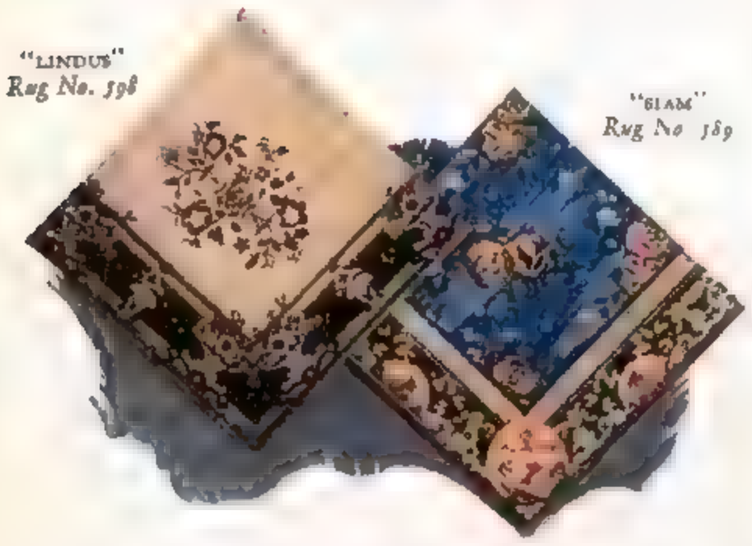
BY the proper use of color you can make any room fairly blossom with fresh beauty. And, perhaps, you'll be surprised to know that this doesn't require specialized skill or training. Much can be accomplished by following just a few simple rules and practical suggestions.

Anne Lewis Pierce has written a delightful little handbook, *Color Magic in the Home*, to point the way for home-loving women who must keep an eye on the family budget. Let it help solve your home-decorating problems. Write us or mail the coupon below.

*ON the floor is shown the popular "CATHAY" design —Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 576. Its pretty floral motif and lovely colors embody all the charm of the Orient, from whence came its inspiration!*

# COLOR

## brings charm to even the simplest furnishings



"LINDUS" *Rug No. 598*

"SIAM" *Rug No 589*

UNUSUALLY cheerful and colorful, this dining room achieves its charm with simple furnishings and an inexpensive, appropriately toned rug. Note how the cool taupe of the rug lends balance to the room while the delightful touches of blue and red create a perfect harmony with the curtains, walls and furniture.

Whatever the room in need of new floor-covering, you will find appropriate designs among Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. Patterns have never been so delightful in their color combinations or so smart in their motifs. Prices never so low as they are today.

And when you replace old, dust-collecting floor-coverings with sanitary Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs, you are buying also leisure for yourself. Hours saved from monotonous, tiresome beating and sweeping. Time to spend with the children—or in the enjoyment of the things you like to do.

For these rugs have a smooth, waterproof surface that is the simplest thing in the world to clean. Just a few, easy strokes of a damp mop make them spotless. They lie flat without fastening.

Only the genuine bear the famous Gold Seal Guarantee right on the face of the design. Millions of women know that this Gold Seal stands for proved value and durability in labor-saving floor-coverings! Remember to look for it *on* the rugs you buy.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Kansas City
Chicago Atlanta San Francisco Cleveland Dallas
Minneapolis Pittsburgh New Orleans Rio de Janeiro

*In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

# CONGOLEUM
## GOLD SEAL
# ART-RUGS

*Always look for this Gold Seal on the rugs you buy!*

*FREE ~ Valuable Home-Beautifying Handbook*

Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Gentlemen:*

Kindly send me a free copy of Anne Lewis Pierce's helpful handbook on home beautifying, described above.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ SEP '30

# TAKING OFF THE MASK

(Continued from Page 11)

after two lessons was able to play about as well as anybody else, and so consequently did not continue my work under a teacher.

When calling on Miss Lawly I always brought my ukulele with me, and when talking, generally played chords on same, or pieces of selections. Once Miss Lawly had in four of her girl friends, and I gave them a song-and-ukulele recital with a string of flowers around my neck the same as a Hawaiian, and they all enjoyed it; two of the girls going into hysterics because, as they explained afterwards, they had once had sweethearts from Honolulu who were now dead.

During this period I began to carry Miss Lawly's photo in my watch, thus overcoming many of my vices, such as a bad temper. For instance, I did not reply practically anything at all to my Aunt Frances when one evening I heard her say over the phone, "Gen Lawly is thirty-one if she is a day, but there are some women who would rob a cradle just to keep in practice. Well, I wish she would let my cradle alone."

All I said to my Aunt Frances was, "I do not wish to overhear Miss Lawly insulted like that. If you wish to talk about her in that way I will have to leave your residence."

To this my aunt replied, "You know, Forrest, that I am interested in your welfare."

"Well," I said in a dignified manner, "in that case please have a due regard for my most sacred feelings." And with these words I walked upstairs, omitting purposely to say good night.

And every day Genevieve and myself indulged in conversations on all topics, such as love and marriage and how can you be sure when a person really loves you and similar points, on all of which she desired my opinion. And personally I always remembered everything she said, and used to repeat her remarks over to myself at night one by one.

"It would mean a great deal in my life," I remarked once, "if I knew a certain person was waiting for me."

"Who do you mean?" she asked, very much surprised.

I refused to explain that she was the party I meant, and we had a long dispute, she demanding that I should tell her who I wanted to wait for me and myself refusing to tell.

On another occasion I said, "I am never by your side without hoping some day to have the welcome honor of defending you against your enemies, especially if there is anybody who is trying to prosecute you."

She looked down and said in a low voice: "There is a man at present in New York who is always prosecuting me with his attentions."

"Genevieve," I said, "if I ever cross his path he will wish I hadn't. What does he look like?"

"He has a small black mustache," she said, dropping her eyes, "and generally wears low, black-patent-leather shoes and carries a mahogany cane."

"I will watch for him," I said grimly.

I had known Miss Lawly for almost a month before it really dawned on me that in the matter of taking off my mask my first ideas had been wrong. I saw, now, very clearly that with Miss Lawly by my side, ever ready to aid and encourage my better self, maybe I could go through life without revealing to the world my terrible secret.

That night, for the first time since my arrival at Madison, I went to sleep with a light heart. I had a date with Genevieve for the next morning, and I had now resolved to tell her all and then, when she had recovered from the shock, ask her plighted word to be my bride.

Morning dawned. It was a fine, clear day. On arriving at the Gorham Street residence I saw Mrs. Lawly leaving the brick garage, whose door stood slightly open.

"Good morning, Forrest," she said. "Gen wants you to come right in and wait till she's home from the dressmaker's. I'm off to a committee meeting and the dratted car is out of order again."

After a few sympathetic repartees I took the key from under the doormat and entered the house. Here, after having regarded the birth section of the family Bible for a while, I was about to turn my attention elsewhere when I was aroused by an auto stopping at the curb.

It was a taxi, and as I stood by the window a passenger emerged with a small black mustache, low, patent-leather shoes and a mahogany cane. As he emerged he looked at his watch and then closed it with a loud snap. I caught hold of the back of the sofa to keep from falling.

### III

HE HAD started for the house the same as if he owned it when, with a sudden gathering of my forces of resolution, I saw that the time had come to strike a blow for Miss Lawly and preserve her from his prosecuting attentions.

The doorbell rang and I opened, my heart beating rapidly.

"Is Miss Lawly in?" he remarked in a suave, deceptive voice.

"She is here," I said as my plan of action became plain before me, "but she is not in the house. I will show you where she is."

With this I led him to the garage on the other side of the yard.

"Wait a minute," he said, tapping me on the shoulder. "Miss Lawly does not know I am in town, because I came back unexpectedly from New York. Kindly allow me to announce myself."

"That is all right," I said. "She is there in the back of the garage behind the car."

It was dark inside, and as he did not open the door any farther than was necessary to squeeze in and as there was bright sunlight outside, probably he did not see much ahead of him. And he certainly did not know that I had sneaked up on tiptoe and was standing directly behind him.

"Hello, you little skeezicks," he said, and he did not intend this for me, but for Miss Lawly that he thought was in the back of the garage. "Hello, you little skeezicks, where are you?"

As he said this the second time I gave him a push with my foot, and slamming the door back of him, closed it with the bar.

There was a moment of silence, followed by a profane yell and other disturbances to which I paid no attention.

"Hammer away," I said, "but before you get through you will change your mind about whether it pays to prosecute an innocent girl with your vile attentions."

And while he continued to hammer and yell, I crossed the yard to the front of the house in order to greet Miss Lawly as she came from the dressmaker's.

"Well, well, Forrest," she said, walking hurriedly to the front door, "I hope I haven't kept you waiting. I told mother to stay here until you came, and let you in. What is that horrible noise? It sounds like a maniac in a boiler factory."

"Maybe it is something like that," I replied as truthfully as possible under the circumstances, and with a concealed smile.

We now entered the parlor, and picking up my ukulele, I seated myself on the sofa and played a selection or two while she took off her hat, arranged some chairs, and so on.

"Well, Forrest," she said, "you told me last night that you had something very important to say to me this morning."

"Yes," I replied, with a careless chord on the ukulele, "something very important indeed."

"Forrest," she said, placing herself on the sofa by my side, "you don't know how much I enjoy these little intimate talks of ours. We are such good pals, aren't we? And all I ask of you, Forrest, is to continue to be perfectly frank and tell me just what you think about everything. I love it. And what is it, Forrest, that you wanted to tell me this morning?"

I played a couple of more chords on the ukulele and then remarked in a low voice, "I have a grave revelation to make and I hope you will not be shocked and that it will not make you suffer on my account, because I know what it is to suffer." And I played two more chords.

"Why have you suffered, Forrest?" she asked sympathetically, at the same time placing her hand lightly on my arm.

"I have suffered," I said, "because I have a terrible secret."

"What is the secret, Forrest?"

"I wear a mask," I said, after playing and singing the beginning of the Aloha song and then laying down the instrument.

"What sort of a mask, Forrest?" she demanded, taking out her handkerchief. "And when do you wear it? Nights?"

"I do not mean a real mask," I stated, "but a symbolistical mask. And I do not want to take this mask off because I do not want to let people know what is underneath. I want to conceal my true nature to my dying day."

"Forrest," she said between sobs, "I do not understand you yet. Please explain, because the suspense is killing me."

"Genevieve," I resumed, "I will explain, because I want you to understand all. I have suffered in silence for years and have never taken off the mask. And the key to the mystery is my father's cousin Elmer once removed."

"Why—why was he removed?" she asked, shaken by her emotion.

"He was not removed personally," I explained. "It was only the relationship that was removed. I do not remember Cousin Elmer much, as I was only five years old at the time, but my mother has told me the whole story. Cousin Elmer seemed a fine young man, though all the time he was wearing a mask, until the day he went to Milwaukee and fell into the hands of a harpy."

"A what?" asked Miss Lawly, looking up

"A harpy. After he got out of the hands of this Milwaukee harpy and came back home, he took off the mask and showed himself the way he was, and did not have any regards for the laws of God or man and used tobacco in every form and would wink at a girl just as soon as look at her."

"Tell me more about Cousin Elmer. Tell me the worst. All the revolting details. I will try to bear up under the strain," said Miss Lawly in a smothered voice, for she had thrown herself face downward on the other half of the sofa and was using a pillow to stifle her sobs.

"My mother said," I continued, picking up the ukulele and playing a few more chords to prepare both Miss Lawly and myself for the revelation I was about to make, "that after Cousin Elmer came back from Milwaukee he no longer cared what happened to him, and stated so openly, and yet was always standing up for what he called his 'rights,' and when anybody trampled on his rights, instead of trying to talk the matter over quietly, he would not rest day or night till he had got back at the other party, even if he had to descend to personal violence."

"How terrible—how terrible," said Miss Lawly from the sofa cushion. "But I will be brave, Forrest. Do not hesitate. Tell me all."

"He even went further than that," I said, gritting my teeth together, and my voice breaking from time to time. "When asked a personal question he did not want to answer, he would lie like a trooper with an agreeable smile concealing his black heart. And instead of carrying his money neatly in a bill folder, he kept it in a roll in his right-hand pants pocket. And whenever he was with his boon companions he would pull out this roll and spend it the same as water. And finally, before leaving with the dog-and-monkey circus, he borrowed twenty-five dollars from my poor weak father, my mother says, and that was the last sight or smell anybody ever had of him except a postal card from Oklahoma. And my mother says it would break her heart if she ever found one of her children inheriting the terrible traits of my father's cousin Elmer once removed, because everybody in her family always had straight backs and straight consciences."

By this time Miss Lawly was crying so hard over my account of Cousin Elmer that I was forced to pat her on the back and say, "There, there; there, there."

She sat up, wiping her eyes, and with the tears still visible on her cheeks. She looked something like these two girls that had had hysterics after hearing me render Hawaiian melodies on my ukulele.

"I am better now, Forrest, but it is not all clear yet in my head. Please, what is the terrible secret, and what do you mean by taking off the mask?"

Placing the ukulele across my knees and closing my eyes and catching hold of the edge of the sofa, I braced myself for a final effort.

"Genevieve," I said, "prepare yourself for a shock."

"I am ready, Forrest. I will try to be brave for your sake."

"Genevieve," I said, closing my eyes tighter and bowing my head, "on examining my conscience I have discovered that at heart I am just the same as my father's cousin Elmer once removed."

"Do you mean that at heart you have no respect for the laws of God or man and that you would like to use tobacco in every form and wink at a girl as soon as look at her?" demanded Miss Lawly, leaving the sofa at a bound and wrapping herself in the dining-room portières, probably to conceal her emotion.

"Yes," I said, playing a few more chords to show her that she was not in any danger. "I am sorry to say that inside I am exactly the same, and I see now that for a long time I have wanted to do the things that Cousin Elmer did, and therefore all these years I have just been wearing a mask. My parents and others think I am the contrary, but underneath I am entirely different, and I am afraid that unless I meet a good woman who understands me, some day I will take off the mask."

She came from the dining-room portières—one of which she had pulled down in her emotion—wiping her eyes.

"Forrest," she said in a voice choked by internal anguish, "if you should ever take off the mask, it would break my heart." Here she doubled up once more in hysterical convulsions. Dropping the ukulele on the sofa, I jumped to her side.

"Genevieve," I remarked in a whisper, "all I ask is your confidence in me for a few years, until I am making big money, and then we will marry, and I promise you I will never take off the mask as long as I live."

"Forrest," she breathed, "I respect you for the honorable way in which you have told me all about this. But before I say the word which would bind me forevermore to a man with a mask who would like to use tobacco in every form and would wink at a girl as soon as look at her and who has no respect for the laws of God or man, I would like to ask you frankly, Forrest, if ever in the past you have felt your mask slipping."

I thought for a minute and then decided there was no way out but to tell the truth. "Yes," I said, "it slipped a little this morning just before you came."

"What did you do, Forrest? Tell me the worst. Did you smoke a cigarette?"

"No," I said. "It was worse than that."

(Continued on Page 39)

# Where OPERATING COSTS are shrewdly watched

© T. W. O. S. C. 1926

## —motors are guarded by the FILM OF PROTECTION

OWNERS of trucks, taxicabs or buses can buy motor-oil in two ways.

First, they can select an oil on the basis of price per gallon. Or second, they can select an oil on the basis of *maintenance cost per mile per motor*. The first way may save a few immediate dollars a year on the price of the oil. The second way often saves thousands of *ultimate* dollars by minimizing motor-repairs, retarding depreciation, and cutting operating costs.

No one who employs the first method purchases Veedol. It is *not* a cheap oil.

But many, who use the second method and keep accurate cost records of operations and repairs, purchase Veedol *exclusively*. They find that economies effected through the use of Veedol far outweigh the short-lived saving made by buying bargain-counter oils.

### *A motor-oil's job*

WHEN a motor-oil is poured into the crankcase, it is a cool, clean, glistening liquid.

But in action only a thin *film* of that oil shields the vital parts of the motor. As long as that film remains unbroken, the motor is protected from heat and friction. But only a *fighting* film of oil *can* remain unbroken under the terrific punishment it must withstand.

### *Why many oil films fail*

HEAT—searing, scorching heat—constantly lashes the oil film. And tearing, grinding friction persistently attacks it. Under that two-fold punishment the film of ordinary oil often breaks, and burns. Through the broken, shattered film, delicately adjusted parts are directly exposed to intense heat. Hot metal chafes against hot metal. Insidious friction begins its work of destruction. In time, you have a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston; and repairs that make the cost of a whole year's supply of the best motor-oil look tiny.

### *The "film of protection"*

For years Tide Water Oil technologists studied, experimented with, and tested not oils alone, but *oil films*. Finally they perfected in Veedol an oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A "film of protection" that masters deadly heat and friction in a motor.

We shall be glad to discuss with you, as the owner of a truck, taxicab, or bus fleet the saving that Veedol has effected for other concerns, and apply the same sound lubrication method to your own fleet.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

### Typical Veedol Users

*Here are a few of the hundreds of companies that reduce their maintenance cost per mile by using Veedol lubricants in their automotive equipment.*

| Name | Number of Vehicles |
|---|---|
| Bekins Van and Storage Co. Pacific Coast | 100 |
| Burns Brothers (Coal) New York | 300 |
| Fifth Avenue Coach Company New York | 521 |
| Hertz Driv-ur-self Stations Renting stations in principal cities | 10,000 |
| Independent Taxi Operators Association, Boston | 452 |
| New York Telephone Co. New York | 900 |
| Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, Pacific Coast | 385 |
| Peoples Motorbus Company St. Louis | 250 |
| Saunders Drive-It-Yourself System (All Branches) | 2,200 |
| United Fuel & Supply Company Detroit | 270 |

VEEDOL

*Economy Oils and Greases*

TO BE SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE

# Two New Cars

## On a Principle Long Held in check and now released to its full capacity

BY ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST

# NEW YORK AUTO SHOW·· JANUARY EIGHTH

## new peaks of speed, power and safety

For more than four years development has been concentrated on an automobile that now easily tops any accomplishment thus far known. There is nothing with which to compare it in performance, stamina, safety, and economy of operation. It has comforts that are now absent in even the costliest of cars. It has a beauty in line and appointments comparable with the richest and most exclusive custom-built cars.

The development of this car led also to the creation of a smaller automobile—a counterpart in general appearance, in smoothness, comfort, quality, easy riding, and safety. These cars will sell at a price within the reach of millions.

{ 12 NEW BODIES IN A VARIETY OF COLORS }

## BUILDERS OF SIX CYLINDER CARS

# P. A. revises all your pipe-ideas

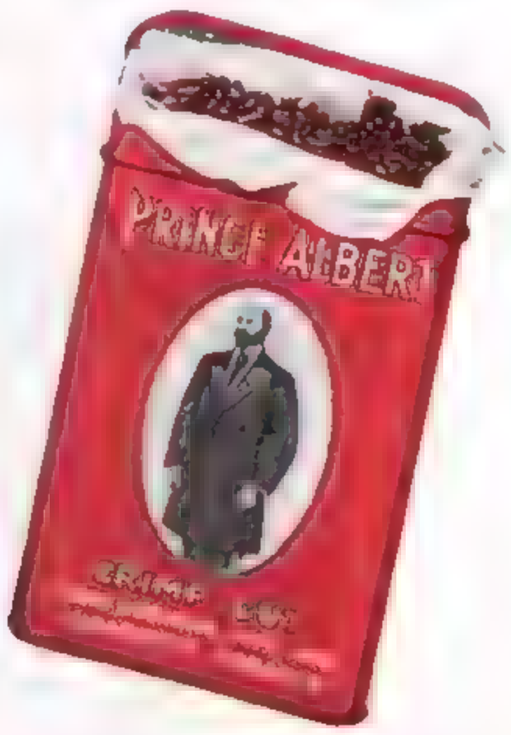
TAKE that any way you like. If you have always wanted to smoke a pipe, but felt you didn't dare, Prince Albert will convince you that you *can* . . . and enjoy it! If you are already a pipe-smoker, but don't know the joys of P. A., this tobacco will be a revelation.

Beginners and old-timers alike are amazed that any tobacco can be so mild and still have that satisfying body that men demand in a smoke. They revel first of all in its fragrance, promise of a wonderful taste to come. And when they light up and pull in—ah . . . !

Buy yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. today. You'll find it cool, as a dip in the surf is cool. You'll find it sweet, with a sweetness that never cloys. You'll find it mild as Indian summer . . . a mildness that lets you smoke to your heart's content.

You may think your present brand is the last word in pipe-tobacco. Don't stop there. Be inquisitive. It will bear repeating: P. A. revises all your pipe-ideas. Make the test today—the only test that counts: a tidy red tin, a jimmy-pipe, and a match!

*P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*




# PRINCE ALBERT

*—no other tobacco is like it!*

© 1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

(Continued from Page 34)

"What was it, Forrest? Do not be afraid. I am here to help you, and you can have perfect confidence in me. What was it? Tell me; I will try to be broad-minded."

"Well," I said, "this morning, when I saw an unworthy rival for your affections, I lured him into your garage with untruthful statements and locked him up there."

"Oh, Forrest," she said with a wild whoop, which I thought was a sign of further hysterics, though results proved the opposite, "don't tell me you have an unworthy rival locked up in our garage."

"Yes," I said.

She threw herself down on the rug and began rolling over and over; and as much as she had been weeping before, she now was laughing, stopping only to give out such phrases as "Oh, of all things," and "Oh, I never heard anything so funny in my life," and "Oh, I am going to die laughing at this."

Finally she sat up and said, "Forrest, before this kills me, please tell me who it is you have locked up there in the garage. Is it the meat-market boy?"

"No," I said grimly, "it is not the meat-market boy."

"Is it little Harold from next door?"

"No," I said, "it is not little Harold from next door."

"Then tell me, Forrest; who is it?"

"I do not know his name," I said, "but I can give you the description."

"Yes, yes, Forrest, give me the description. I am feeling weak and faint."

"It was a man with a black mustache and low, patent-leather shoes and a mahogany cane, and who stated he had just returned from New York and who called you a little skeezicks."

Well, maybe Miss Lawly had been feeling faint a minute before, but on hearing these words she seemed to forget all about her faintness. With an energy which could hardly be explained if she was in her right mind, she jumped up, and catching my shoulders with a grasp of iron, shook me the same as if I was a straw in the wind; then with her teeth showing like she was going to bite an iron bar in two, she gave me a push that landed me on top of my ukulele, which did not resist the shock, except for a fleeting moment.

"Genevieve," I cried, my voice breaking in the middle of the word. There was no answer.

By the time I had got loose from the ukulele and was out in the yard, Miss Lawly was to be seen trying to throw her arms around the gentleman with the black mustache who was now outside the garage and who acted as if of a hasty disposition. "Leo, please understand," she kept saying. "Please understand, Leo." Then, as she saw me, she changed her tone of voice, and throwing off her mask and showing that underneath she was just a harpy, she yelled, "Go away, you wretched little boy, go away." And as Leo saw me and started after me, she added, "Catch him, Leo. Catch him and give him a good spanking."

For the first and last time in my life I ran around a block and filled my lungs full of fresh air.

Then, picking up a rock in each hand, I took off the mask.

### IV

THAT afternoon, as the train rolled on in the gloom, I could not help thinking how in years to come I would probably visit the old home town as the proprietor of a dog-and-monkey circus or something like that, and my parents, then old and gray, would remark, "Forrest, when you were young we did not appreciate the valiant struggle you made to avoid taking off the mask. But now, if you will only come home, we will try to make it up to you." And I would shift my quid of tobacco a little and then answer, "Yes, I will come home, but only for a short visit, not that I bear any hard feelings because you did not appreciate the struggle I underwent, but simply because oil and water do not mix and my mask is now definitely off, and for all time. Yes, I will pay you a short visit at the old home, but I do not want any remarks made about my smoking or my drinking, because I indulge in both those vices and am also very profane, especially when crossed in any way, shape or manner. Furthermore ——"

I had just got this far in my meditations when a familiar voice remarked in my right ear, "Cigarettes, cigars, peanuts, chewing gum and choice candies."

I had never expected to meet that train boy again, but immediately on seeing him I knew by instinct what I ought to do, because I knew by instinct how Cousin Elmer would have acted under similar circumstances

"Yes, I would like some cigarettes," I said with an agreeable smile, and pulling a five-dollar bill—the parting gift of my Aunt Frances—out of my right-hand pants pocket, added, "Can you change this?"

"Certainly, brother," he said, producing a large quantity of quarters and smaller pieces of money and beginning to count them into his left hand.

"No, brother," I said with the same agreeable smile, "I don't want the chicken feed. But if you have some bills I will think about buying those cigarettes."

He did not look quite so cheerful, but taking back his change, produced from his right-hand pants pocket a roll.

He began peeling off dollar bills. "Well," I said, taking the first two and wrapping them around my five, and replacing the roll in my right-hand pants pocket and handing the train boy a quarter, "I guess that is about right, brother, isn't it?" And I continued giving him the same agreeable smile.

"What do you think you are doing?" he yelled.

"Well, brother," I remarked, "when we were coming to Madison a month ago you stole a dollar and seventy-five cents from me. Now you are giving it back. What is the matter? Do you want a receipt?"

"I will call the brakeman," he said between his teeth, "and have you thrown off the train."

"All the way off?" I said, laughing in a mean way, the same as, probably, Cousin Elmer laughed under similar circumstances. "Brother, you may be able to take candy away from children, but you can't take a dollar and seventy-five cents away from me. It is no crime when a man gets his money back from a thief; so call a brakemen's convention, if you think it will do you any good."

As the result of the action of the harpy in Madison, I had completely taken off the mask and no longer cared what happened to me, and the more I said the louder I yelled. And the louder I yelled the more people began crowding around.

"What is the matter?" asked the conductor, coming up. "What is the matter?"

"There is nothing the matter," I remarked with an agreeable smile, "except that a gypper got gypped."

The train boy tried to tell his side of the story, but whenever he stopped, I would say either, "You are a liar," or "You are a —— liar." And the good effect which this remark had on all within hearing can probably be explained by the fact that it was delivered in a deep bass voice which never broke, and I can only add that from the time of my last interview with Miss Lawly my voice has never since broke.

"Yes," said the conductor finally, "the young man has got your number, Bill, and it serves you right, because you have been skating on thin ice for a long time. And if I ever receive one more complaint against you, there will be another boy working on this run."

I never felt so good in my life. And when at Bryant's Elbow, I got off the train and the train boy said to me between gritted teeth, "I will knock your block off," I replied the same as Cousin Elmer probably would have done under the circumstances: "Yes, that is what they all say, but the old block is still there, brother."

For a minute it looked as though he might try something, but finally he said, "I will get you sometime when you have not got your gang and then I will get you right."

"You read that somewhere in a paper, you little skeezicks," I said with the same agreeable smile. Then, after pulling out my watch and shutting it with a snap, added, "Well, well, you are losing valuable time, my lad, and if your poor old mother ever gets wise she will tear your wool out. What I advise you to do, bub, is to run along and sell your papers." And just then the train started.

He stood there on the platform. That was all he could do; just stand there. I do not suppose it is possible for a man to feel any better than I felt at this minute.

So I just floated down the street to Carrick's, opened the door with a bang, because I didn't care what happened, and said, "Hello, Mr. Carrick; wrap up that pair of checkerboard socks in the window and take it out of my salary. I'm going to accept that Saturday job after all."

"I thought I explained you were too young," said Mr. Carrick after a breathless minute.

"Well," I responded with an agreeable smile, "I am willing to let bygones be bygones if you are."

"Forrest," he said, holding onto the counter for support, "the job is yours. Come and get it. If you can use that much nerve on our customers you will be our star salesman before Christmas."

And I floated on down the street feeling better and better every minute, and as often as I passed a store where I saw something I liked, such as neckties or socks, I would pull my roll out of my right-hand pants pocket and spend seventy-five or eighty cents the same as water. It was the experience of a lifetime.

At Pete's Smoke Shop, having slapped a dollar bill on the counter and then spent it the same as water for some cigarettes and a cigarette case that closed with a loud snap, and having filled the latter and taken a smoke myself, I saw Lee come in.

"Hello, Forrest," he said. "When did you start smoking and when did you get back from Madison?"

"Oh," I remarked with an agreeable smile, offering him a cigarette and then closing the case with a loud snap and then opening it again, "I didn't know I ever stopped smoking. Was I in Madison?"

He looked surprised as he said, "That's what your folks were saying."

"Probably they had their reasons for saying it, and good ones," I observed. Then I opened my watch and looked at Miss Lawly's picture and shook my head. Then, having closed the watch with one loud snap and the cigarette case with another, and having resumed my agreeable smile, I walked out of the store leaving poor little Lee with his mouth open.

At the Sweet Shop, having once again flashed my roll, I spent the whole two-dollar bill the same as water, on a fine box of candy.

"Why, if it isn't Forrest," said a familiar voice behind me.

It was poor little Rosemary Mellen whose freshman had now gone back to the university, unless too dumb to stay there, which was probably the case. She was surrounded by three of her would-be harpy friends. "I'm just crazy to talk with you, Forrest."

"Crazy is the right word," I said with my usual agreeable smile, "because I have bought this candy for somebody else and you would be only wasting your time. Besides, a growing girl like you ought to be eating good red apples and running around the block and filling your lungs full of fresh air. That would do you more good than all the candy in the world."

Then, winking at her harpy friends, who were busting themselves laughing, I walked out of the Sweet Shop. But in the mirror at the door I took a last glance at poor little Rosemary, and she certainly looked sick.

Well, I never spent such an afternoon in my life, and that night in bed I could not figure out whether I had better hook up with a circus or street carnival or something, or try to stay around home a while longer. Finally I decided that the best thing to do would be to explain frankly to my father and mother that I had taken off the mask, come what might. I had just reached the banisters when I discovered that they were talking about me. I stopped and listened.

My father said, "Forrest seems well pleased with his visit to Madison."

"Yes," my mother said, "he is greatly improved. I don't know what to make of it. He is more careful about his clothes. And what do you suppose he gave me this afternoon? An enormous box of candy. He would like to smoke, but I have promised him that if he only waits a little longer he can take the car out alone and stay up later evenings. Oh, he has improved. And have you noticed that agreeable smile he has?"

"There is nothing extraordinary about his case," said my father. "Forrest has grown up—yes, grown up. And speaking of growing up, I have just received a very interesting letter from a young man whom I supposed dead or in jail. Do you remember Cousin Elmer?"

"How much does he want to borrow this time?" asked my mother in a hard voice.

"Not a cent. They have struck oil on his ranch out in Oklahoma, and since he is coming East next month in a private car with a nigger cook, he wants us all to make the trip with him back to Oklahoma."

For a minute my mother did not say anything, and I could hear the sound of her scissors as she snipped away at her mending.

Then she said, "Well, I always believed Elmer would amount to something, if he ever finished sowing his wild oats and settled down. He had that air of a man of the world. Do you know, I sometimes think Forrest looks very much like him."

On a Wissahickon Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Restful Car

*"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."*

*Safety* . Packard cars are designed by the recognized leaders in automotive engineering.

They are built to the highest precision standards, in a factory which experts travel half way around the world to see and study.

Packard owners know they may place the fullest confidence in their cars. Their own experience serves only to impress the reputation which Packard has borne for more than a quarter of a century.

No matter what the demand of the moment, distinguished appearance at the opera door or brute power on a grinding grade, the Packard may be depended upon—always.

Talent, experience, facilities—these combine to produce motor vehicles unsurpassed in performance, in beauty and comfort, and in safety.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

# NOT IN POLITICS

Continued from Page 17

couple of departments rather roughly, ran through a pile of letters, wrote one in his abominable handwriting to his two sons at school, talked to his lawyer and was free to go home. Coralie would be there tonight for the first time in several months. Although Bill had been married to her for nineteen years now, and she was the mother of his children, he returned as self-consciously as if he knew nothing about her. He didn't feel that he knew much about her any more. She had so many acquired interests, and they all were remote from him. The nearer he came to his house, the clumsier and more inferior Bill felt.

She was there. They dined together and he watched her furtively, admiring her long slim hands that did not seem to be in the least interested in the process of eating. He used always to tell her that she didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive, but lately he had left off making personal comments. Coralie did not encourage them at all. She talked a little of the boys in a rather impersonal way, spoke of English schools as possibly to be preferred to American ones. Bill disagreed stoutly but secretly, for his knowledge of English schools was born of instinctive prejudice, not information.

After dinner things lagged badly. Coralie stood at a French window and looked out at the gracious June night. Bill wondered what thoughts were in her mind. He himself was thoroughly ill at ease. Last night he had hoped to meet his wife with affection and simplicity, and had made a resolve to himself that they would not stiffen like this again—and there it was. She was bored with him and he was shy with her. In a day or two they would adjust and go their own ways. It was this first day of formal greeting, this appearance of reunion that was so difficult. He knew it as well as she.

"I suppose you're tired, Coralie."

"No, not specially."

How vigorous she was at thirty-nine. How firm the outline of her body under the clinging fabric of her dress. No doubt it was a most expensive dress. He must say something about it.

"That's a pretty dress you've got on, Coralie. Paris, I suppose."

"Right," she said. "You're almost psychic, Bill. Do you like it?"

"I like everything you wear. You always look good to me. You look good in anything."

She was thinking perhaps of the man who had recently told her that there were very few clothes that suited her, told her critically and expertly what she should wear. That may have been why she smiled, looking through the screen at the soft night.

Suddenly she surprised him. "Isn't there going to be a courthouse or hospital or something built here?"

"There's going to be a courthouse," he assured her; "a million-and-a-half-dollar structure. Not so slow for a city this size. The bonds are authorized and all they've got to do now is to build it. Been reading the papers?"

"I heard about it in Chicago. There's a man there, an architect, who'd heard about it. He's wickedly intelligent. I can't imagine why he wants to build courthouses."

"For a 3 per cent commission, I should say," suggested Bill. "Let him have a try. Competition's open."

"Don't you have a lot to do with things like that? He said that it would be mixed up in politics probably."

"It's mixed up in politics, all right," chuckled Bill cheerfully, "and I wouldn't be surprised if in the end I did have something to do with it."

"Rodney Pater is terribly artistic."

"They all are when it comes to spending county money—damned artistic."

Coralie said nothing more. She went out after a little to take a walk down by the seven pools, and Bill saw no more of her until he passed her door on the way to bed. He hesitated in front of the door, then knocked and went in. She had changed to a short gold satin negligee and was writing letters. Bill sat down beside a pile of new books which had evidently just been unpacked, picked up one of them, read a little, came to a halt, looked at Coralie curiously, and seeing that she was not watching him, read on. What was coldly printed there scandalized him. It might be true enough, he thought, shutting the volume quietly and laying it down, but it wasn't the sort of thing women ought to read about certainly. And put as calmly as all that! He'd never dream of even discussing those things with Coralie, and after all he was married to her. He regarded the beautiful fit of his wife's shingle and wondered what she would say if he suddenly kissed her.

"Going to bed?" she asked.

"I guess I'll turn in. I had a big day. Coralie ——"

She turned around at his hesitation and he could feel her cool brown eyes regarding his sentimentality. Desperately he plunged ahead. "I've been thinking, while you were away —— You know, we don't want to drift apart."

"Bill," she said, "you've been going to movies while I was gone. That's what they always say—'don't let us drift apart.'"

"No, Coralie, I'm in earnest. Let's be natural with each other, the way a husband and wife ought to be."

"It's dangerous to get too natural." She pushed her writing materials away, and coming over to where he sat, dejected and yet determined, patted the top of his head. "Don't bother about marital relations," she said. "They've become awfully intricate lately. Go along to bed, Bill. You're tired. And remember that we're grown up."

"That's no reason why we shouldn't have the same interests, more or less."

"Isn't it? Listen, Bill, I like all sorts of things you wouldn't care about. Hard riding, and books you'd think were scandalous, and conversation you'd put in the same class—and cold baths. You like lots of food and grubby politics. It's infinitely better for us both to keep out of each other's fields. You wouldn't like my kind of thing any more than I'd like politics."

He had loved her when he had married her, when she was an eager young nobody with the untamed sense of humor that had since become chronic and satirical amusement. But looking at her now, he was amazed at how much more she could hurt him than she could then. Then she used to scold him, try to make him take better care of his nails, brush his hats, and she only made him laugh. Now she no longer scolded. She ignored him. Her books ignored him and her gold negligees were indifferent to his admiration. He wanted to tell her one thing more, give her some hint of the way he had felt toward her last night, of the longing that had swept over him as he thought of her and the years that had become so sterile emotionally. But it was impossible to tell her, impossible to expose that shy feeling to her mockery.

"We get along adequately, it seems to me," Coralie went on, "as it is."

He had a rough impulse to take hold of her and clap his hand over her mouth, but he did not. "Sure," he said, "I suppose so. . . . Good night."

It was as he had expected. Jacobs, running so far ahead of Nye as to make Nye's candidacy absurd, had the field to himself and swaggered in it. Jacobs had been the big man on the county board for three years and he intended to stay in that rôle. That the vote cast had been extremely light and that his political henchmen had been extravagant in their promises bothered him not at all. It did bother him at first to have the suggestion made in the press that a special expert committee should assist the county board in choosing an architect for the new courthouse. Suavely as it was put, Jacobs knew the origin of the suggestion. Though he had never come to open battle with Bill Dunn, he had carried on a long guerrilla warfare with him. He disliked Bill's whole make-up, the good nature of his politics, the fact that his sharp turns were never crooked, his popularity, his shrewdness, the way he stood in with big people and the fact that he was often asked to sit on important committees which always ignored Jacobs.

His first intention was to fight the special committee's appointment, but reflection and consultation made him change his mind. It might be entirely possible to make use of such a committee—even use it as scapegoat for any criticisms which might arise during construction or afterward, and it did not necessarily mean that its existence would deflect his influence. He had a good many friends in the Architects' Exchange.

The publication of the names of the committee appointed a few weeks later aroused no controversy. Five well-known men with some knowledge of architecture or building construction were on it, among them Bill Dunn, which surprised no one. Bill was on a great many committees in the course of the year, and though he manufactured cement, no one doubted the honesty of his judgment in a matter like this. It disturbed Bill himself to find that T. R. Fogarty and Leonard Johnson were two of the four others named. They played too close to Jacobs to be trusted, and it did not mean that the committee was to be the independent body he had hoped. Jacobs would be sitting in through Fogarty and Johnson. Still, with numbered plans coming in, and the architect's identity not known until the winning plan had been selected, he felt reasonably sure of being able to assure at least fair play, and not let Jacobs get in any dirty work.

Bill's two sons, Loring and Charlie, came home in July, having rounded off their term of school with several weeks of staying with friends. Bill was proud of his boys. They looked like Coralie and there was only a year and a half difference in their ages. They were very healthy and well schooled in the importance of being fit, dogmatic about their clothes and talked in what seemed to Bill a kind of dialect. Half the time he could not follow their talk any more than their mother's. Cora evidently understood them when she bothered to do so. She was extremely modern with them, and quite delightful, treating them as contemporaries, and they admired her immensely. Their father could see that.

He could see further that they saw little in him to admire. He was more dumpy than ever and more full-stomached, against their tallness and litheness. But that disturbed him less, although he was constantly intending to get at that diet, than his mental separation from them. He wondered a good deal about what these two confident young fellows of seventeen and eighteen would do when they finished their protracted education. They seemed to him to be drifting away from reality in their schooling instead of toward it. He thought of the tangle of living as he knew it, of the scramble for livelihood among hundreds and thousands of none too fine-grained people—for Bill had an acute sense of humanity, being an adroit politician—and he could not see where his sons would fit in. Before he himself was old enough to vote, Bill had understood the value of money power and political power—understood them grimly. It was not money that worried him. Bill had no great respect for money, though he had made plenty of it. But he wanted his sons to manage life cleverly, and they did not seem to him to know yet what it was about. And now Coralie talked of sending them to Oxford.

"But why?" asked Bill. "If I had my way, they'd go to the state university out here. Why Oxford? They're Americans, aren't they?"

"That's the reason," said Coralie.

"What is?"

"I hope they're going to be more cosmopolitan than the average American. Now don't begin to shout the Declaration of Independence at me, Bill. I suggest Oxford because they can get something there they can't get here."

"What, for heaven's sake?"

"Manner, if nothing else."

"Manners!" exclaimed Bill.

Coralie laughed. "You're a sweet thing, Bill. No, not manners. They do pretty well with their knives and forks. Manner. It's an intellectual attitude more than anything else."

"They better stay home and get acquainted with the way we run this country," said Bill. "Loring was talking last night about the police force and he didn't even have any idea what department of the city government the police come under. As for Charlie, I asked him who the Secretary of Labor was the other day—just to see—and he didn't know!"

"Their knowledge may go in other directions," said Coralie without distress. "Like me, they may have no taste for politics."

"Just the same ——" argued Bill, but Coralie had quite ceased to listen.

He was a little shy of coming home during the summer afternoons, being never quite sure of whom he might find there. Sometimes it was a sketchy group of girls with his sons, girls whose last names he doubtless knew well enough, but who looked frighteningly young and frighteningly sure of themselves. Sometimes Coralie was there, nearly always in company—just back from golfing or riding or swimming—this summer, particularly from riding. Bill would go quietly up the front stairs and to his room and wash himself thoroughly, but when that was done he looked much the same as he had before. Dinner was always served at a rather later hour than he liked, and sometimes he would find the entire family there—and guests. Sometimes there was no one but himself.

It was late July when, coming home one day, he met Rodney Pater. Rodney and Coralie were in the library, having tea, which literally meant tea for both of them, for none of the sandwiches or cakes had been touched. But they were enjoying themselves and were very merry and absorbed in the things they were saying. Bill stood for a moment in the doorway, peering at the back of the man, wondering if it was someone he knew.

"Oh, hello, Bill!" said Coralie. "Come in. This is Rodney Pater from Chicago. He's just motored up."

It was only one more difficult contrast for Bill. He was again a little stout-stomached fellow looking up at a well-carried man of possibly forty years, who had the kind of lean body and tanned clear skin which has been appropriated by the aristocratic tradition.

"How are you, Pater?" asked Bill, extending a hand.

He wanted to be hospitable to Coralie's friend, but he felt like an intruder. The man affected him as Coralie so often did, as if he came from a different world. There was no savor of street or office about him. The only link with the company which Bill could find for a minute was the food, so he sat down and ate sandwiches, one after another, greedily. The two others stood. They could stand without being at a disadvantage.

"Rodney came up to look the city over. He's going to build your courthouse."

Bill stuffed in the rest of the sandwich he held. So that was it. He remembered now Coralie had spoken of this fellow.

"Entering the competition, eh?" he asked. "Well, I guess you're going to have

(Continued on Page 43)

# Why should you read this advertisement?

*Our method brings you the world's finest coffee at a moderate price.*

Experts carefully inspect the coffee for quality before the bags are taken into the cleaning plant.

ABOVE. Typical coffee lands in Colombia. Note the mountainous nature of the country. The finest grades of coffee are grown in altitudes of 4,000 to 6,000 feet. All Monarch Coffee comes from these high mountain plantations.

LEFT: A coffee plantation. Note how the trees are planted in rows. It is necessary to have overhead shade to protect the berries from the hot, tropical sun.

## Our direct-from-plantation distributing method brings this rare blend of coffees to you—at a remarkable saving in cost

MODERN, money-saving distributing methods have achieved results that are of importance to you who buy or drink coffee. These methods bring the pick of the world's prize coffee crops from the high mountain plantations direct to your table by the shortest and most economical route. Note the chart at the right.

So important are the savings made possible by this direct-from-plantation distributing method, that choice coffees once almost prohibitive in price, due to excessive handling costs, are now available for every-day use. No wonder that people by the thousands turn to this rare blend as the final solution of the coffee problem.

Note the chart above. This shows the direct route Monarch Coffee takes between the plantation and your table. All unnecessary handling costs are eliminated. All unnecessary profits are saved. And these savings are passed on to you in the form of higher quality.

### *Note These Savings*

By importing coffee direct from the plantations we eliminate all unnecessary handling costs. By selling direct to the retail grocer we save all unnecessary profits. Thus we are able to pack in each Monarch carton a blend of the finest coffees grown without adding an extra penny to the price you pay. In other words, instead of paying for *coffee handling* you pay for *coffee quality* when you buy Monarch.

In fairness to you and to us, we ask that you try Monarch and compare it with the coffee you are now using. Every Monarch Merchant is authorized to refund your money promptly if you are not delighted with Monarch Coffee. Order a trial package today. If your grocer can't supply you, write for the name of a Monarch Merchant near you—and a free copy of an interesting booklet entitled "Coffee Blossoms."

## REID, MURDOCH & CO.

*Established 1853*

Chicago • Boston • Pittsburgh • New York

# MONARCH COFFEE

Our Monarch Coffee comes to you in sanitary, air-tight 1 and 3 pound containers under 4 seals. It is never sold in bulk.

Our Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand of quality food products sold exclusively through the men who own and operate their own stores.

© 1926 R. M. & Co.

# Quality *for* 70 Years

*Some of the 1001 Monarch Quality Food Products*

Tea
Cocoa
Spanish
Cereal
Olive Oil
Tomatoes
Succotash
Peas
Asparagus
Sardines
Salmon
Tuna Fish
Shrimp
Lobster
Pumpkin
Beets
Maple Syrup
Sweet Relish
Green Sauce
Wax Beans
Sage
Lima Beans
Asparagus
Sauer Kraut
Strawberries
Blackberries
Raspberries
Cherries
Fruit Salad
Blueberries
Pimientos
Grape Juice
Sliced Pineapple
Salad Mustard
Peanut Butter
Apple Butter
Mincemeat
Pork and Beans
Green Beans
Asparagus
Sweet Potatoes
Sliced Beets
Vegetable Soup
Clam Chowder
Loganberries
Pimiento Cups
Preserved Figs
Tomato Soup
Food of Wheat
Teenie Weenie Sweet Gherkins
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Mustard and Cream Dressing
Thousand Island Dressing
Vinegar
Beans with Pork
Golden Bantam Corn
Sweet Corn
Extra Small Peas
Spaghetti
Red Kidney Beans
Grape Fruit
Yellow Cling Peaches
Orange Marmalade
Prepared Mustard

(Continued from Page 41)

plenty of company. We expect to get a good many plans submitted in the next two weeks, before the competition closes."

"It's a very interesting opportunity," said Pater. "There's really no reason why public buildings shouldn't be as beautiful in America as they are abroad."

"Aren't they?" asked Bill. "I've never been abroad myself, but there's some fine structures in Washington, D. C. As for that, our own state capitol is second to none, sir."

Coralie did not shudder. In her earlier stages of civilization, she might have. Now she poured more tea with an air of taking anything that came along and accepting the universe as amusing.

Behind her gilt tea table she was very effective. Bill saw it. He always saw Coralie even when she was distant like that. No doubt Pater saw it.

"You've a very fine place here, Mr. Dunn," he remarked; "remarkable landscaping."

"Yes," said Bill, "it's a pretty place. Like to sell off a few lots myself. Property's gone up in value since we built here and we'd make a nice profit and get some neighbors. But Coralie doesn't want to and I tell her it's her place. She can do as she likes with it."

"It's very perfect as it is and a charming setting for Coralie."

Bill eyed his guest. So he'd reached the Coralie stage. It must be a friendship of some standing. Whether it was of long standing or not, it had apparently been reasonably intimate. That appeared at dinner a couple of hours later as Coralie and the architect discussed friends and houses and books and hunting and other things while Bill ate steadily and far too much. Coralie had changed into a dress of pale-yellow silk that cleared her arms at the shoulders. Bill did not dress for dinner unless he was especially told to do so. He scrubbed his hands and face and changed his shirt and still was hot and unkempt. But the architect, in the same dark coat and white flannels he had worn in the afternoon, looked as if he belonged in the picture with Coralie. He was a good judge of whisky. Bill found that out before dinner. But somehow they didn't meet very well even over the whisky. He wasn't the sort of man you could warm up to, thought Bill.

"Where are the boys?" he asked Coralie suddenly, breaking into a discussion of something that had happened somewhere on a yacht. He couldn't for the life of him make out whether they were talking of their friends or of characters in a book.

"I don't know," said Coralie; "out, I suppose. I have two most amusing and lengthy sons, you know, Rodney. I'm thinking that they should go to Oxford."

"Oh, they should," agreed Rodney; "for American boys especially, it's such an advantage."

Bill did not speak. His thoughts joined in the conversation profanely. But he was a little afraid of open controversy. "Oxford!" he thought grimly, and adorned that ancient university with derogatory oaths.

Coralie took her guest motoring, for his car was being oiled at the hotel garage. As she said they might stop and dance somewhere, she assumed that Bill did not care to come along, but Bill motioned her to come aside in the living room for a minute.

"Think it looks all right?" he asked.

She gazed down at her dress. "Looks all right—what?"

He pointed with his thumb in the direction of the hall where Pater waited.

"Not the dress. I mean you think it looks all right for you to go out with this fellow alone at night?"

"Oh, Bill," sighed Coralie, and laughed hopelessly, "some day you'll simply kill me. You belong in a cloistered convent. All right? Why, as far as I know now, it's all right. You just hope for the best."

Bill felt a fool, but none the less an angry fool. He looked after the retreating couple. Pater no doubt had manner, as Coralie called it.

He walked up and down by the seven pools many times that night. He tried to stalk along with importance. But instead, because he was a little man and badly built, he could only strut, and now and then he stumbled over the flagstones. So at length he gave up reflection and went up to his room, where he got into very unbecoming pajamas and, climbing into bed, picked up one of the books he was reading. Bill liked to read when he got around to it, and there was a curious collection of things on his night table. Rabelais stayed there rather permanently, and there was a very long and authentic history of the state, and a history of the Civil War.

Tonight he read the state history. It was not a very old state and Bill could remember some of the men mentioned in the later chapters. He could understand its commerce and its politics more thoroughly as he read over again and again—what had happened in the last hundred years as the age of fur trading had become the age of lumber and then changed again into the age of mining. He opened it and, reading laboriously, with the close attention of the man who has never learned to skim pages, he became engrossed. He did not even hear Coralie come in until she spoke to him. He was deep in history, sympathizing with the difficulties and schemes of Jim Hill in building railroads; but when Coralie called him, he looked up and became again a little red-faced man in abominably blue pajamas.

"Have a good time?" he asked.

She nodded. "He's pretty civilized," she said, obviously referring to Rodney; "and, Bill, I hope that he gets that job for the courthouse."

"You hope he does?" She repeated herself. "It's an open competition, Coralie. All he has to do is to be good enough."

"Oh, well, he's bound to be infinitely better than the others."

"Then he'll get it."

"I thought there was a lot of politics mixed up in it. Rodney seemed to think it was likely. And a man like him, if he's willing to do that sort of building, ought not to have to be subjected to that."

"To what?"

"Oh, you know what I mean—all kinds of crooked politics. Can't it be somehow fixed so he'll get it?"

He stared at his wife. "I don't play that kind of ball, Coralie. You don't know what you're talking about or suggesting. Why, I'm on the committee, my dear girl, that picks the architect!"

"Well, then I don't see why. I could just give you a hint what his plan was like, maybe, if he mentioned it to me, so you wouldn't get it mixed up with the others. It's sure to be the best plan."

Bill bounced off his pillow and out of bed. "Did that bird suggest this?"

"No," said Coralie calmly; "it's my idea. Don't, Bill. You look exactly like a turkey. I don't see why you steam so." And she looked at his feet, which were surely comedy feet. "Only it would be fun to have Rodney here, and he says that if he gets that job he'd be here off and on. You ought to be grateful to get a person like him interested in your silly courthouse."

"I'm not. I'm not offering him any thanks at all. And I don't want to hear any more about it. Are you going to see a lot of that fellow, Coralie?"

"As much as I can. He's very amusing."

"He doesn't amuse me. And it doesn't look right, Coralie, to have a fellow who's trying for that job hanging around my house. It isn't hardly ethical."

She laughed again, and he saw that she was exhilarated from her evening, more like her old excitable self than was usual. It was Rodney Pater who was responsible for that, and Bill's irritation deepened.

"Bill," she said, "you are a vault of the world's best and oldest prejudices. All right, we won't have him hanging around the house. May I meet him on the corner under the arc light?"

"That's all right," said Bill defensively; "and I know you don't know what you are talking about, Coralie. You don't understand politics. But you mustn't suggest things like that. That's the sort of deal we're watching Jacobs for."

"Then I might ask Jacobs to help," she said lightly.

As he spoke, her charm cut into him again. He put out a hand toward her.

"Of course you don't mean anything. Only I don't like to hear you say such things, Coralie. They don't sound right from your lips."

But he felt her evade him, and listened to her laugh trailing down the hall as if in this last passage she had found him utterly comic.

Rodney Pater rode horseback. He found himself a horse in some riding stable and he and Coralie rode together. They were a very handsome and spirited pair. Bill caught a glimpse of them one day starting off and had to admit it.

Pater stayed in town at the most expensive hotel. He was, Bill found on inquiry, connected with a rather ambitious firm of architects, and Bill figured in his shrewd way that Pater had been sent out on this job and told not to come back without it. For all the architect's smoothness and coolness, he had his finger on the situation. Bill guessed that by an occasional leading question that came his way and which he very often did not answer, at least not directly. He tried to ignore Pater as much as he could when he met him in his house, and pounded off to work early in the morning and worked later than was necessary at night.

Now and then he tried to get his boys downtown for luncheon and talk to them about the kind of business they would like to get in eventually. But though they came once or twice, the talks were always a little strained, and Bill somehow felt Coralie's attitude in them, not connecting him with his children but holding him off, with cool sophistication and unbeliefs and mockeries of commonplace things. He tried to tell the boys something about the factors that made up the average business life, but his sentences labored and he gave it up.

Being Irish and a sporting man and a politician, Bill had, of course, his favorite in the competition of architects for the courthouse job. Not that he had ever told young Fleming that he hoped he'd get it, or that he intended to lift a finger to help him except to see that there was fair play in the judging. But Fleming had taken a licking on the new hospital plans within the year, and he had submitted a good set of plans too. Bill had seen them and he knew the boy had brains and a sense of construction. This time he hoped Fleming was going to get by. He had a wife and a couple of children and a harassed look which Bill was accustomed to believe went with the strain of keeping up credit at the grocery and meat market. Fleming had not been able to make much of a success in planning residences. People didn't like him. He was too shabby and too much of a dreamer to suit the ladies who were building houses and wanted flattery for their ideas and constant attention to their moods. But Bill had faith in Fleming. A little struggle never hurt anyone as he knew. He'd had them himself and seen dozens of other people through them. When he could he'd always thrown work Fleming's way, though Fleming usually didn't hang onto it.

It was several days before the competition was to close, when Bill, stopping in at the coffee room of a hotel for his luncheon one day, and sitting convivially on a tall stool by the counter, found his glance stiffening as he looked through the glass doors into the lobby and saw three people come through evidently on their way to the dining room. It was one of the most incredible things that he had ever seen. For the three were Jacobs, Rodney Pater and—most unbelievable—Coralie. He moved and stared again. She was unmistakable. That white knitted suit, the wide black hat—oh, it was Coralie, all right. And Jacobs—Jacobs, the eternal bum, thought Bill—was talking with her. Bill left his spoon dangling in his cup, although Coralie had taught him otherwise, pushed a half dollar toward the girl who had served him and followed his wife, still hoping that this strange encounter was accident.

But it was not, apparently. The three sat down at a table in the middle of the dining room, Coralie as unconcerned as if it had been a desert island. She was quite as cool when Bill, his eyes smoldering, approached the table.

"Hello, Bill!" she said. "You turn up exactly like a husband, don't you?"

"What's up?" asked Bill; and though he spoke to Coralie, his glance came to rest on Jacobs, who grinned with something close to malice. "What's the party for?"

"Lunch," Coralie told him. "I suppose you've had yours. We dropped in to see Mr. Jacobs and asked him to lunch. I'm learning quite a lot about politics, Bill. It's rather sport. I think I'll go in for it."

It was all so clear to Bill. This Chicago fellow was trying to work Jacobs now, and possibly throwing out suggestions about his plans for Jacobs to pass on to his men on the committee of award. And if Pater got the award, then Jacobs would pin it on Bill and say Bill had been playing favorites—say that Pater was a friend of the Dunns—or, worse still, a friend of Mrs. Dunn.

But to think that Coralie was fool enough to let herself be so used! Didn't she have any sense of right and wrong left?

"I want to speak to you a minute, Coralie."

She half frowned in annoyance; then, accepting the annoyance, rose from the table and took the direction Bill indicated through the lobby. But he said nothing as they walked along and she had to hurry to keep up with him.

"What is it?" she asked impatiently, for even civilization can be exasperated now and then.

He led her to the revolving door and she found herself on the sidewalk with him.

"Taxi," he called and, as one drew up, moved toward it with his wife.

"What are you about?" asked Coralie sharply.

He was holding her arm and she felt his fingers pressing hard, viciously against her flesh.

"Get in that cab and go home," he said under his breath, "and try to realize what a fool you've made of yourself."

She got in, recognizing, as all women do now and then, that there are times when men will make scenes on the street if pressed too far. Bill gave the driver the address, and, without a smile, walked back into the hotel and joined the two men at the table. They had been waiting.

"Go ahead and order, gentlemen," said Bill suavely. "Mrs. Dunn has been called home."

They both pretended not to look at him, and did. Jacobs came back first. "Your wife's quite a politician, Dunn. She's taking a great interest in the new courthouse."

"No," answered Bill, "you're entirely wrong, Jacobs. My wife is not in politics. She knows nothing about politics. She's often said she leaves the family politics entirely to me."

Rodney Pater eyed him, his handsome face a little fearful of what was coming next, and Bill did not leave him long in doubt.

"Mr. Pater," he said, "I understand you intend to submit plans in the architects' competition for the proposed courthouse."

Mr. Pater made assent.

"Don't do it," advised Bill; "it will be very unfortunate for you and for your firm. Because I am on that committee and I assure you that your plans will be disqualified even if chosen, because you have attempted to put them across in a fashion we don't stand for. I shall let the matter rest if you don't submit plans. If you do, I shall simply insist that the plans be thrown out and the notoriety which will come back on you

(Continued on Page 46)

# "DE LUXE TRANSPORTATION"

## —says the Commander of America's most famous ship

*"At sea, the mighty Leviathan . . . Ashore, my wonderful Willys-Knight Great Six . . . That's my idea of transportation de luxe."*

*(Signed)* HERBERT HARTLEY

WHY is it so many American men and women of distinguished social, and artistic, and public position drive the Willys-Knight Great Six in preference to all other fine automobiles? . . .

Why is it so many famous European personalities coincide so emphatically in this preference? . . .

Why is it this car enjoys such unusual prestige—such widespread good-will—among the most selective group of motor-car buyers in this country and abroad? . . .

Here Captain Herbert Hartley—Commander of the world-famous "Leviathan"—states a reason . . . The Willys-Knight Great Six is to motoring what the flag-ship of the United States Shipping Lines is to trans-Atlantic travel . . .

In a word—here in this superfine automobile, and pre-eminently, is true "transportation de luxe."

* * *

The product of modern engineering, modern designing . . . A newly-built car through and through—not merely a series of "improvements" super-imposed upon an old-type chassis never intended for modern

motoring needs . . . The Willys-Knight Great Six was the first to present on this side of the Atlantic the most recent engineering accomplishments of Europe and new and vastly bettered standards of American performance combined . . .

An extremely powerful car, very fast, exceedingly active . . . A car whose marked beauty is conspicuous even among the most beautifully-designed cars . . . whose fittings and appointments rank in richness, in luxury, in comfort, with the utmost the world's finest cars afford.

It was inevitable that the Willys-Knight Great Six should step quickly into a preferred place in public favor . . .

Today, in sales-and-prestige position, it is second to none in the luxury-car field.

, , ,

The Knight sleeve-valve motor—*patented, protected, exclusive.* In this one great feature you have the leading reason for the irresistible forward march toward luxury-car leadership of the Willys-Knight Great Six . . .

And the Knight sleeve-valve motor is a feature other manufacturers would pay millions to get, because international engineering authorities acknowledge its supremacy.

Through years of tests, both here and abroad, it has proven itself the most efficient type of automobile motor built . . .

The same type of power-plant used in the finest and costliest cars of Europe—the Belgian Minerva, the Panhard and Voisin of France, the British Daimler-Knight (you know what these great names stand for) the Knight engine of the Willys-Knight Great Six is considered in professional engineering circles to be the greatest major advantage ever possessed by any automobile.

, , ,

With no carbon troubles, no valves to grind, no valve springs to weaken, the Willys-Knight Great Six cuts upkeep costs in two . . .

At the same time it completely wipes out the frequent and always inconvenient lay-ups that carbon-cleaning and valve-grinding cause in all other automobiles of conventional poppet-valve design.

Here is a car whose motor is simplicity itself . . . with 118 to 158 less parts than any other . . . A motor that requires practically no adjustments, no repairs . . . it is practically fool-proof and wear-proof.

, , ,

A car that stays out of the repair shop and in your service day in, day out . . . Owner after owner will tell you he has never been without the use of his Willys-Knight car because of engine troubles, for a day or a single hour.

, , ,

From the first turn of its sleeve-valve motor, the most powerful, most highly efficient, the quietest in operation of all cars of its type or class, the modernly-engineered Willys-Knight Great Six *gains* in power, *gains* in efficiency, *gains* in smooth and silent running with every mile.

Thus you need never be disturbed about that weakness common to all less modern cars—their tendency to become noisy, less powerful, less efficient, after a few tens of thousands of miles.

AFLOAT, THE MIGHTY LEVIATHAN . . ASHORE, HIS GREAT SIX SEDAN

*Mrs. Hartley and the Captain are one in their enthusiasm for their Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan*

WILLYS-KNIGHT
*Great* SIX

And now—Belflex Shackles provide still another new and exclusive Willys-Knight feature—a tremendous engineering advance over the unsatisfactory and noisy metal shackle of other cars. Belflex guards against all chassis rattles and squeaks. It deadens road vibration, eliminates all need for shackle lubrication . . .

Belflex means that the sprung parts of the car are insulated from the unsprung parts with noiseless, flexible fabric—shock-absorbing, rubberized—thereby affording permanent chassis silence and diminishing wear at every point of the car.

, , ,

Willys-Knight Great Six Touring, $1750; Roadster $1850; 4-passenger Coupe $2195; Convertible Coupe $2295; 5-passenger Sedan $2295 . . .

New "70" Willys-Knight Six—companion car to the Willys-Knight Great Six—Touring $1295; Roadster $1525; Coupe $1395; Standard Sedan $1395; De Luxe Sedan $1495. Prices f. o. b. factory. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

, , ,

The Willys Finance Plan offers unusually attractive credit terms. Ask your Willys-Knight dealer for facts and figures. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

(Continued from Page 43)

and your firm won't be pleasant. I promise you that."

The architect's face was sour. He eyed Jacobs, who refused to communicate in glances. Jacobs had tipped his chair back and was reading the menu, evidently deciding to keep out of it.

"You haven't any proof of what you say," began Pater, "and furthermore it might be unpleasant for you ——"

"Well," said Bill, "I'll find proof, no matter who's involved. You've been hanging around here, trying to get in some dirty work. I know dirty work when I see it. No one better. I don't advise you to submit plans." He stood up and unexpectedly grinned. "You wouldn't be such a fool," he added. "Good day, gentlemen."

It was the first night in many months he had gone home with any confidence. Why he felt so he could not have told. But he did not care tonight about his height or his fat stomach. They were trivialities. He knew right and wrong, black and white. All this folderol, this stuff they talked, was so much blah. He'd have to put his foot down and he would.

Coralie was not in sight, not in the house, and he hunted for her, his heart turning a little sick, as he wondered if perhaps she had been angry enough to leave the house and him.

He found her down by the seventh pool, gazing at the shining carp that darted about in it silently.

"Well, you terrible little crook," Bill began cheerfully, "you didn't think I would let you get away with that, did you? The nerve of you, taking up with Jacobs!"

She turned to him.

"You needn't have pinched my arm black and blue."

"But I've wanted to for weeks," said Bill, in extenuation of himself, "and it's been coming to you too. What were you trying to do, anyway? I used to think you were pretty smart, Coralie. But to see you lining up with a bird like Jacobs, and that crooked Chicago bird! I guess he'll get a fast train home."

"I thought you wanted me to take an interest in politics not so long ago!" she remarked, with a tone which might have sounded sulky if it had not been for her perfect sophistication, which did not admit moods.

"That's all right," said Bill, "but you better not get so far into them until you begin voting, until you learn something. And one of the things you want to learn first, Coralie, is that a real politician may use other people, but he doesn't get used himself—or herself. That's Lesson Number One."

"Going to educate me?" she asked ironically.

But Bill did not dwindle under her look. He came back: "I guess I'd better. You can't play that kind of politics in my family. You're all wrong, Coralie. I see I've got a lot to teach you and the boys about this town and this country. We'd better let Oxford and Paris go for a while. You've got to get some idea of what's right and what's wrong. You're off the main track, my girl."

She looked him up and down. "I've got some work to do on you, myself. You look more and more disreputable. Clothes out of press—fifty pounds overweight!"

He recognized the old tone of scolding interest in himself. For Coralie's civilization had cracked and Bill went up to her without restraint for the long, unsophisticated, middle-class kiss he had been dreaming of.

# OLD MAIDS OF THE LAST GENERATION—AND THIS

(Continued from Page 18)

Nor was this modesty assumed. I myself knew one darling old maid so modest or so thin, possibly, that she boned the high collars of her nightgowns. It was a mystery to me then and still is, as to why she did it. I asked her once and got for my pains what nowadays would be described as a dirty look, and no answer.

But now that the old maids of a generation ago have passed away, who have taken their places? Who is there now to relieve the overworked mother? Who now wears the kitchen apron in summer? Or is it that kitchen aprons have also disappeared?

Who now washes the dishes after a church supper? Never, in my day at least, was that depressing job done by anyone except an old maid. The plump-cheeked married women bustled about, serving the baked ham and scalloped oysters, the ice cream and cake. But when the time came to wash up, an old maid, so dreadfully lonely that she willingly did the dirty work in order to belong, would say, "Here! You've worked long enough. Let me do the dishes!" And I can still see the plump-cheeked matrons hastily untying their aprons and letting her. Alas! The old maids of yesteryear were let to do so many ugly, hot, tiresome jobs.

Now what I want to know is where did the old maids get to? What became of them? They have disappeared—you all know that. What did it?

I once wrote a book about old maids in which I espoused their cause. It is out of print now, so I cannot be accused of attempting to boost its sales. I made my old maid well dressed and attractive, not at all one you would ask to wash the dishes. I wonder if that did any good?

### *The Old Maid Changeth*

Please do not blame me for thus taking a little credit for the improvement of the conditions of old maids, for I live in Hollywood, and Lord knows, we of Hollywood do not mind speaking out or acting up now and then, just to let you know we are on earth. The modest violet, as a symbol of Hollywood, went out with the rise in real estate, and the sunflower took its place. Personally, I applaud. For what does a sunflower do but quietly demand her own place in the sun? For my part, I love to see her get it.

Now, if there are any old maids left in the East or Middle West, all I can say is that it is years since I have seen one, and I travel constantly. Never have I seen one in Hollywood. Here they roll both their cigarettes and their stockings. They bob their hair. They wear short skirts over the best-looking of legs in sheer-silk stockings. They are presidents of clubs, on hospital boards, and if any are still school-teachers, all I can say is that they don't look the part. When I think of some of the old-maid school-teachers I used to know!

Here in Hollywood old maids write plays and act in pictures. The other day when we had two colossal productions of Julius Cæsar in the Hollywood Bowl—and by the way, do you know the Hollywood Bowl? Without exaggeration, it is the most wonderful thing in the world—there were marvelous old maids among the actors, not only in the mob scenes but in character parts.

Kitchen aprons indeed!

The old maids we all used to know went out with wood stoves, and the new spinsters came in with the war. Ah, that war! It took the lid off the world. Don't you remember how, in the first days of it, quiet, timid, home-loving women came creeping out of their seclusion and offered themselves to the Red Cross with a look of defiant patriotism in their startled eyes?

It was the first chance the old-maid type of woman had, were she wife or widow, to come out of her shell and be a part of things. With war's necessity for women to take the place of men in factories, shops, banks and offices, the old maid for the first time found herself wanted to the extent that her services were paid for. She was a part of life.

This prideful thing gradually took away her sense of being a shut-in. She competed with younger women, less efficient women, girls, flappers even, and for once her years and experience told. The old maid began to hold her head high and she bought new clothes. The moment a woman begins to buy new and stylish clothes she has burst her shell. Watch her!

With War-Risk Insurance old maids shed their inhibitions. They also shed their flannels and dared rheumatism with crêpe de chine undies. They took to high heels, and as a last gesture of defiance at the old-fashioned things they were, old maids discarded their corsets and wriggled their hips when they walked.

Next, they openly made efforts to attract men of their own age—and succeeded, let me pause to remark. Thousands of women more than forty have married since the war liberated them. I know, and they know, that if it hadn't been for the war they would have continued their drab existence unto the end and had "spinster" carved under the marble angels on their tombstones.

The evolution of the old maid was slow. She did not all at once develop into an office presence or member of the board. She grew with her opportunities and she was not slow to take advantage of those. Her genius at cooking made her an early teacher of classes in food conservation and the use of substitutes. Had she not herself always been a substitute? Here she was at home, for the feel of a kitchen apron was familiar and gave her courage.

Then she began to invent new recipes and to teach them to her betters—to the very indolent, incompetent class of women to whom she had formerly paid nice, long visits, helping them to cook and sew. Old maids by the thousand flocked to Herbert Hoover's side and made themselves invaluable to his programs. And as he saw their timid yet determined approach, as he saw by their clothes and by their manners that they were not accustomed to the duties which lay before them, but that they were fired by a spiritual patriotism which accounted for the forward marching of their souls, Hoover must have felt much as Lincoln did when his first call for volunteers resulted in the gorgeous advance of those motley patriots who came singing "We are coming, Father Abraham, one hundred thousand strong!" And now, as these modish spinsters of the present day—active, alert, independent, happy—swing along the street, I wonder if they ever stop to think of their debt to Herbert Hoover?

Abraham Lincoln of blessed memory was not the only emancipator the world has ever known.

After food conservation came the money question. Liberty Loans were to be floated: War-Risk Insurance sold. Old maids who had dreamed dreams while ramming coarse needles through fustian and corduroy now came forward and offered to help. They sold bonds, they did. They found that they were not afraid to go into banks and countinghouses and urge the claims of boys in the trenches on those who had not gone across and could not go. I don't deny that they were frightened the first time they were asked to go before five hundred or a thousand women and talk bonds, or to schools and tell the children how to sell. But frightened or not, they went.

Look over the women at any bankers' convention and see how many of those women in charge of the women's department of great banking institutions are really stunning old maids.

### *The Spinster Who Spins Not*

And so, with crucial events to precipitate her evolution, the businesslike, art-loving, fashion-setting spinster of today burst from her thin-necked, anxious, service-without-pay chrysalis, and spreading her purple-and-gold wings, she sailed gracefully into the horizon blue of a new existence, where it was her privilege to touch her thirsty lips to the sweets of life, with no nagging relatives to eye her new freedom askance and try to relegate her once more to an adopted nursery and an adopted kitchen stove.

*À bas* the old! Up with the new!

The old maid of yesterday, who was expected to save her money that she might leave it intact to nieces and nephews, is today spending it with a royal hand. With crossed legs she leans back in her smart-restaurant chair, her bobbed hair tucked under a modish, impudent little hat, and if a faint smile touches her lips at the thought of her discarded corsets, flannels and relatives, who shall blame her? Not I, for one!

Hitherto she served one family. Now, with her educated ability, she serves thousands. Once she helped her sisters and brothers to save pennies by broiling herself over a kitchen stove. Now she goes out and solicits thousands for her hospitals, her day nurseries, her playgrounds. Once she tried to earn love and appreciation literally by the sweat of her brow and the sacrifice of her physical comfort. Now she commands love and respect by an unselfish service to mankind, which is none the less welcome because it is modishly booted and hatted and gowned.

I would not be understood to limit expert business ability to old maids. The emancipation of the grandmother and the story of how the flapper came to be would make just as tasty a morsel as is this backward view of the old maid of a generation ago. It only happens that I am a specialist, and not a general practitioner. Which is how this article came to be written.

# The Greatest Gift of All

THERE is one Christmas gift more precious than rubies. It may not be had for a prince's ransom yet it is free to one and all. With this gift by the hearth Christmas is a more joyous time in the humblest cottage than in a palace where it is lacking. It gladdens the carol on the singer's lips and fills the very heart with the joy of living. Thousands take it carelessly for granted until it has slipped away, only to spend their remaining days vainly in its search. There is one Christmas gift more precious than rubies and its name is Health!

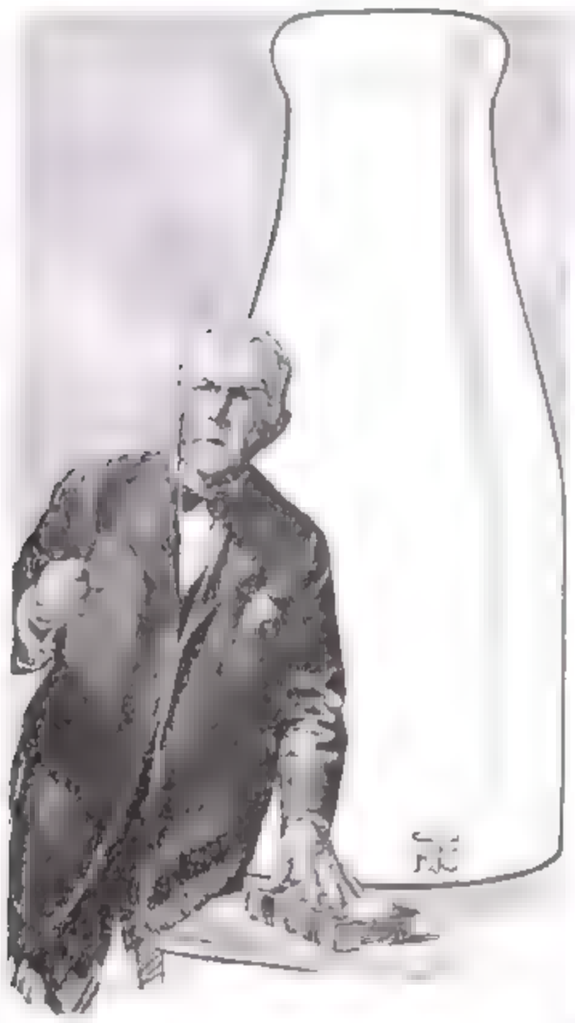
If you would have the gift of radiant health fix your eyes on Wellville's shining spires and turn your steps into the way of right living. Claim the benefits of exercise and the clean, open air. Give more heed to your food selection. Drink more milk. Eat more often of the wholesome grain. Each of our food products makes its contribution to your health. Each offers vital elements the body needs to build bone and brain and brawn. Keep Post Health Products always in your home and eat of them more often. They will help you along the Road to Wellville, the way of health, happiness and contentment.

*Write for "The Road to Wellville."* We have just published "The Road to Wellville," a book which contains much valuable information on health in relation to exercise and food selection. It supplies the housewife with seasonal menus and recipes for preparing many delicious dishes. A copy will be sent to you on request. POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Dept. S.E.P. 4H 1226, Battle Creek, Michigan.

© P. C. Co., 1926

Postum Cereal Company Products include: Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal and Instant Postum—also Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, E., Toronto, 2, Ontario.

health wins again!



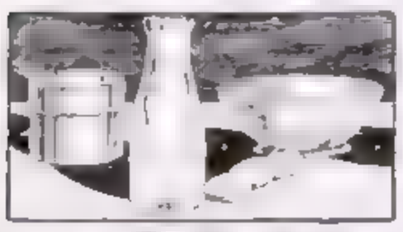
## A Close Shave

AT LAST the crucial moment had arrived! Barry knew the frail little woman was innocent, but the evidence of nine witnesses made victory an almost superhuman task. The lawyer knew that to win this case would require every ounce of strength at his command.

Thus, as is invariably the case in all of life's battles, victory was the fruit of clean living and rugged health. In the professions, on the fields of sports, in business, and in the home, victory goes to the strong — those fit, mentally and physically.

You can become fit and *keep* fit by proper eating and healthful living. By all means, include in your diet plenty of pure, fresh, bottled milk, for fresh, rich milk is the greatest health food in the world. Authorities say drink bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too. Milk bottled by your dairyman, in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles, is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the trade-mark on every bottle.

*Thatcher Manufacturing Co.*
Elmira, N. Y.



*Always use bottled milk in cooking. Fresh, rich bottled milk imparts to foods that savory, healthful richness all good cooks demand.*

THATCHER
BOTTLES *for* MILK
A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health


# BREADED WATERS

(Continued from Page 15)

old eyes pursued her with a glint of comprehending sympathy.

"Got a best feller already, hey?" he said. "Hope he's good enough for her, Mary."

"Sh-h-h!" Mrs. Dillahay's glance moved apprehensively to the door, but her moment of alarm did small justice to Irene's guest.

Mr. Rodman Elwood's admirable poise implied a praiseworthy desire on his part to put others equally at ease. It was an attitude that could not have been wholly inspired by his exceedingly sophisticated Tuxedo or his glistening shoes of patent leather; his manner, obviously going deeper than mere habiliments, seemed to protest, with a friendly insistence, that he was really no better than anyone else; that you must forget about his importance and persuade yourself to meet him upon a social level as near as possible to equality.

The manner followed him into the room, carried him splendidly through the introduction of Uncle Wilmer, and wreathed his movements like a perfume as he greeted the belated, clattering arrival of Junior and accompanied the family to the dining room. He assisted both ladies to their seats and settled down himself with a visible determination to show that Mr. Rodman Elwood could enter blithely and graciously into any circle, however alien to his habit, without abating by jot or tittle the correct perfection of his own comportment.

There was in Uncle Wilmer's demeanor no recognition of the condescensions he inspired. Manifestly he regarded mealtime as an opportunity for eating; he embraced this one straightforwardly, the efficiency of his procedure uncorrupted by the artificialities of purely formal etiquette.

There was nothing gross, there was even something approaching daintiness, in his prandial idiosyncrasies—a natural courtesy somehow suggesting that Uncle Wilmer, himself above reproach in these respects, had no quarrel with those who preferred to cool their coffee in the cup, and whose consumption of peas was not simplified by a troweled mortar of mashed potatoes. He displayed the appreciation of the ideal dinner guest in his quiet relish of what was set before him and the apologetic tact with which he declined stewed tomatoes, the one dish he elected not to share.

"Like 'em, Mary, but they don't like me," he explained with his vague smile. "They don't lay easy on my stummick."

His thoughtful consideration of others was displayed when, having dropped his fork, he hastily scraped back his chair and fished diligently among assorted feet until he found it. Overruling Mrs. Dillahay's instruction to Susabelle, he scoured the implement with his folded napkin.

"No need to act like I was comp'ny," he explained genially. "Don't want you sh'd go making extry work for the hired girl on account o' me."

The hunted look reappeared in Irene's youthful countenance. It acquired a definite bitterness when Susabelle, setting down the plebeian dessert of pineapple, glanced with unmistakable defiance at the late advocate of the more patrician floating island. It endured until, withdrawing from the field of her defeat, she beheld Uncle Wilmer in the act of following Susabelle through the swinging door to the kitchen. Relief was in Irene's face and voice as she led Mr. Elwood toward the apartment known in family nomenclature as the billiard room, an appellation thus far purely prophetic as to table, cues and balls.

Relief, too, hung upon the atmosphere in the living room, where between Mr. and Mrs. Dillahay there passed one of those glances which, in successful marriages, come to do duty in the stead of labored words. The husband, however, had recourse to speech in answer to his wife's ocular inquiry.

"No," he said, "that just means he's making himself at home. He's used to sitting in the kitchen, and the stove'll probably feel good after his trip too. Don't worry."

"I wasn't worrying." Mrs. Dillahay's glance in the direction of the billiard room slightly clouded the veracity of her statement. "I was just —— It's naturally a little trying for Irene. Children take things so seriously, and that boy ——"

Mr. Dillahay's face and tone became faintly hostile. "He can stand it if we can," he said. "That get-up of his would look just as funny up at the farm as Uncle Wilmer's collar button looks down here."

"The Elwoods," said Mrs. Dillahay, "are just the kind of people we want Irene to know, and if ——"

Junior, yellow-slickered, cap in hand, made his characteristically lusty entrance.

"Thought I'd take the car," he announced casually. He achieved a convincing half turn toward the door and paused. With unabashed, nicely shaded amusement over the timeliness of his recollection, he addressed his sire as one man of the world to another. "By the way, dad, I'm a little short. Could you ——"

In the act of withdrawing his hand from his trousers pocket Mr. Dillahay emerged from the hypnotic influence of that tone and manner. Simultaneously, several degrees of maturity seemed mysteriously to evaporate from the face and carriage of his son.

"Did you bring in the wood today?"

An expression of pained but patient reproach flickered across Junior's face, as if to deplore the bad taste which could intrude such a topic upon a well-mannered conference between gentlemen.

"What?" he demanded. "In this rain?"

Mr. Dillahay became more parental. "I told you," he said heavily, "that you couldn't have the car unless you carried in the wood every day."

Junior's eyes widened with a look of hurt surprise. He pointed to the east windows, where rain splashed silvery streaks against black panes.

"You wouldn't expect me to cut wood in weather like that, would you?" he asked resentfully. "You wouldn't expect me to go out and catch my death of cold? I got a cold in my lungs now, and you wouldn't expect me to run the risk of ——"

He turned to examine with suspicion the wheedling smile with which Irene approached him.

"Junie, dear," she said, "it's awf'ly chilly out in the billiard room, and I thought I'd light a little fire in the grate. Would you mind getting a few scraps of wood before you go, please—just a few small sticks?"

During a moment of heavy silence Junior glared at her emotionally.

"You, too!" he said harshly. "Work! Work—that's all they want out of me around this house!" Again he pointed fiercely to the window. "I suppose you'd like me to go out in that kind of weather, too, wouldn't you? I suppose you don't know that's how people catch pneumonia. I suppose I don't slave at school all day ——"

Savagely he rebuffed Irene's gestured entreaty for a tone less oratorical.

"I suppose he couldn't get his own wood, could he? Oh, no! Make Junior get it!" His voice rose indignantly. "What kind of an egg is he, anyway, that he has to have wood to keep warm with? When I go calling on a girl you can bet your sweet life we don't need any wood to ——"

Mr. Dillahay's countenance gave him sudden pause. Mrs. Dillahay deftly poured oil on the subsiding seas. "I'm afraid the wood is too wet to burn, Irene," she suggested. "You'd better go back."

Precipitately Irene withdrew. Junior, retiring at discretion, delivered embittered soliloquy from the threshold.

"By gracious," he said, "I'd almost rather get the old wood than go through this rumpus every night of my life!"

Mr. and Mrs. Dillahay agreed, in another ocular communication, that well enough should be let alone. Always, in these affrays, a drawn issue was tantamount to victory, and by common consent neither spoke until Junior's retreat had carried him out of earshot and the possibility of renewed debate.

"You'd better go and get Uncle Wilmer out of that kitchen." Mrs. Dillahay tactfully introduced the new topic before her husband could comment on the late unpleasantness. "Susabelle makes such a fuss when Irene and I go out there, and he's ——"

Harrison Dillahay scowled. "I guess she can stand it if we can," he declared. Nevertheless his manner, as he obediently approached the swinging door, acquired a hint of caution. His face cleared to relief when, above the clatter of crockery, rich Ethiopian laughter floated to him. He gave ear to the climax of a narrative in the melodious tenor of Susabelle's happier intervals.

"'Nen I draw myself up an' look huh spang innuh eye an' say, 'Mis' Simpson, I wait onnuh table in houses wheh 'ey wouldn' leave no yellow trash like you is wash 'ey cloze!'"

"Want to know!" said Uncle Wilmer with admiring interest.

Soundlessly Mr. Dillahay withdrew. "Seems to like him," he reported in response to his wife's interrogating look. "She's been letting him help her with the dishes." Mrs. Dillahay considered briefly. "Well," she conceded, "if it makes him feel more at home I don't see any reason why we should interfere."

"Just what I was thinking," said her husband. "Little things like that will keep him from realizing that he's—he's a ——"

"—— a burden," said Mrs. Dillahay. "Yes, we must be very careful not to let him find that out."

*II*

AIDED by the June sun and a natural talent for cross-court placements Irene was inexorably reducing Mr. Rodman Elwood from graceful athletic aplomb to undignified and perspiring activity. His bearing had originally been that of a cultured sportsman who simply does not win from a lady; after the lady's zooming ace concluded her fifth straight game, however, his aspect dimly suggested a well-bred disapproval.

In the best circles, his expression implied, a lady should display a becoming moderation about beating a gentleman to a fuming froth.

He willingly interrupted the elaborate preliminary flourish of his serve in deference to a sudden distraction of Irene's attention.

His glance followed hers to the cart that creaked and clattered in the drive, a colored man in undershirt and overalls sharing a seat, upon a slatted crate, with a person already familiar to Mr. Elwood's condescending eye.

This person, as the wagon paused beside the court, descended stiffly over the wheel, and, with the tone and gesture of one who performs an introduction, invited attention to the animal attached by a rope halter to the tailboard of the cart.

"This is Becky," announced Uncle Wilmer.

Becky was definitely a low-comedy cow. One horn twisted at a burlesque angle; her eyes, travel-saddened, gazed warily upon a dubious world; her spine drooped in the melancholy sag of a laden hammock; and, as she dedicated the moment's halt to motions irresistibly suggestive of chewing gum, her charm and virtue were discernible only to an eye acutely udderwise.

(Continued on Page 50)

# *Are Husbands "human beings" ..... before breakfast?*

"It all depends upon the wife"—says this veteran husband

"Sometimes I just naturally wake up in a cantankerous mood. I'm no more human than a jackrabbit. And if you've headed a family very long—you know what I mean.

"But my wife doesn't get very much excited—she knows my weakness.

"Before I can get a comfortable start on a morning grouch, she just smiles and says, 'Pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup for breakfast'. And I'm human once more.

"That real maple flavor of Log Cabin not only permeates the pancakes—but my disposition as well."

### *Why millions prefer*

That permeating maple flavor is the secret of Log Cabin Syrup. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today. It has a melting maple flavor unlike any other syrup. A *permeating* maple flavor, that goes to the heart of a pancake or waffle.

This different flavor is due to the Log Cabin blend. The two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian—are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous Towle process. A 40-year-old secret.

*Log Cabin Maple Puff—a delicious dessert easy to make. One of the 4 Log Cabin toasted menus. We will gladly send you the 4 for 6c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing.*

*Log Cabin Fried Cake another delicious and economical dish when served with Log Cabin Syrup. One of the 4 ways to vary the menu. 6c in stamps brings them to you.*

### *Try at our risk*

Have pancakes or waffles with Log Cabin Syrup for breakfast tomorrow. If you do not find that Log Cabin Syrup has a permeating maple flavor—more delicious than any syrup you have ever tasted—then return unused portion of can to us by parcel post. We will refund you full price, including postage. Can we make a fairer offer?

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today. If he does not have it, send us his name. We will see that you are supplied at once. Try this test. You will be glad.

*Special offer: "24 ways to vary the menu." Write today for 24 new delightful Log Cabin recipes. Simply send 6 cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing.*

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minnesota Dept. 13
*The Center of North America*

*Towle's* **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

© 1926, L. C. P. Co.

*Tempered to diamond hardness— Blade built like an old fashioned razor!*

YOU can compare Ever-Ready shaves only to the shaves you've always wished were possible.

For Ever-Ready has the same business edge as the old-fashioned razor.

The blade is sturdy, staunch, substantial. It has the body and the "temper" to take and hold a microscopically keen edge. Rigidly reinforced with a solid steel backbone, it doesn't bend or wobble—it makes a clean sweep the first time over!

*Beards Bow to Ever-Ready Razors!*

Perfectly balanced, splendidly machined, the Ever-Ready Razor brings out your smiles as it takes off your beard. It's the finest razor you ever used. If your old Ever-Ready isn't giving you 100% satisfaction, our service department will replace it because you bought it with a 10-year guarantee. Send it to

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere*

**Ever-Ready Blades**

(Continued from Page 48)

"I thought"—Irene spoke with the voice of one who rallies from a slight concussion—"I thought you went home to sell her."

"Did," said Uncle Wilmer. His face darkened. "That there brother-in-law of mine starved her so's nobody'd gimme what she's wuth. Fetched her here so's I could fat her up some." He gestured largely toward the strip of grassland beyond the house. "Fetched along some young turkeys, too, while I was at it," he continued. "Ain't nothing like a cow and some poultry to make a place look like something."

"I suppose so." Irene's gaze moved from the dejected Becky to the cart, on which the undershirted negro had composed himself to grateful drowse. "You must be awf'ly tired, Uncle Wilmer. It's a frightfully long trip and you'd better ——"

"Took it easy," Uncle Wilmer reassured her. "Could've rode most o' the way in an automobile if I'd been a mind to. Run into that other young feller comes to see you so much—Malcolm Fergusson, I mean. Offered to give me a lift home in his gas buggy." His eyes warmed to roguishness. "'Tain't such a bad thing to have a pretty niece, some ways."

Irene turned abruptly to Mr. Elwood. "Let's finish the set," she said. "Shall we?"

She finished it with even more dispatch than had marked the earlier games and permitted her caller to depart, without remonstrance, in the low-hung runabout which, for once, she neglected to pursue with an impressed and reverent gaze.

Instead, approaching the front porch with the determined aspect of one resolved upon extreme measures, she witnessed the departure of the negligee darky, with whom Uncle Wilmer cordially had shaken hands. The screen door slammed behind her and her footfalls were as eloquent as her rubber heels permitted. She faced her mother, however, with the iced dignity appropriate to her years.

"I suppose you know what Uncle Wilmer's done now," she began. "I suppose you're going to take his side, as usual, and let him keep right on making us all ridiculous. As if it wasn't enough to bring home that—that menagerie, he teased me about Mal Fergusson right before Roddie! I think it's about time somebody else in this house got a little consideration, and if you and father don't do ——"

"Here's father now," said Mrs. Dillahay, and Irene whirled to confront him. He gave patient ear to the tale of her wrongs.

"I'm sorry," he said wearily as his daughter paused to breathe. "I know it's trying for you, Irene, but ——"

"Trying!" She ridiculed the feeble word. "Trying! To be teased about Mal Fergusson right in front of Rod Elwood!"

"I guess you'll survive it." Mr. Dillahay's patience gave signs of wearing thin. "Your mother and I have other things to worry us. I've explained over and over that Uncle Wilmer is going to have a home here as long as he lives, and by that I mean it's just as much his home as yours or mine. It isn't easy for you, I know, but it's a good deal harder for me—I have to pay the bills, and it was just about all I could do to make ends meet even before I had this extra mouth to feed."

Irene laughed briefly. "Well, in that case," she said, "perhaps you'll be more interested to know that you've got several more of them to feed now. If you don't mind my being insulted in front of my—my friends, you may possibly object to feeding a pack of turkeys and a cow that's been starved almost to death."

The thrust told. Mr. Dillahay's head jerked upward and his eye, of old habit, looked to his wife for corroboration and enlightenment. She nodded.

"He seems to have brought them back," she said, "instead of selling them."

Mr. Dillahay reflected. "I'll talk to him," he announced, moving doorward with decision. Irene, suddenly executing the about face of her sex, entered a plea for the defense.

"Don't, father. He's only going to keep them until they're fat enough to sell, and ——"

"Can't help it," said her father. "I'm glad to give him a home, but I'm not running an orphan asylum for livestock."

He found Uncle Wilmer in the dusk of the disused stable. From behind, somewhere, came the rhythmic sound of crunching jaws. The old man's attitude was gently apologetic.

"Wasn't no sense to sellin' her," he explained, "the way Lizzie's brother starved her. Figured you wouldn't have no objection to me fetchin' her home." His voice became shyly confidential. "Seems's if I couldn't get used to livin' without a cow someway. Right good comp'ny, a cow is, Harrison."

Mr. Dillahay's resolution wavered under the wistfulness of the old voice.

"Well," he said slowly, "if it'll make you feel more at home here ——"

"That's just it," said Uncle Wilmer eagerly. "Ain't nothin' like a good cow to make a man feel to home around a place. That there truck patch helped some, o' course, but it ain't what you could rightly call comp'ny. An' them turkeys, now ——"

He moved aside to exhibit them, already in possession of a long perch nailed across a corner of the barn.

"Didn't have the heart to leave 'em go," he confessed. "Lizzie set a lot o' store by turkeys. Kind o' reminded me o' her, these here ones did."

"I see." Dillahay nodded. "I guess we can afford to feed them, all right."

"Won't cost you a cent," said Uncle Wilmer quickly. "Turkeys'll live on grasshoppers, mostly—healthier f'r 'em to go huntin' their food. An' I c'n git enough hay out in that there lot to carry Becky clean through the winter. I'll pay you what it's wuth too."

Mr. Dillahay glanced at the tall shaggy growth in the meadow.

"Hay?" he said dubiously. "Is that stuff hay?"

"Will be, soon's I cut an' cure it," said Uncle Wilmer. "Mite weedy, maybe, but there's a sight o' first-rate timothy in it too. Wuth six-seven dollars to the acre, I judge, right as she stands."

"Well," said Dillahay, "if it'll make you feel any happier I don't mind."

He submitted, inattentively, to a personally conducted tour of the new truck garden which had provided Uncle Wilmer with innocent diversion. The fertilizer, seeds and implements hadn't cost very much, even by the standards which Mr. Dillahay was obliged to use in measuring expenses.

Besides, as his wife had pointed out, the garden kept Uncle Wilmer out of mischief—a phrase employed more or less jocularly by the good lady, but with an intonation which suggested to her husband that there was serious reflection behind it. An old man in faded overalls, engaged in weeding young onions or erecting a brush trellis for pea vines, was necessarily absent from the front porch and the lawns. Too, he was invisible, while thus occupied, to people who drove into the graveled drive or played tennis on the court before the house.

Absently Mr. Dillahay regarded the geometrical precision of the rows, distinct against chocolate loam. In his present mood he discovered a mild resentment. Uncle Wilmer meant well, of course, but he needn't have planned this plaything on quite such a magnificent scale. Again the thought of the bill for seeds and fertilizers scored a crease between Dillahay's brows. He sighed wearily as he took advantage of Uncle Wilmer's absorption in a precocious row of bush Limas to retreat soundlessly toward the house. Rejoining his wife he made answer to her ocular interrogation, a slight testiness in his tone.

"No," he said; "I thought he might as well keep his pets a while. They won't cost us much and they'll"—he used her own phrase—"they'll keep him out of mischief, like his garden."

Mrs. Dillahay smiled the discreet smile of vindicated forevision, but she spoke only to concur.

"Perhaps it's just as well," she said. "The garden doesn't seem to be enough. He's taken to following Francesco around and bothering him the way he did before. Francesco came in to complain about it this morning. He says he'll quit if Uncle Wilmer doesn't let him alone."

Mr. Dillahay frowned. "Let him quit," he snapped.

His wife lifted her eyebrows.

"But you know what a time we had finding somebody to look after the grounds," she protested. "Francesco ——"

"Francesco's a burglar," said Mr. Dillahay. "He was going to soak me sixty cents an hour for cutting the tall grass in the back lot, and he wanted me to pay for a truck to carry it away besides!"

"Well, but they all charge that much, don't they?"

"Not when they're getting first-rate timothy hay," said her husband. "I've been out looking at that lot. It's a mite weedy, but there's a sight of first-rate timothy in it too. Worth"—he wagged his head sagely—"worth six-seven dollars of any man's money to the acre, just as she stands."

Mrs. Dillahay's eyes widened. "Really? And nine times seven is—about sixty dollars, isn't it? That would buy those lawn chairs Irene wants."

"Can't," said Dillahay. "I told Uncle Wilmer he could have it for his cow."

His wife lifted a reproachful face. "I thought"—she spoke in sadness rather than wrath—"I thought you said it wouldn't cost anything to keep that awful animal, and now you're going to throw away sixty dollars' worth of ——"

"It can't be helped," said Mr. Dillahay. "I want Uncle Wilmer to feel absolutely at home here, and if he can't do it without a few pets, I guess I can manage to let him have 'em." He advanced, again, a quoted argument: "Keeps him out of mischief, too, if he's got something to play with."

His tone was that which, on his rare occasions of self-assertion, possessed the power of silencing even the dissent of higher authority, and Mrs. Dillahay tactfully gave way before it.

"That's so," she agreed thoughtfully. "I'm afraid it does get pretty dull for him sometimes. And if you're really going to discharge Francesco, perhaps ——"

"You bet I am! Charging me for ——" Mr. Dillahay's voice smoldered with his wrongs.

"Well, you know how Uncle Wilmer's always claiming Francesco doesn't know how to take care of the lawn. It just occurred to me that perhaps it's because he wants to run that grass cutter himself, and ——"

"I see." Dillahay nodded. "Yes, I shouldn't wonder." He reflected briefly. "Maybe it would amuse him to do some of those light jobs edge up the drive and ——"

"Yes, and play with the hose and ——"

"—— trim hedges," said Dillahay. "He's really awfully good at that, he says."

"Yes, and bring in the wood, perhaps, when autumn comes."

"No!" Her husband's voice drew an uncompromising line. "That's Junior's job and he's got to do it. It's not the wood so much, but the principle of the thing, Mary. Why, when I was that boy's age I was ——"

"Yes, dear, I know." She spoke, to be sure, with warmth and admiration, but, as usual when autobiographical comparisons impended, not wholly without haste. "You must remember, Harrison, that you were a most unusual boy, and there aren't many of that kind nowadays—not even Junior."

Before Mr. Dillahay could answer, Susabelle's voice melodiously proclaimed that dinnuh was all raidy. Her countenance gave to the announcement a ceremonial importance, justified, in due course, by a truly noble dish of floating island, of which young Malcolm Fergusson, present for the

(Continued on Page 55)

# SLAVES

*"The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation become almost impossible. Human slavery is wrong, insecure, and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends"*

*—Oscar Wilde*

In a quarter century the General Electric Company has produced electric motors having a total of more than 350,000,000 man-power. Electric light, heat, and transportation have also contributed their part to the freeing of men. These are America's slaves. Through their service American workers do more, earn more, and produce quality goods at lower cost than anywhere else in the world.

You will find this monogram on all kinds of electrical machinery. To insure quality, ask for it on the equipment you buy for your factory, office, or home.

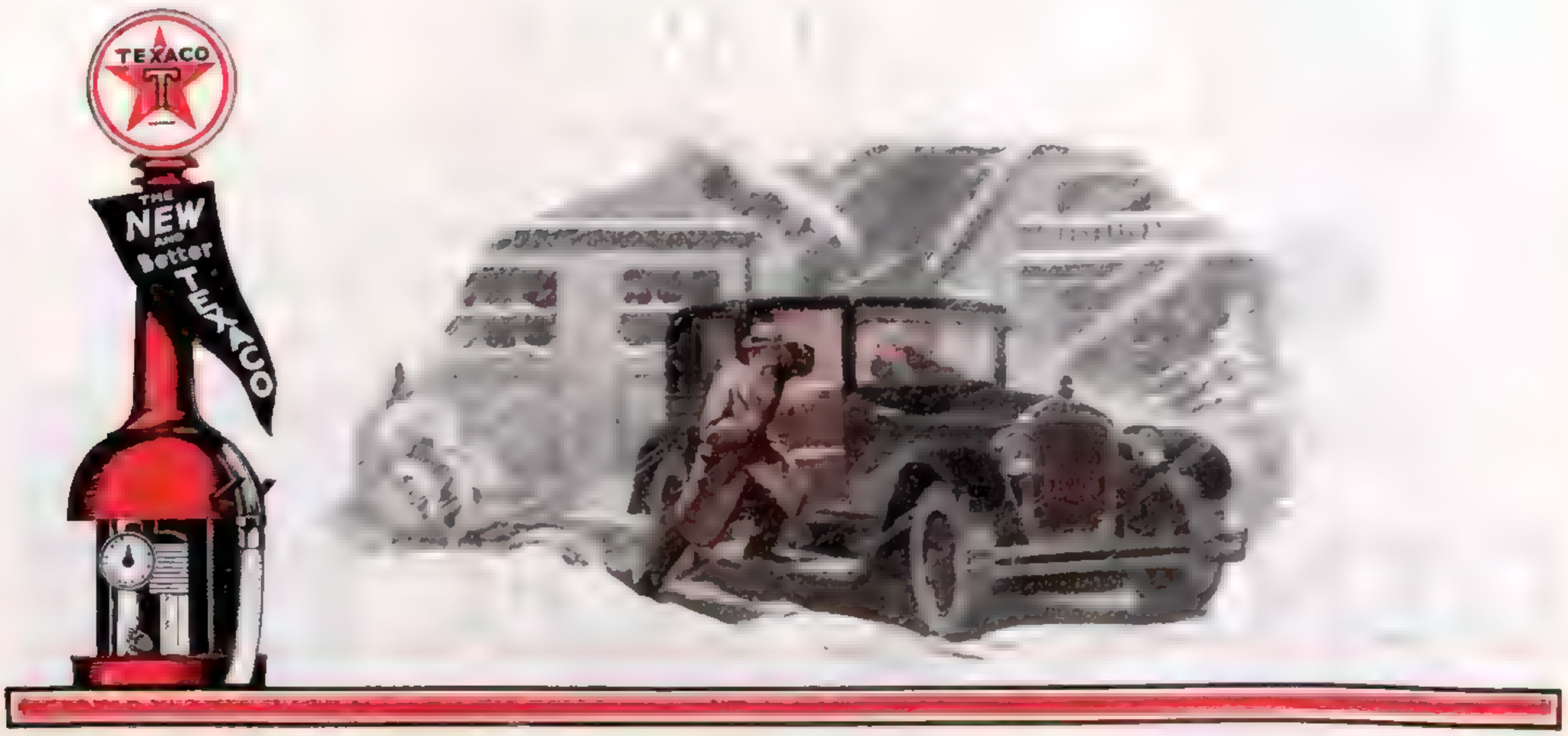
# GENERAL ELECTRIC

# What is "high test" gasoline?

A TRUE HIGH TEST GASOLINE is one that vaporizes instead of atomizes. That is the Texaco characteristic. It goes into the cylinders *dry*, ignites instantly, fires cleanly and burns completely.

A true high test gasoline has a *low* "initial boiling point," a *low* "end point" and *low* distillation temperatures at every stage between. That is the complete description of the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline.

It is a better fuel, for winter especially, because it starts quickly and gives a smoother flow of power while the engine is warming up.



# The *new* and *better* TEXACO is genuine high test gasoline

YOU can tell it the moment your foot goes down on the starter. Texaco responds at the first snap of the spark, and the quicker start is just the beginning.

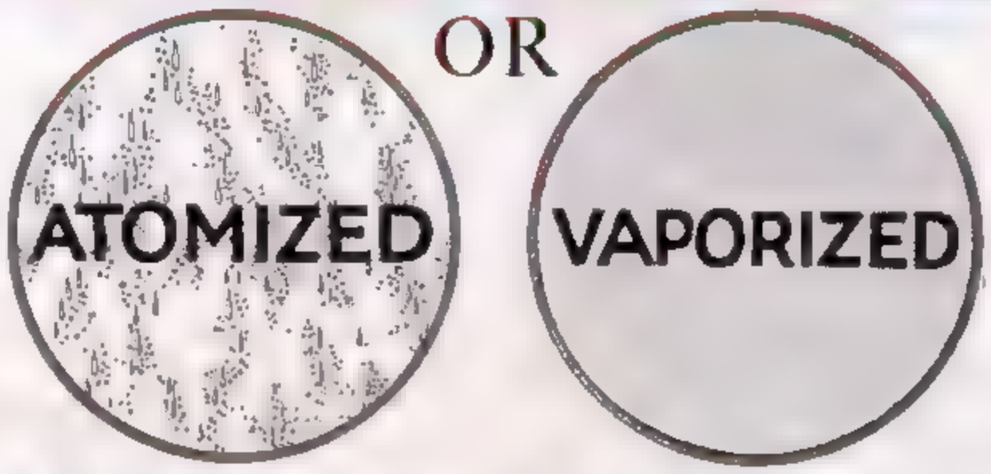
Noticeably smoother idling is inevitable; and then—*maximum acceleration*, no flooding; *smooth power*, no stalling; *even firing*, no missing; and *an entirely new and better winter mileage*. You will get more actual, measurable miles per gasoline gallon than you have ever had before.

These are the reasons a Texaco user need never change to a special fuel in winter. He knows Texaco by his observation of its action. Texaco is unadulterated gasoline—always uniform and pure—highly refined, highly volatile—a gasoline with remarkable anti-knock qualities, and no chemicals added. The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, from any Texaco pump, *is high test*.

## *The* NEW *and* BETTER TEXACO

### WET

*A wet gas, as it would appear in the manifold, is a mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid gasoline globules which form a wet film at the manifold bends and enrich certain cylinders at the expense of others.*




### DRY

*A dry gas, the new Texaco, vaporizes at a lower temperature than others on the market and forms a perfect dry motor fuel which distributes evenly and gives a smooth flow of power to every cylinder.*

## FORMS A DRY GAS

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A., *Texaco Petroleum Products*

# Great danger lies in partial brushing

*See that your tooth brush reaches every one of your teeth*

THIS tooth brush is a scientific instrument. No guesswork enters into its construction. It cleans teeth thoroughly. Skilled professional men for years studied the teeth and after experiments laid down certain requirements for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"Above all else," they said, "this brush must reach *every* tooth." So they curved the bristle surface to fit the curve of the teeth. They curved the handle so that you can get the brush far back into your mouth. And they put a tuft on the end of the brush to make the cleaning of back teeth as easy as possible.

*Your teeth are not flat. They curve—as your jaw curves. And that is the way your brush should curve. Otherwise it can't reach* ***all*** *your teeth. The first consideration in designing the Pro-phy-lac-tic was to produce a brush* ***that would reach all your teeth.***

*The Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches* **ALL** *your teeth as easily as it reaches one.* **PRICE 50c** *at all druggists'*

How carefully was your brush designed? What features has it that enable you to reach *all* your teeth? Can you afford to take a chance with your teeth when you could so easily be sure of giving them complete protection? See that your next brush is a Pro-phy-lac-tic and give your teeth the 100-per-cent cleansing that they need.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

*Made in America by Americans*

© 1926 P B Co.

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH TWICE A DAY, but—if you use the same brush each time, the bristles never get a chance to dry out. Our advice is to buy two Pro-phy-lac-tics at a time and use them alternately. Dry bristles not only last longer, but they give your teeth a more thorough brushing. This means money saved and cleaner teeth.

*Free: a booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Dept. 1Mt, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name . . . . . .

Address

City State . . .

(Continued from Page 50)

third time in four days as Irene's guest, ate vehemently.

The meal, indeed, smoothed some of the creases from the spirit of Harrison Dillahay himself. Later, visiting the pantry in quest of matches for his pipe, he overheard a snatch of conversation in the kitchen.

"Nemmine ca'yin' out 'em ashes, Unc' Woolmer. Reckon you feelin' mighty tiad tonight."

"Don't know when I felt better," said Uncle Wilmer. "Cheered me up, seein' Becky. Reckon I been kind o' homesick f'r her. Ain't nothin' like a good cow f'r comp'ny, Susabelle, unless maybe it's chickens." His voice warmed. "That was grand floatin' island you made tonight, but you'd ought to try it jest once with real fresh-laid eggs, 'stead o' them cold-storage ones they keep up to the groc'ry."

Noiselessly Mr. Dillahay withdrew, pursued by a prophetic conviction. Presently, he guessed, there would be yet other mouths to feed.

III

MR. DILLAHAY achieved an erect posture amid the litter of Sunday newspaper. He sighed vaguely at the significant expression with which his wife regarded him—a look in which he detected that baffling feminine bent for attacking an unpleasant duty promptly on schedule time. Mrs. Dillahay, he knew, detested as heartily as he this monthly casting up of household accounts. Indeed, the process must be even less agreeable to her than to him, her function in these conferences being chiefly one of explanation, apology and defense. Always, however, it was she who precipitated the interview, she who trespassed sturdily upon the somnolent placidity of his Sabbath afternoon with check book and rubber-banded sheaf of open-mouth envelopes that seemed to show unfriendly teeth.

"Forgot it was time for that," he said dishonestly. A crease scored itself between his eyebrows, and the parental counterpart of Irene's slightly hunted look displaced his aspect of drowsy and replete content. "Well, let's get it over."

He drew a chair up beside his wife's and reluctantly attacked the pile of bills. As usual the uppermost concerned themselves with trivial accounts and with debts contracted for his own purely personal behoof. With these were classified items attributable to Uncle Wilmer. Mrs. Dillahay, loyally refraining from more outspoken reminder, was still sufficiently human and female to take such means of disclaiming Uncle Wilmer as a family liability. Her husband scribbled a succession of petty checks.

"Suppose I really shouldn't have let Uncle Wilmer have that glass front built into his chicken coop, but—oh, well, the old fellow gets a lot of fun fooling around with those birds, and ——"

He left the sentence in the air; Mrs. Dillahay permitted it to remain there. The sound of wheels on the drive drew their glances to the window in time to acknowledge Irene's merry wave of farewell as she departed in the battered tin-pot runabout of young Mr. Malcolm Fergusson. Dillahay's face lightened a little.

"Seems to be pretty numerous around this place lately, that youngster does."

"I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Dillahay. "He's a very nice boy, and I like his people ever so much. They're our sort—I mean they're solid and real and not a bit new-rich like the—well, the Elwoods, for instance."

Dimly Mr. Dillahay recalled a different opinion concerning the Elwoods; but being engaged, at the moment, in writing a check for a new topcoat over which he still harbored a slight sense of guilt, he refrained from mentioning the matter.

The balance in the check book underwent its inevitable shrinkage and, in step with this process, Mr. Dillahay's mood darkened.

"We've got to cut down somewhere, Mary," he said. "I don't mean to criticize, but the way things stand at the office, and with winter coming on and ——"

"—— and Uncle Wilmer living with us," added his wife gently.

"Yes, that too." He nodded gloomily. "There's no sense trying to deny that he's—he's some expense, but that can't be helped. We've got to make up somewhere else, that's all."

"I've done my best, Harrison."

"I know that, of course." He glowered at a typed invoice. "Barrels? What under the sun do we want with six empty sugar barrels?"

"Uncle Wilmer got them," she said quietly. "I told him he could."

"But what for? And here's twelve dollars for lumber too."

"Yes, that was for the bin he wanted to build down in the cellar—don't you remember? And the barrels are for apples—he's set his heart on keeping them. He says he wouldn't feel at home without a few barrels of apples and bin of potatoes in the cellar. I didn't see any harm in humoring him."

"All right, all right." Dillahay's pen scratched with a suggestion of diminishing good humor. He was in the act of unfolding the long itemized bill from the grocer when shuffling steps drew his attention to the door behind him. Uncle Wilmer's face appeared above a huge armful of firewood.

"Figured a wood fire 'd feel kind o' good tonight," he explained. "These here apple limbs will burn first rate."

His nephew's countenance became affectionately stern. He waited, however, until the wood had been deposited in the basket beside the hearth and Uncle Wilmer had straightened the slight kink from his venerable spine.

"See here, Uncle Wilmer, we'd better have it understood once for all that there's just one thing around here that you're absolutely not allowed to do—I mean work."

"Shucks, Harrison!" began the old man. "Guess I'm spry enough to fetch in a few sticks o' firewood."

"It doesn't matter how spry you are," said Dillahay firmly. "I didn't bring you here to tire yourself out doing things like that. You've worked hard enough and long enough, and as long as you're in my house I want it absolutely understood that you're not to lift a finger, see? That's Junior's job, bringing in the wood, and it's all he has to do too."

"Natural f'r a boy to hate it, though," said Uncle Wilmer. "An' I'd jest as soon—I'd rather do it, Harrison. Makes me feel I ain't sech a burden on you an' Mary if I ——"

"I don't want to hear that word out of you again, either," interrupted Dillahay with kind severity. "You're here to take things easy, and we're both tickled to death to have you. It's all right to amuse yourself, if you want to, fooling around with chickens, and so on. But when it comes to work, you let it alone or you'll have a fight on your hands."

The old man grinned uncertainly. "Mighty good to me, both o' you," he said. "Don't know what I ever done to deserve it, nor how I can make out to thank you. Been real happy here, I have—made me feel like I was in my own house."

He shuffled away, and between Harrison Dillahay and his wife passed another married glance.

"That makes it worth while, I guess," said Dillahay softly. "I tell you, Mary, I've got a sort of superstition about—about such things. Maybe it's foolish, but I honestly believe that there's a—a ——"

"—— a blessing?" Mrs. Dillahay nodded thoughtfully. "I've had that very same feeling, Harrison, over and over again. Everything's gone better with us since he's been here. Do you realize it? I mean we seem to get along with Irene and Junior better than we used to. The whole house is more cheerful, somehow, and even Susabelle seems to feel it. She's been contented and respectful all summer."

"It's queer," said Dillahay. "There's no sense to it, of course. It's been another mouth to feed and a whole lot of expense for things to keep the poor old boy amused. And yet I've—I've felt less worried than I did last year. Business has been absolutely rotten, but ——"

"Oh, I've always believed there was a blessing on charity," Mrs. Dillahay put in soberly. "We'll manage somehow."

Dillahay resumed his pen. His brows gathered over the formidable grocery bill.

"Good heavens! Fifty pounds of sugar? What do we do with it?"

His wife looked apologetic. "That was for canning—it takes a frightful lot of sugar."

"And more work and nuisance. I thought we'd settled that long ago. I've explained that it doesn't pay to try to run a canning factory in the house."

"I know; but, you see, Uncle Wilmer ——" She hesitated. "It's not his fault, but he just can't bear to let things go to waste, and we did have a great many peaches. I couldn't hurt his feelings by explaining that it really wouldn't do for him to peddle them around among the neighbors."

"Let 'em spoil then! Fifty pounds of sugar—and just look at what those mason jars cost too!" Dillahay fingered another item.

"He just couldn't stand that, and I thought it would be better to let him have his way, especially as Susabelle didn't mind the extra work." She shook her head. "Let's not argue about it, Harrison. We've got to keep him happy, even if it does cost a little money now and then. Go on; it's getting late and the Fergussons are coming in for supper, you know."

Dillahay yielded. His pen rasped on the final check, and he glumly made the subtraction on the stub. Slowly, as he contemplated the figures of the balance, a puzzled look replaced the glower.

"That's funny," he said. "Are you sure you've got all the bills here, Mary?"

"Of course. Why?" She leaned to look at the page. "What's wrong?"

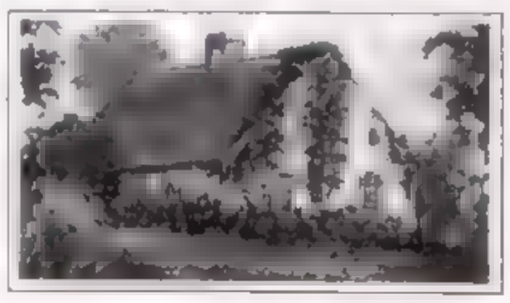
"Something, somewhere." Dillahay's pen tapped the figures. "In spite of all these extra expenses, it's cost us pretty near a hundred dollars less this month than it ever did before. I don't see how it could happen, unless you've lost some of the bills."

"I haven't." She spoke positively. "They're all here." Her face grew thoughtful. "It must be just the—just that blessing we were talking about. I really believe that there's something miraculous about being good to poor old people—you know—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and—and ——' How does it go?"

Dillahay, impressed against his uncompromising common sense, allowed a doubtful glance to stray through the window to the trimmed velvet of the lawn. Francesco had never managed to make it look like that, but Uncle Wilmer found in pampering and petting it an innocent beguilement of the leisure to which he had with difficulty resigned himself. Across the lawn a majestic gobbler bore his regal wattles imposingly toward the barn, and Dillahay thought comfortably of Thanksgiving Day, to which this last survivor of Uncle Wilmer's little flock stood consecrated. Athwart his field of vision came the old man himself, a shining pail pendent from his elbow as he moved blithely toward the railed pen, whence Becky's voice was lifted in her evening song of welcome.

Abruptly Harrison Dillahay abandoned his groping quest for verbatim accuracy of quotation.

"And maybe it'll come floating back to you some day," he paraphrased contentedly, "on milk!"




# Save Fuel!

## Speed up steam heat and secure continuous heating comfort

EVEN a beautiful house is not a home unless it is adequately and economically heated. With Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves you can have just the right temperature of radiator heat to meet outside weather conditions. You can have this comfortable heating and save money at the same time.

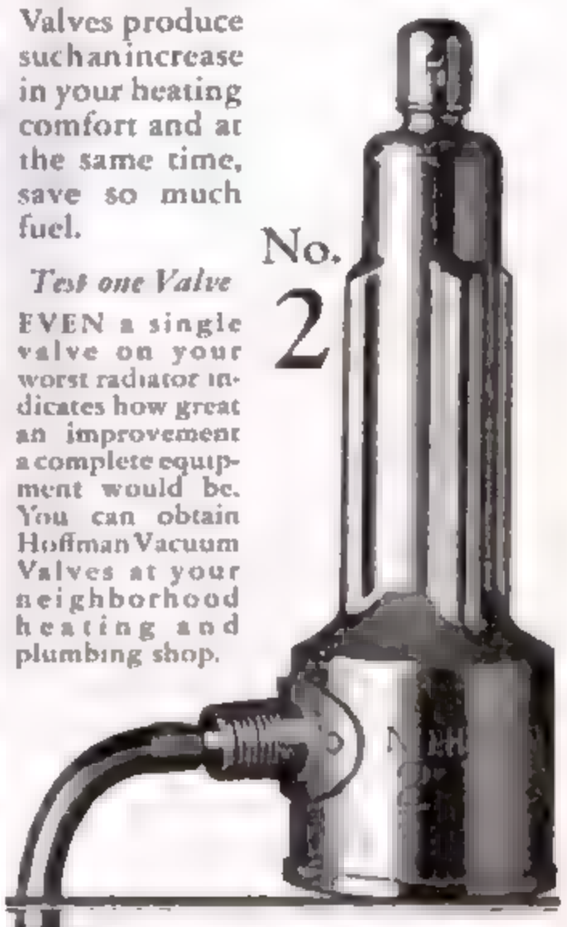
Hoffman Vacuum Valves make a remarkable improvement on any one-pipe steam system because they keep out The Heat Thief—AIR. This means quicker heat in radiators. And they will hold their heat much longer after fires are banked.

Furthermore, these advantages can be secured at a saving of one-third of your previous fire costs.

The coupon below will bring you an intensely interesting book explaining in simple words why Hoffman Vacuum Valves produce such an increase in your heating comfort and at the same time, save so much fuel.

*Test one Valve*

EVEN a single valve on your worst radiator indicates how great an improvement a complete equipment would be. You can obtain Hoffman Vacuum Valves at your neighborhood heating and plumbing shop.




HOFFMAN VACUUM VALVES

LOCK OUT THE HEAT THIEF-AIR

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Dept. 012, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

The house I occupy has steam heat. Send me the booklet, "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief."

Name

Street

City State

*The Graybar quality tag—under which 60,000 electrical supplies are shipped. A mark of reliability.*

# BRANDED!

The branding iron of the Western range offers a useful means of identification. In the field of electrical supplies it finds its counterpart in the shape of the Graybar tag, which identifies 60,000 electrical items as dependable.

Whether it's a clothes washer, a motor, a coil of wire or anything else electrical for the office, factory, store or home, look for the Graybar shipping tag as your guarantee of sterling quality and reliable service.

Graybar wholesale distributing houses cover the country and serve it from 59 cities—how well we serve it, our very growth from small beginnings is itself the surest indication.

*Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: 100 East 42nd Street, New York City*

# THE SILVER CORD

(Continued from Page 21)

to his individual pocket. That's what I call illicit graft—illicit and nonproductive."

Mr. Frazier leaned forward, little drops of sweat forming on his forehead. "Do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"No, but I can tell you how to prove it."

"How?"

"Don't sign, persuade Mr. Treadle not to sign, and tell Vosges that if he signs you'll expose his prison record. Do that, and you'll find out in about forty-eight hours whether I'm right or not."

"Vosges' prison record!" exclaimed Mr. Frazier. "Do you think I'm mad enough to say a thing like that when I haven't ——"

"Here it is," interrupted Harrington. He drew an official slip, closely typewritten, from his pocket and handed it to his employer.

Mr. Frazier sat for a long time staring down at the paper, and finally returned it without reading more than the heading. "I believe every word you say, Harrington, and I'll act accordingly. To think of anyone trying that sort of thing on me and on a man like Treadle! The old fellow would stop eating and die, once he got an idea he was party to a steal. This comes near me. I haven't had such a body blow since the day Harry Jones—a boy I had watched grow—killed Julian Detwetter."

"He didn't kill him."

"Oh, yes; I'd forgotten. I suppose you'll prove that, too, if we give you time."

"I'd like to."

"You know, I'm not a drinking man, but I'd give a hundred dollars for a shot of genuine rye."

"You need it, and I'll get it for you for nothing," said Harrington promptly.

"Where?" asked Mr. Frazier dryly. "Real stuff –the way it used to be. I've got one bottle up at the house, but ——"

"From Brosnahan," interrupted Harrington. "He's got two kegs that were moldy before the war."

They caught each other's eye, stared, and presently began to laugh. "By Jove, that laugh has set me up!" said Mr. Frazier, wiping his eyes and his forehead. "It's set me up so high I won't need the help of his whisky to bowl him over."

"Don't be too sure, Mr. Frazier. As your assistant, and in the pay of this bank, I think I ought to warn you that you're on the verge of a fight that's going to lift this town by the neck and shake it till its teeth fall out. Think it over. If you decide that peace weighs more than letting Brosnahan hog his melon, I'd be the last man in the world to say you were wrong."

"What do you take me for, Harrington? I won't slap back by asking what you would do in my place, because I know. You see, you weren't born in Leaming, and I was, so there's just a chance that you really think I have a choice. But I haven't. I made my choice years ago, when I decided that I'd stay here till I die, because this town is just small enough for a few decent people to keep clean. If you felt about it the way I do, you'd know how grateful I am for what you've done."

"That's great, Mr. Frazier. We're going to be hit below and above the belt, and from four sides at once, but there's nothing to worry about. No matter what happens, no matter what turns up, just step off a mile in your mind, look back, and you'll see you can lick the stuffing out of it."

Five hours later Mr. Joe Smith, who had been taking the longest unauthorized holiday of his entire career, wired his immediate superior: "Stop your whimpering. Ball is now being played."

### XVIII

THE run on the State Street National began on the second Tuesday in May, 1922, at about five minutes to nine, with the opening of the morning mail, when a letter, apparently delayed, gave notice that checks had been issued for the withdrawal of half the state funds on deposit. As it was a favored bank in respect of such deposits, it happened to have at the moment considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars to the credit of the state. Though the possible presentation of checks for so large a proportion in a single day was decidedly unusual, nobody paid special attention to it except to warn Temple to have the necessary cash handy in case of need. If anyone had added the remark, "Tom, I think there's going to be a run on this bank today," Temple would have thought it an excellent and original joke.

The general public knows about as little of the mechanism of banking as it does about the buried cogwheels that do the actual heavy work in politics. The State Street National was as sound an institution as any in the country, but it kept an average of only a hundred and fifty thousand of legal tender in its vaults. Long years and many crises had proved that to keep more would constitute a waste. In addition, it was a bank of issue and had placed with the United States Treasury sufficient securities to entitle it to put out its own bank notes to the extent of two hundred thousand more.

Ordinarily these bills were kept pretty fully in circulation and were to that extent not an asset. They came from the Government in sheets of four, arranged as follows: Four five-dollar bills to a sheet, or three tens and one twenty, or three fifties and one one hundred. Before they could pass current they had to be signed by the head cashier and the president, and cut apart with ordinary office shears. On an average, the bank was credited with from four to five thousand dollars of its own mutilated or soiled paper each week and issued a corresponding sum. On the day in question it happened to have available in rough form eleven thousand dollars, mostly in the five-dollar denomination.

Back of its own defenses were the towering bulwarks of the Federal Reserve. In case of need or panic, all it had to do was to call up the nearest reserve bank, inform it that collateral was on the way, and immediately currency would be dispatched to its aid. If forwarded by train the reserve bank would pay all expenses of insurance and carriage; if sent by motor the receiving bank paid for the car. Such being the case, it can be understood why nobody attached any special importance to the large withdrawal of state funds. A run on a sound bank had not only lost its ancient terror; it had become a joke.

When the doors were opened for business on this hectic Tuesday in May, the bank had immediately available one hundred and twenty thousand in currency, twelve thousand in silver specie and about five in gold; it had also the eleven thousand of unissued bills—a sum total of a hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars. By half-past ten o'clock three out-of-town contractors had presented in person the checks for fifty-two thousand of state funds, and they were no sooner gone than Brosnahan appeared, accompanied by Ewing, the secretary of the local organization, and withdrew its entire deposit.

This latter development did not seem to Temple worth mentioning, as he had already heard the rumors with which the town had been seething for two nights and a day to the effect that a battle was on between John Frazier and Brosnahan. But he was distinctly puzzled at the call for state funds across the counter. The usual thing would have been to pass the checks through the metropolitan clearing house against credits held in New York, whereupon the State Street National would have had merely to replace its reserves. That three contractors should have taken the trouble to motor all the way from the state capital just to get the feel of real money seemed fishy, to say the least.

He was still pondering when Bill Cosgrave, scowling, appeared before his wicket and muttered, "I wonder what he meant."

"Who meant what?"

"Ben Brosnahan. Besides the usual riffraff, there are half a dozen storekeepers loafing on the pavement outside, Tom, instead of behind their counters. Tod Ewing came out, counting a wad of bills, and Ben was with him. He said, 'Well, boys, we were in time.'"

Temple scowled also; then his brow suddenly cleared. "The yellow sniper! Could any of them keep from laughing?"

"Nobody laughed."

Temple started out of his cage toward Mr. Frazier's office, but was delayed for a moment by Miss Walker. As he was about to go on, a glance over his shoulder showed him that a line, sprung up from nowhere, was forming at Philip Detwetter's wicket, while Henry Rivers, the receiving teller, had nothing to do. He turned back, went to Henry and said casually, "Get to Mr. Frazier at once but without hurrying, Henry. Ask him to come out and stand around the bank for a few minutes."

Rivers happened to be chewing gum. His expression never changed, nor did the rhythm of his jaws. "All right. You'd better pop back into your cage."

Philip Detwetter cast a black look at Temple. "Why don't you have a hammock brought in so you can take your rest lying down?"

"I'm with you, Phil," said Temple pleasantly, as he went back to his counter and threw up the glass in his wicket. "Half the procession this way, please."

For the moment there was only one thing to do—pay that line off faster than it could gather. If once newcomers found no crowd ahead of them, there could at least be no excitement. Later on, if it came to stalling, which was as yet unthinkable, he would know how to stall. Minutes seemed to shrink to seconds as the money in his drawer began to melt away. He could feel Mr. Frazier behind him, walking around casually, and as casually taking the daily ledger away from Elias Trumbull. He must be running his eye down the right-hand headings, totaling up the total with which the bank had started the day. Temple glanced down at a penciled slip beside his hand and murmured to Philip Detwetter, "Keep track of your outs, Phil."

"Eighty-five hundred to date," snapped Detwetter, "and now it's an even ninety."

Temple jotted down the figure on his slip, but could not get time to add the different items before Mr. Frazier stepped into the cage, nodded pleasantly to the few customers still in line, glanced down, and without saying a word, did the sum in his head.

"You're doing a rushing business, Tom; but as soon as you get rid of these friends put Henry on your desk and come into my office. I want to have a chat with you."

Everyone heard what he said. He wandered over to Rivers and nodded toward Temple's cage. "Relieve Tom for a while, Henry. Slow but sure is your motto."

"I've got you," said Rivers placidly, and went to stand where he could look over Temple's shoulder. A moment later he had assumed the desk and behind his immobile face was having the time of his life. "Hello, Bert. Four hundred and twenty, eh? Every cent you've got, I'll bet. Let me see; you're a good bit older than I am. Let's say you've been saving up at the rate of ten dollars a year. You're quite right to slow down." Or it was "Hello, Aleck. What's yours? Gee, Aleck, all that, eh? Have the newsboys promised to let you into their crap game, or is it marbles? Run along now; don't block the gangway."

In the meantime Temple was seated at a table in the corner of the private office, signing his name several hundred times as fast as his pen could travel, and passing each sheet as it was finished to Mr. Frazier, who also signed. A scared stenographer was cutting the sheets into four equal strips, and Miss Walker, assisted by the phlegmatic little telephone girl, was piling the notes according to denominations and ticketing them in hundreds and thousands.

"This is going to be a mere drop in the bucket," said Mr. Frazier. "Get a report on that New York call, Miss Walker. Do it yourself."

There was no pause in the scratching of the two pens. "She says she will call us," murmured Miss Walker apologetically, and hung up the receiver.

"What about the Cayuga Title and Trust, or the Second National, or the Genesee Mechanics?" asked Temple as he wrote.

"It's our lightning," said Frazier, speaking through compressed lips, "and we'll use our own lightning rod. They know what's up, and if they don't help it's because they don't care or don't want to." The phone rang and he snatched it up.

"What? You, mother? Please stay off this phone. I'm expecting a call from New York. No, I won't be home to lunch."

He hung up. No sooner had he turned than there came another ring. His face flushed red as he picked up the receiver. "Didn't I? Oh, I beg your pardon. Federal Reserve? Give me Mr. C. D. Brown." There was a pause. "Brown? This is Frazier, Leaming State Street National. We are being raided. No, it isn't a run; it's a deliberate raid owing to a political fight. The object is to rush us off our feet and pin the shame on us of having to close our doors. Local aid is out. I leave it to you to get five hundred thousand up here the quickest way you can, and I warn you that the roads aren't safe for anything less than an armored, hard-tired car. Thanks. I must hang up now."

A few minutes later Midge Frazier entered the room, closed the door and stood with her back to it, staring at the extraordinary scene. "What is it?" she asked. "A paper-doll party?"

"Sit down, Midge," ordered Mr. Frazier, without looking up from his writing. "I'll want to see you as soon as we're through with this."

"What's all the gang outside?" asked Midge, but nobody answered. "Mother wants to know why you won't come to lunch."

"That's the last," gasped Temple, "and I'm going back. By the way, where's Mr. Harrington?"

"He ought to be in at any moment," said Mr. Frazier. "I sent him out."

Temple left the room. As soon as the last of the notes was ready Miss Walker was instructed to divide them equally between the two cashiers. As she went out, accompanied by the unmoved telephone girl and the frightened stenographer, Frazier turned to his daughter. "Midge, there's a run on the bank engineered by Brosnahan and his following. He doesn't think he can really break us; but if he can force us to shut our doors before help arrives, I'll never be able to hold up my head again." Harrington opened the door, saw the two and started to withdraw, but Mr. Frazier called out to him, "Come in. There's nothing especially private. In fact, I think we'd both like a witness."

"To what?" asked Harrington, looking at Midge. "Unless it's important, Mr. Frazier, I think you had better let me get outside at once. I had no idea ——"

"It is important," interrupted Mr. Frazier. "The bank started the day with a hundred and forty-eight thousand. Half an hour ago that had been reduced to seventy-one, and at this minute we can't have much over fifty thousand left. That's why I wanted to talk to you, Midge. You've got twenty-four thousand of your grandmother's—I mean of your own money—in Liberty Bonds. Get them out and sell them at once. Mr. Harrington will

go with you and tell you exactly what to do. Your best chance is at the Cayuga Title and Trust."

To the amazement of both men, Midge turned as white as paper. "I can't do it," she said, speaking rather thickly.

"Why not?" cried Mr. Frazier. "Oh, perhaps you don't want to trade on acquaintanceship at the Cayuga. Is that it?"

"No."

"Why is it then?"

"I just can't, that's all."

"Midge," asked Mr. Frazier, his cheeks turning a dull red, "is there a sneaking idea in your mind that this institution is broke and that it won't be able to repay you?"

"Take that back!" cried Midge, her eyes blazing.

"I do, my dear girl," said Frazier quickly. "I'm under a terrific strain or I wouldn't have made such a blunder." He smiled his slow smile. "At the worst, I thought you might be saving it so that I and your mother might have something to live on."

"No, no!" cried Midge, turning harassed eyes on Harrington.

He looked at her steadily. "Try the truth," he suggested. "Just tell your father why you can't. I promise you it will be easy."

"It's because I haven't a Liberty Bond to my name," blurted Midge in a single breath. "Not one."

Mr. Frazier half rose out of his chair. "You say ——" His voice changed from gasping wonder to rasping inquiry. "If that's so what's become of them?"

"One minute, sir," said Harrington. "That's the sort of thing that makes people hate to tell the truth. You've had a complete answer to your original question and you promptly think you're the Spanish Inquisition. Since they are gone, it doesn't make the slightest difference what has become of Miss Frazier's bonds, and if she'll take my advice she'll go home and stay there until we have cleaned up a man's job."

"Excuse me, Mr. Harrington," began Mr. Frazier in a voice that suggested ice.

"Don't say it," interrupted Harrington. "Don't fire me for an hour, and I'll guarantee that the State Street National will end the banking day with more cash than it started with. Will you wait that long?"

Mr. Frazier threw out his hands. "If you succeed in performing one more miracle, Harrington, the president of this institution will become a figurehead."

When Midge opened the door on the main banking room, a veritable hubbub struck her in the face, poured over her and went on to shake her father visibly. She hesitated only for a second, staring at the unknown faces of people she had known all her life. All who were inside the counters were wearing drawn, whitewashed masks, never before seen. Every man outside the barrier, as well as a scattering of screaming women, had on a universal face—red, angry, bug-eyed, vociferating. She slipped to the left, climbed on a writing stool and sat facing the mob. One man had scrambled on top the radiator and was holding up one of the new notes on which the ink of the signature was scarcely dry.

"Read it!" he bellowed. "Read it! 'The Leaming State Street National Bank will pay to the bearer on demand ten dollars.' It's a lie! They can't pay! I say it's a phony note! They're making their own money. To hell with the note!" He crumpled it into a ball and hurled it over the barrier.

"That's right, you big boob!" shouted Rivers mockingly. "Throw away your money without reading the other side. You ought to hire out in little pieces to feed your own sows. Pay them in gold, Tom. Let's let them stand while we pay them all in gold."

"Henry Rivers is a good man," said Mr. Frazier. "I never knew before today quite how good. Do you know how long it takes to count out several thousand in gold? It takes as long as you want it to."

"All right," said Harrington, "let's say it takes half an hour. In the meantime, will you please see that Rivers gets back to the receiving window? I'm going to start a run on the rest of the banks in town."

As he shouldered his way through the crowd packed in the doorway, he saw Bill Cosgrave standing on the curb, an interested spectator. He caught him by the elbow and whirled him around. "Want to see some real fun?"

"Sure, Mr. Harrington. I thought you had forgotten me."

"Not on your life. You're Bill Cosgrave, the first friend I had in Leaming. Come along."

They crossed at once to the hotel, and Harrington left Cosgrave with the desk clerk while he himself went to find the manager.

"Do you remember me, Mr. Ellis?"

"Of course, Mr. Harrington. Glad to ——"

"One minute. How much money have you in the safe?"

"Not over eight hundred. Why?"

"I want it for an hour or two," said Harrington. "Either that or my friend Cosgrave and I will take Room 29—take it and hold it."

Mr. Ellis thought for a moment. "Will you sign for the money, or is this a plain stick-up?"

"I'll sign for it and deposit it to the credit of the Tilman House. The difference between you and me is that I'm not afraid to trust you."

A moment later Cosgrave's eyes grew wide as he heard the manager order the cashier to hand Harrington seven hundred and fifty dollars in exchange for a yellow slip. From the hotel they turned up State Street, and almost the first man they saw was Vosges, of the board of commissioners.

"Run over and deposit this seven hundred and fifty to the credit of the Tilman House, and then come back and watch me. Do you mind?"

Cosgrave snatched the money and was gone. Harrington went ahead, met Vosges and took him by the hand. "Well, Eckstone," he murmured, "or was it Eckstein?"

Vosges turned pale, but met Harrington's eyes squarely. "So Mr. Frazier has welshed on me," he said in a dull voice.

"No, he hasn't," said Harrington quickly. "I was the one who told him what to say to you to clinch your vote. Vosges, believe me or not, I like you."

"Lots of good that will do now."

"It does this much good—that you have a better chance from now on than you ever had before in your life. Mr. Frazier isn't the kind to squeal, nor am I, but you'll have to come with us all the way. How much money have you on deposit at the Mechanics?"

"Seven thousand, but I can make them give me ten more whether they like it or not."

"Vosges, will you promise me to deposit seven thousand in cash at the State Street National within twenty minutes?"

"What do I get for it?"

"Two friends."

"It's cheap at the price the way I'm feeling today. I'd rather bank there, anyway, run or no run. I'll do it, and I'll make it seventeen." He started to trot, but his gait was so like a soundless, stationary shuffle that Cosgrave, coming out in time to see him, burst out laughing. "Where did he think he was going?" he asked when he caught up to Harrington.

"To transfer his account to the State Street National," said Harrington. "He's all right, Bill, and never forget I said it."

"Say, if you're going to call me Bill, what am I going to call you?"

"Harry," said Harrington instantly. "It's my nickname—short for Harrington."

A block farther on they saw coming toward them a man whom Cosgrave hated above all others without ever giving the same reason twice. "Do you see the graveyard coming our way, Harry? I don't like him. Some days I don't like him because he's too tall and sometimes it's because he's too short. He's rotten from the outside in. Let's cross over. I tell you if smallpox lit on that man it would jump the next house and lot with fright."

"You've said only half of it," said Harrington, his eyes lighting up with a malicious glint. "Stay here while I talk to him." He went forward and met the man thirty paces away. "One minute, Mr. Robson"

"I don't know you," said Robson, lifting beady black eyes out of an oily sallow face. "Get out of my way or I'll spit on you."

"You think it would kill me, you filthy toad. Do you know who I am? I'm Harrington, the man sent up here by Delano & Dobbs. Do you want a week to get out of town? Don't stop to think except to remember that from today Brosnahan is down and out."

"I'll go," muttered Robson after an instantaneous pause, during which his eyes continued to ferret around inside Harrington's like a pair of weasels.

"The devil you will! It isn't so easy as that. Walk ahead of me to the Second National, clean out your account and put it in the State Street until tomorrow morning."

"The hell I will!"

"It will be hell for you all right if you don't. I won't send you to the pen—it would cost too much in money and time and decency. Do you know what I'll do? I'll run to the crowd down the street there and in ten minutes I'll bet there isn't a stitch of clothing left on your stinking black-and-blue body. Do you take me up? I almost hope you do."

"Oh, what's the difference? The State Street National is strong enough for me. Come on."

"You go ahead. I'll be near enough to hear you insist on having your whole balance in cash, and if you try to double, the man hunt will begin there and then. But I don't have to say it twice; you know I mean it."

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Robson took his place before Rivers' receiving window just as Vosges was turning away, carrying a brand-new pass book. Mr. Robson deposited fifty-two thousand dollars, and Harrington counted the money, not on the counter, but in Henry Rivers' face. He turned and went back to take a position against the front-door post. The first man to come along he let pass, but he leaned over and whispered in the second's ear, "Taking that money to Nellie, deacon?" The man stopped and gave him a stricken, haunted look. "It's all right, Mr. True," said Harrington quietly. "Just go back and deposit it. Tell the folks here what you're doing."

"This is all nonsense," shouted True, turning and forcing his way back against the tide. "The State Street National can pay all the fools there are in Leaming and still have enough left to lick the pants off Ben Brosnahan. Who was Brosnahan?"

For one second that lone cry was *lèse majesté*, a crime committed against a sovereign power; the next it was a slogan. The tide turned. The throng abandoned its universal face and became individual, human and hilarious. It milled around like a freshman-sophomore fight. The people headed for the door, faced about where they stood. The lines converging on the cashiers, who for some minutes had been joyfully paying out money as fast as they could count it, forgot their collective intention and broke up, but insisted on staying to see the fun. It took Mr. True a full half hour to get to one of the three receivers' windows, where all the cashiers were now assisting as tellers.

In the meantime, over in the telegraph office, Mr. Joseph Smith was beginning the news story which was to make him famous from Park Row to the smallest home of a stick of type in the sagebrush—the story that began:

"I have just been living a page of the past. From two feet away and a thousand years off, I have been watching the impossible—an honest-to-goodness run on a sound American bank."

Two desks away, as far as he could get, another man was also writing a famous message, but it was addressed personally to D. T. Dobbs of Delano & Dobbs:

If you don't come yourself and lead your bull away from what's left of this pasture I'll know the reason why. BROSNAHAN.

### XIX

THE State Street National kept its side door open half an hour longer than usual for the convenience of departing depositors. When the last of them was gone Midge Frazier, who had not moved from the position of vantage she had taken upon leaving her father's private room, Temple, Mr. Frazier, Philip Detwetter, Harrington, Elias Trumbull, five clerks, four stenographers and the telephone girl, formed in a subconscious circle while Henry Rivers and Miss Walker executed the most solemn tango ever seen anywhere at any time.

This impromptu exhibition, born of impulse out of joy, was interrupted by the arrival of the messengers of the Federal Reserve with five hundred thousand dollars and a tale of almost as many troubles. They stored the cash and then took a turn at listening.

Harrington was the first to break away, followed soon afterward by Midge and her father, who started to walk home together. She felt that now the excitement of the day was over he would soon return to the matter of the Liberty Bonds she had once owned but now possessed no longer. Her grandmother on the Frazier side had left her twenty-five thousand dollars; she had spent a thousand, and in the fervor of war days had insisted in subscribing every cent of the remainder to the national loans. For fear her father would reopen the subject, she decided to distract him until she should have a chance to consult Harrington.

"Father," she began, "there's something about Mr. Harrington I think you ought to know."

"I'm not surprised. There are a lot of things about him I ought to know, and don't. When I'm away from him, reason does nothing but call me unpleasant names, and I begin to think I'll look into this or I'll ask him about that. Sometimes I actually do, and he speaks up in that straightforward way of his; but an hour later or the day after, I realize he didn't answer me at all. He's the most interesting human being I've ever met."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Midge, "because I'm going to marry him. That's what I thought you ought to know."

Mr. Frazier walked more and more slowly for several steps and finally came to a stop. "You're going to marry him, Midge?"

"He hasn't asked me yet, but I'm sure he's going to; and if he doesn't I'll ask him."

"I have no doubt you will if you feel like it," said Mr. Frazier, without betraying any inner commotion; "but before you do I hope you'll let me say a thing or two. One of them is that I like him tremendously, and if everything else is all right, you couldn't pick a man I'd rather see have you. That's one thing, but there are several others to be taken into consideration. Strangely enough, we don't know at all who he is."

"What difference does that make if we're sure of what he is?"

Mr. Frazier looked at her curiously but refrained from what would have seemed to him an obvious retort. The shades of Harry Jones and Julian Detwetter flanked him on both sides, but he called them to his aid only by indirection. "Snap marriages among people who know all about each other are risky enough," he said; "so are those which so often happen when a young man blows into a town with all the tags as to when, where and how he was born. There are times when the certain knowledge that he's the son of an honest washerwoman can be a positive relief. At least you know where you are. But with Harrington — Well, I don't think anyone has had the nerve to ask him where he was born simply

because he hasn't seen fit to volunteer the information."

"I asked him," said Midge.

"Did he answer?"

"Of course."

"What did he say?"

"In Haiti."

Mr. Frazier frowned. "Nothing short of what you have said, Midge, could drag out of me what I'm about to tell you." He paused.

"What is it?" asked Midge.

"I've had some letters—two, to be exact—during the past few days, hinting at the possibility—the faint possibility, Midge—of his having colored blood. That would explain a lot of mystery."

Midge stared wide-eyed at her father for a second, and then threw back her head and laughed. Harry Jones colored! Well, it must have come from far back indeed.

"Is that also a laughing matter to your surprising generation?" asked Mr. Frazier coldly.

"Let's go and take a look at Mr. Harrington," she suggested, "particularly at his lips, the half moons on his finger nails and the soles of his feet. Why do you read such absurd slanders?"

"A look at his father and mother is all I ask," said Mr. Frazier in the same chilly manner as they resumed their way. "Then there's the matter of how you're going to live. You'd scarcely care to move into the Jones house, would you?"

"Why not?" asked Midge, and bit her lip. "Oh, I know what you're thinking. That wouldn't stop me, father. I was born all over again on the day the bonds were found at the bank—the bonds you thought Harry Jones had stolen." Again she bit her lip and glanced quickly to right and left to avoid her father's eyes. They were almost in front of the Jones place and she looked longingly at the vine-clad veranda.

"That reminds me ——" began Mr. Frazier.

"Not now, father," said Midge hastily, and turned up the brick path.

"Midge!" he called in a low tone. "You can't do that sort of thing. Come back. I won't say a word more."

She kept on as if she had not heard and he continued on his way home, his head hanging in thought and his forehead creased. He was wondering if at his age he was being made a fool of by this young stranger, Harrington. Worker of miracles, asking nothing for himself and taking everything, open as the day and secret as the tomb! Smiling usurper and lavish dispenser of an unknown power! Gentle and ruthless in the same breath, wielding truth like a club, but facing it as though it were a feather duster! Here was reason shouting at the top of its voice, but the banker knew that the moment he found himself face to face with the target of his thoughts, his heart would say, "Forget all that; I like this boy."

He did not look back to see Midge turn from the Jones front door to run up the steps of the veranda, where Harrington, surprised, was starting to his feet.

"Don't get up," she said quickly. "Please don't. I want to talk to you."

"That's great, Midge. Sit down."

She half sat on the wooden arm of one of the cane chairs with her legs crossed from hip to ankle in a straight slant which made her seem much longer than she really was. "It's about those Liberty Bonds. I simply can't bear telling father, but I want to tell you. Not only that. There are several other things I've got to tell you. I'd like to start clean with James Harrington."

"Stop there, Midge," said Harrington, smiling up at her. "I don't think you have the slightest idea of how you look. Is there a full-length glass in your room?"

"Not exactly full-length. Why? Is there anything the matter with me?"

"There isn't one tiny thing I'd have changed, from your toes to the top of your head."

"Do you think I came here to listen to that sort of thing? You're talking to me as if I were a baby. Harry ——"

"I meant what I said," interrupted Harrington; "not one tiny thing I'd have changed, so don't change it. Be yourself, just as you've been; and 'be yourself' doesn't mean everybody's, as some people seem to think."

"What are you driving at?" asked Midge sharply.

"I've been teaching myself the road away from worry," he answered, "and here's the first mile. Never tell anything just because somebody wants you to. It's funny, but if you tell a thing, people are apt to judge you and it less accurately than if you'd never said a word."

"That's so," said Midge, after a pause. "We can't explain ourselves. But ——"

"But what?"

"When I was doing my best not to tell father, why did you say to me to try the truth?"

"Think back. It wasn't you I was trying to save; it was the bank. Every minute counted about then, so you had to do your share. But that's over, thank goodness, and I came back and was sitting here thinking about you—how much you're me, and how I love you, and how I've always loved you."

Midge slipped into the chair, caught her heels on its lowest rung, cupped her chin in her hands and stared straight at him as if daring him to go on.

"Twice in Haiti," he continued half dreamily, "I longed for you so that it ached,

# Under the Southern Sun

First the blossoms, then the fruit—mile upon mile—under the Southern sun.

People of the farm live to good purpose here, for soil and climate work with them. Fruit grows and ripens eagerly, and green vegetables sprout early and stay late—in the South.

The crops of Southern orchards fill a third of America's yearly fruit dish, and a quarter of our national vegetable supply comes from south of the Ohio and the Potomac.

Each year the demand for Southern fruit and vegetables grows—the national consumption of fruit increases about 14% a year, the population only 1¼%. And each year Southern farmers profit by satisfying the taste of an appreciative nation.

The Southern Railway System, in the year just passed, hauled 67,000 carloads of fresh fruits and vegetables.

*The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South*

PHOTO BY E. A. MCKINLEY

*An October Scene in the Adirondack Mountains*

SOUTHERN
RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE SOUTHERN . SERVES THE SOUTH

just to have you see one thing and do another with me. Once was on the top of a hill when I saw beauty for the first time as a fifth element, the mistress of the other four—a naked, terrifically impassive goddess, waited upon by earth, water, fire and air. Far away, and yet I could lay my hand on her warmth; forever unattainable, and yet I could breathe her as I breathe you."

He paused, and for a moment he, too, was far away. Midge sank back in the chair, her face pale, her eyes closed. "And the other time?" she murmured.

"The other time was a lot different. I was in the pebbly pool of a stream. I hadn't had my clothes off for eight stifling days. Think of flowing ice in the brazen desert and—and soap. I'm sorry, but I can't leave out the soap. Green, everything was green—a huge tunnel of filtered light. I lay on my back in the water and I saw that the trees were towers with leaves like umbrellas. I wondered what world I was in. And then I thought of you in another pool, gasping and yelling at me, had I seen this and look at that."

"Begin at the beginning," breathed Midge. "Tell me everything from the moment you left here until you got back."

He complied; he told her the story of his escape. He made her shrink from the horror of the face he had seen in the glass at Port-au-Prince. He painted the negro lawyer on the jetty, the colored woman who had led him into the hills, and explained why they were useless to James Harrington as witnesses. He made vivid his discovery of the Beard of God.

He told of his terrible illness and the miracle of his body's rebirth; then he made her teeth chatter as she saw with him the circle of eyeballs in the dark, studying opaquely the crude handiwork of Papa Loi, looking upon the pot before the glaze, watching a malformed man take on form. Finally he told her of the silver cord and of the birth and growth of the soul of James Harrington.

"So here I am, Midge, waiting for you to love me—me, myself, James Harrington, a man born on a mountainside in his thirtieth year to the knowledge that the individual is more important than the mass, else the mass is invisible; that every man has a right to his own horizon; that what you hold to your heart is the sum of all you've bought; and that if movement were life a walking stick would be a god."

Mr. Frazier's voice floated across the lawns: "Midge!"

She sprang to her feet as Harrington also arose, and called back, "I'm coming!" Then she looked around, startled to find that the dusk had stolen upon them. "I've been with you to another world, and I've come back too quickly."

He stood close before her and groped for her hand. "Good night, Midge."

Then she was in his arms, against his body, her lips consumed. "I don't have to say it," she whispered at last with dragging catches in her breath. "You know I love you."

"And I love you, Midge. Because it's always been that way we've got the best reason there is to think it always will be. I suppose we'll have to marry to keep other people from worrying, but it seems almost a shame."

She looked up at him. "I can just make out your face, and it's quite serious."

"It has a right to be," said Harrington soberly. "Midge, would you marry a man accused of murder?"

"I'll marry you," she answered simply. "I'll marry you, or go with you, whichever you like."

"As between the two," he said, smiling, "I choose marriage, but only after the shadows have passed."

"What shadows?"

"They are crowding in on me and sooner or later you'd see them without my pointing them out. I'm living under a hanging sword, and we'll have to wait till it drops. If it misses me I'm yours. But if it strikes I belong to something broader than the love of woman."

"Harry! There's nothing broader than that! There's nowhere it can't reach, and nothing but treachery it can't forgive."

"Trust me and watch me fight," he answered, "but don't dare forget for a minute that we're the two happiest people in the world. Sleep when you can't stay awake any longer, but while you're awake keep your eyes open and live. Come on now, I'm going to take you home. I can hear your father prancing up and down on the porch."

Midge walked beside him in a daze. No doubt that he loved her could enter her mind, but all her other senses were confused. It seemed absolutely incredible to her that there was any reason why this man and she should not go straight to her father and on into the world together. But there she came up against the wall of his passivity, only to feel the next instant that it was not passivity but some new and comforting species of strength. After all, it was because he was what he was that she loved him.

As though he had read her mind, he said: "I've got to be what I am. Believe in me, but don't try to rush me. Step off a mile and look back. What you can see is big; what you can't see doesn't matter. Just one thing more, Midge. Keep on helping me. Hold your tongue between your teeth and remember I'm the object of a world-wide man hunt. Tell your father anything you like about you and me together, but be careful not to tell him anything about me alone that will put him in a tight fix. And here's a straight order: Don't worry, not even if you trip and make some mistake. Even if it looks like a fatal slip, I'll face it and laugh."

They were drawing near to the porch which Mr. Frazier had abandoned at the sight of their approach. She turned and held out her hand. As Harrington took it he felt that indescribable pressure by which a woman gives herself, and takes possession, through the mere touch of her fingers. "Harry, let me say something for a change."

"Yes, Midge."

"Don't go to bed with the idea that I don't realize what you've been doing to me. Even hypnotized, I'm aware that I went to your house to do a certain thing and didn't do it." She left him quickly and ran to the dining room, where her mother and father were sitting restlessly over a half-finished meal. "I'm afraid I'm late," she said cheerfully.

"Very late," confirmed her mother. "I'm glad you didn't bring Mr. Harrington in with you, because everything is cold."

"I don't mind for myself," laughed Midge. "I could eat anything, hot or cold, but I've simply got to wash my hands."

She was back in a moment. Her mother excused herself, but Mr. Frazier sat on, watching his daughter curiously. Strangely enough, his presence did not worry her, for subconsciously she was sensitive to the change which had come over his mood. Without looking up, she knew that there was a faint smile on his lips.

"You're happy, aren't you?" he murmured finally. "Happier than you've been for months."

Then she did look at him, her eyes brilliantly alive. "Father, I'm profoundly and continuously happy."

"That's enough for me," said Mr. Frazier. "It answers every question. You won't be afraid of me any more, will you, Midge?"

"No," she said, their eyes gripped together like a handclasp.

### XX

THE next two days were strenuous ones for Harrington. To all appearances, Brosnahan was tottering on his throne, balanced so far over that one more push from the only hand that could give it would send him crashing. The whole organization, built up by the skillful hand of Fallahee, of whom Mr. Frazier had said that he loved Leaming as the banker loved it himself, was on the verge of disintegration and at that point where every subleader was scurrying around distractedly, but only with his eyes and ears, fearful to leave the old band wagon until he could be sure of the new.

Remembering the days of his former incarnation, Harrington knew instinctively that all he had to do to find himself in Brosnahan's empty shoes was to go and sit in the more shadowy regions of Jack's Cellar. There would still be a fight, and a big one, for Brosnahan was no quitter; but in the end it would come to a battle, with Brosnahan left out, between Harrington and himself, between what he could do and what he would do. If he failed in the nice balancing of morals above the moralist, he could not hold the men who would flock to him. But if he succeeded, he might give Leaming the cleanest one-man rule it had ever enjoyed, not excepting the reign of Fallahee.

It was an experiment he would have loved to try—government by common sense and stripped of those hypocrisies which have baffled every reformer raised by a hullabaloo of ineffectual righteousness into the seat of power, only to find that that is not where power sits. "The cogwheel mechanism that really runs our towns," thought Harrington, "isn't mentioned in any state constitution, nor described in Bryce's American Commonwealth or any other authoritative book. Good or bad, it is as contraband in the letter of the law as is liquor, good or bad. But it works—it works for good or bad in the exact measure that some expert machinist, trained on the machine and not in the overnight school of best intentions, happens to be individually good or bad. Such being the case, why lump all the expenses of the power house under the single head of graft? Why bend the knee to phony subscriptions as the only pure money of the party?"

So great was the temptation that he weighed it all one afternoon and part of the evening. Finally he started for Jack's Cellar, but turned off sharply and headed for his old walk along the abandoned canal. What made him hesitate was the same consideration which had forced him to thrust aside the thought of immediate marriage. Until he knew exactly where he stood he had no right whatever to link Midge's name irretrievably with his own. Where was the difference in taking the same risk with the good name of Leaming? There was a difference, but it was so subtle that he could not put his finger on it at once. All he knew was that it had some relationship to the length of time he could remain a free agent, untrammeled by the past of Harry Jones.

Then there was the other side of the question. If he pitched in, smashed the Drop Lever Bridge project, and engineered as many honest contracts as his day of grace would permit, he might so flood his henchmen with profitable work and so intrench himself in the good will of the better element of the town, that the trial of James Harrington for being no other than Harry Jones could easily assume the proportions of a communal disaster. Such were the thoughts that occupied him as he turned west along the stagnant waterway.

It had not changed. Near the town the murmuring voices of lovers came from embowered benches, or from the gnarled roots of trees that had embraced emoraeers for generations. But the closer he approached to Jasmine Pool, the fewer became these disturbing sounds. On the first occasion of taking this walk after his return from Haiti, he himself had felt a qualm at passing the spot where Judan had met his death, but the very venom behind that act of self-destruction had stiffened his backbone. He would fight for his favorite walk, the least of his rights, as stubbornly as he would defend his honor and his life if necessity arose. After all, Jasmine Pool was only a starting point; it was the long reaches of the solitude beyond that had been his refuge and the scene of his stolen dreams.

As he reached the fatal spot a ball of light leaped out of the darkness and hit him full in the face. He reeled, as stunned for an instant as if it had been a thunderbolt. Then something in his head screamed, "Run, swim or fight!" But before he could choose or his muscles could answer, the choice was made for him. A man, springing from the fork of a tree, crashed on his shoulders from behind and bore him to the ground; but he was too round either to retain his perch or to smother his victim with his weight. Harrington rolled him off easily, sprang to his feet, and in the glare of the bull's-eye lantern saw Williams, his erstwhile friend, rising from all fours as though he were being propelled from a catapult and coming for him head-on.

"Get into this, Burly!" called Dobbs' voice, rasping but calm, from behind the blinding light.

"I'm coming, boss!"

The sound of the negro's pattering footsteps, tearing down the towpath from the west, played like a double echo to the strides of Williams' digging feet. There was still time to turn and run, but the thought never occurred to Harrington; much less could he stop to wonder why he had not been held up in the usual manner at the point of a gun and in the name of the law. This was a fight, and he was glad of it. Here, at last, was the reason why he had been given the strength of three men. He could pour out the dammed-up power in his muscles; for the first time in his new life he could let himself go! He stepped to one side and threw his leg like a scythe at Williams' feet.

The round man tripped, shot forward on his paunch and bounced with a grunt like a ball half full of water. He squirmed around as if on a pivot, but before he could rise from his knees Harrington fell on him, wrapped his arms around his waist, lifted him up, flayed his legs against the trunk of the very tree from which he had launched his attack until he heard a bone snap, and then threw him bodily into Jasmine Pool.

"Low, Burly," ordered Dobbs' voice sharply. "Get him low."

Harrington turned in time to get a flash of bloodshot eyes in a black face and a red tongue in a half-open panting mouth. Then the tongue disappeared, eclipsed by a white line of glistening teeth. The next instant he was body to body with the negro and knew that only now had his fight begun, for he was up against the difference between unconscious restrictions and the license of unbridled savagery. Williams had had fists, head, arms and knees; Burly added to these jaws, claws and a cruel heel. His instinct was to gouge out an eyeball or tear off an ear, to clamp his teeth in a muscle and hold his head safe with his jaws while he drove a sharp-edged heel at the enemy's bleeding shin bones.

Twenty seconds passed before Harrington's senses could absorb the monstrous truth that he must plan to kill, or be killed. As he fought, oaths he had never used in his life began to gurgle out of his mouth as if to help him get down to the level of the beast he grappled. The chauffeur's alpaca coat had been torn to shreds, but under it was a flannel shirt, greasy to the touch, hard to hold. Harrington tore at it, clawed it off in patches and streamers, only to find that it had been far less slippery than the sweaty, oily hide beneath.

The splashing in the water where Williams had been thrashing around grew fainter, and finally ceased. But he was not drowned, he had managed to grip an overhanging bush and slip his hand to a safer hold near its roots. "Help me, chief," he groaned. "I can't get up the bank."

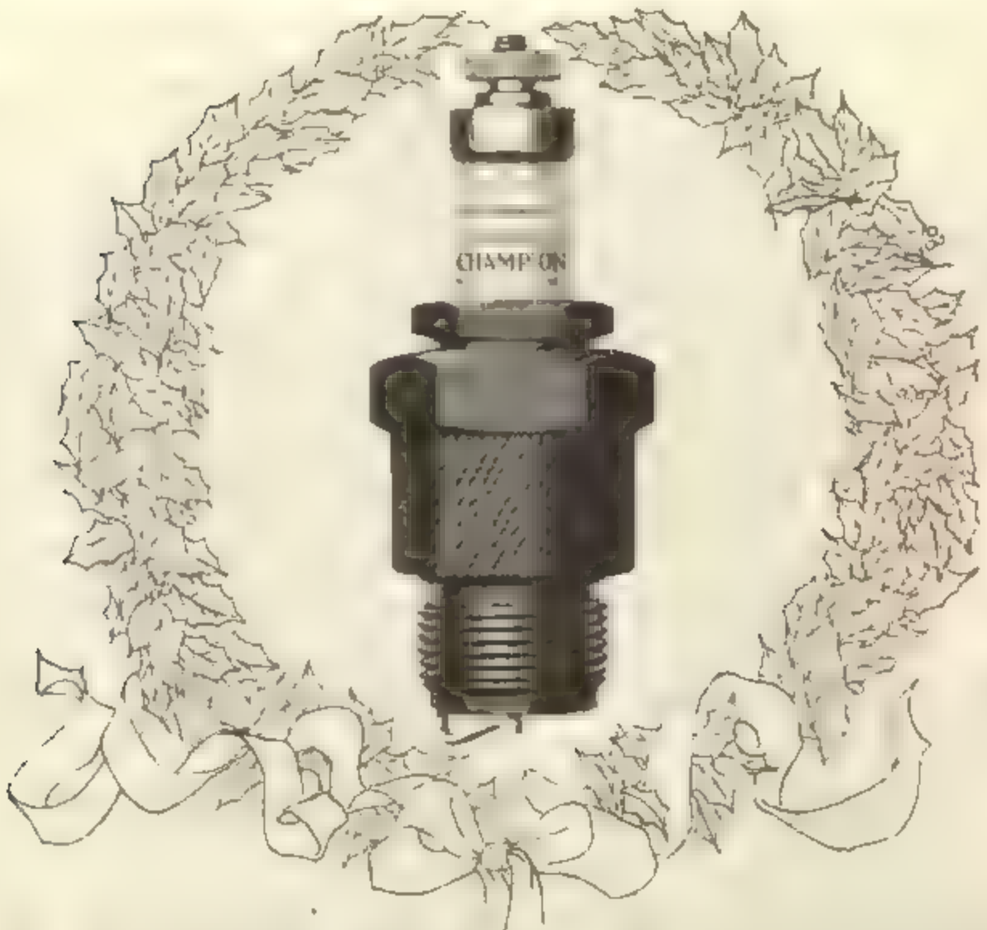
"Help yourself," grunted Dobbs. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

He moved the circle of light, but only to keep the fight in its exact center. Secretly he hoped the brutal struggle would last for a long time.

"I can't hold out forever," moaned Williams.

"That will be two he's drowned here," said Dobbs thoughtfully. A hoarse cry of rage and pain mixed itself with Harrington's curses. "That's right, Burly,"

(Continued on Page 62)




# APPRECIATION

It is a privilege and a pleasure for us to broadcast, at this season of the year, to the millions of people the world over who use CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS, an expression of our sincere appreciation of their patronage.

These millions, representing two out of every three motorists, regularly buy CHAMPIONS with perhaps little knowledge or thought of the company which makes them, other than the conviction that the product is good.

To the best of our ability we try to make this volume of business deserved—a volume based on the belief that the surest way to win a great public preference is to provide a product whose sheer goodness will compel it.

Spark Plugs are a small unit but a most vital factor in the comfort and contentment of the motorist—and we like to think that our contribution to the industry and to the motoring public is a very real obligation to produce the very best that skill and science can devise.

Because the size of our world market indicates that our efforts are rewarded, we are appreciative and grateful to our great public.

This Holiday thought is for them—and for the manufacturers who use our product and the several hundred thousand men and women who cover the civilized world in the distributing of CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS.

A Happy Christmas and a New Year of prosperity and contentment to you all.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY

Toledo, Ohio
December 23, 1926

P. G. Stranahan
President

CHAMPION

(Continued from Page 60)

shouted Dobbs, moved out of himself for the first time. "But what's the use of chewing his thumb? Go for his throat!"

Had he kept his mouth shut, Harrington would have been hopelessly outclassed in another moment, but the order betrayed the negro into changing his tactics. He loosened the grip of his teeth and threw up his head hungrily. It was Harrington's chance. His right hand slipped by accident to the black man's throat, but his left followed instantly with murderous intent. His fingers closed around Burly's neck; his thumbs doubled and drove in just under the points of the lower jaw. They clamped so suddenly on the windpipe that they caught its muscular protection off guard. Abandoning his body from the shoulders down, he poured all the strength of legs, back and torso into his hands alone. His doubled thumbs crept inward until he thought he felt them meet.

A sound like the emptying of a bottle gurgled in an ascending scale out of the negro's throat. For a moment he drove his heels forward and down, while his hands clawed at Harrington's iron wrists. Then quite suddenly all voluntary movement ceased, his knees sagged and he began to bend backward in an increasing curve. Dobbs ran from the bushes, drawing his blackjack as he came. He tapped Harrington twice on the head and watched his body collapse. Burly went over backward with an expiring groan, followed by Harrington, equally limp and unconscious. Dobbs dropped his club, placed the bull's-eye lantern on the ground so that it lit up the prostrate body, crossed his enemy's wrists behind his back and snapped the bracelets on them.

Then he rolled him over and began jumping on his chest with doubled knees, muttering curses at each leap. Harrington opened his eyes.

"Look out, chief," warned Williams weakly. "You'll kill him."

"What if I do?" panted Dobbs. "I told him I'd get him, and I have! I've got him right!" He lifted Harrington's head by the hair and pounded it on the ground for each word of his full name. "No easy stick-up for you, Mr. James"—pound—"Harrington" — pound — "Jones" — pound — "Junior" pound.

Burly stirred, came to life and raised his head like a frightened turtle. "Where am I?" he bellowed. "Where is this?"

"Come here," ordered Williams. "Help me out, and do it quick."

Burly obeyed automatically. He dragged Williams up the bank and laid him groaning on the path; then he turned, looked down at Harrington and grinned. "I remember now," he said, his eyes and teeth gleaming; "it was a fight."

"You're right it was a fight," grunted Dobbs; "but if I hadn't been around it would have been a double murder. Carry Williams to the car and come back to give me a hand."

Burly lifted Williams across his shoulder, disregarding a scream of protest, and disappeared westward up the towpath in the direction of a railway trestle. He crossed it on the ties in spite of the dark and kept on until he came to Dobbs' high-powered car, parked in the center of a disused wood road. He deposited his burden on the back seat as gently as the circumstances would permit, and returned, ready to repeat the performance.

Half an hour later an entry was inscribed on the blotter of the Leaming police station under the heading, "James Harrington Jones, Jr., alias Harry Jones, alias James Harrington."

Five minutes afterward Harrington was lodged in the county jail.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# THE MAN THAT OBEYED

Continued from Page 9

"A story from my brother-in-law you want? He don't speak yet a word English."

Joe arose and walked to the window to let a draft of air blow in upon his brow. It was hot in that room, and the odors of years of cabbage, of fried fish and of lamb stew, oozed from the walls. How could a man get a statement from an injured one who spoke no English? Here was a good time to quit. The screeching women were driving him wild. Still, he had an objective to take, a definite order to fulfill, and the habit of obedience was strong upon him. He had taken other objectives, and fulfilled other orders, under circumstances beside which the present faded into insignificance. He reached the window and looked into the street. Huh? How come? There was a crowd there, their faces upturned in spite of the sun's glare. They murmured hoarsely, and newcomers, arriving on the fringes of the throng, demanded of others the reason for the excitement.

"It's Schmool Lipman," Joe could hear them say; "he's sick and they come to chuck him out; he ain't paid no rent."

"Sure," cried others, "and downstairs comes little Max, his face all black with blue what the loafers give him a blow with the hand."

"The old lady from the old country, they give her a shove she should fall down dead in the hallway," agreed a man with a huge beard. "Lynchings is what it needs this town, so they wouldn't be so fresh."

"Oy!" exclaimed the stout lady at Joe's elbow. "What a crowd it is! Lookit now; Aaron Federstein, and Chyam Markowitz, and old man Schultz what keeps it the drug store, and Reba and Tillie what lives across the street, top floor!"

"There ain't any chance of their comin' in here and makin' a rush or anything, is there?" asked Joe. If a fight started, furniture would be broken, the injured man's health would be endangered, and the case made all the more difficult to settle.

"To come in my house, all those loafers?" cried the stout woman. "Never! Over my dead body even they couldn't come in. What for a gang of no-goods to walk over my carpets in their dirty shoes! Better they should be at work where they belong!"

"Well," said Joe, "let's get after this statement. An order is an order and I was a soldier before I was a claim adjuster. If this hombre can't speak English, you interpret for him. Ask him where he first seen the automobile."

Joe went back to his chair by the side of the couch and the stout woman drew up another. The young woman who spoke no English and the old woman who had cast her arms about the chair likewise drew near, never ceasing their lamentations. The interpreter conversed with them for some time, whereat they wept afresh.

"I told them you are come you should pay my brother-in-law's doctor bills," said Mrs. Movitz, "but they don't believe."

"Yeh, but now about this statement. Ask him where he was when the automobile first appeared."

"He was on his bicycle," replied the interpreter.

"Sure, but where was the bicycle?"

"On the street, he says. Where else would it be?"

"Well, it might have been on the sidewalk," replied Joe patiently.

"My brother-in-law says," continued the woman with animation, "that he was on the street, on his bicycle, and comes around the corner that loafer's automobile, zoong! like that, so he must have thought, that loafer, that he was going to a fire already."

"Well, what happened then?" demanded Joe, writing furiously.

"What happened then? For a gool goes my brother-in-law! A question you should ask! When a loafer with a automobile hits already a hard-working man on a bicycle, what would you think would happen? Two guesses I would give you! Two legs he got broke and a doctor's bill already twenty-five dollars!"

"Ask him what side of the street he was on," requested Joe, without looking up.

"He was on the side of the street what he ought to be on, the right side like always he rides his bicycle; but that man what owns the auto, that loafer, at sixty miles an hour on the wrong side of the corner he turns around, so he makes almost a widow my sister."

"Well, what's the witnesses' names? Didn't he get any witnesses?" asked Joe in despair.

"Witnesses? Witnesses he asks me that man! Witnesses? How could he find witnesses with the injuries what he got unconscious in the ambulance! With a pencil paper he should get out on his two broken legs to find witnesses!"

"Well, never mind," said Joe soothingly. "Ask these two sisters or aunts of yours to put on the soft pedal, will you? They're giving me a headache. Lookit, now, I'll read this, and you see if it's correct." Joe then, at the top of his lungs, proceeded to read the meager account of the accident as he had put it down. As he started to read the injured man ceased to groan and the two women stopped their laments for just the space of a second or two. Perhaps all three had taken breath simultaneously, perhaps they wondered what this new method of attack portended. Be that as it may, there was silence for a short interval, and during this silence a hoarse murmur as of many angry voices came up from the street below through the open windows.

"Sounds like excitement out there," muttered Joe. He stopped his reading and stepped quickly to the window, followed by the interpreter. There was a dense throng in the street; the original crowd swelled by numbers of workmen from a near-by factory, free for their noon hour. A murmur and a roar came up from them, but no intelligible words. Joe's heart lightened as he observed the approach of a blue-coated figure.

"Here comes a cop," he muttered. "He'll clean 'em out of here."

"Oy, lookit what a crowd," muttered the interpreter. "A fire you would think we had."

"There's a cop comin'," said Joe, pointing.

The interpreter peered sideways from the window. "It's Yank Schpielman," she decided. "He ——"

"What do they call him Yank for?" cried Joe. "Was he in the A. E. F.? He an ex-soldier? If he is, I'll just tell him there's a buddy o' his would like to get out of here with no holes in his hide. What outfit was he with, do you know?"

"Oy, such words the man says! Why don't you speak English? For what do they call him Yank? Because his mother give it to him the name Yankel. Yankel Schpielman. A cop he is, by the name Yank, from Station Sixteen." At this moment the approaching cop paused and looked up at the house, thus giving Joe a chance to see his profile. Joe groaned. Fifty people in the crowd clamored about the bluecoat, but he paid them no heed. He was on his way home for his day off, and wanted no excitement. If a landlord was up there attempting to evict, let the crowd tear him in pieces. He, Yankel, had no sympathy with landlords, being a tenant himself. And then it was his day off. He went hurriedly away.

"It's time I was going," said Joe; "but first let's get this thing signed. 'Never get excited your first hitch,' is what my top sergeant always used to say."

"My brother-in-law can't write," said Mrs. Movitz.

"Well, you translate to him what I said in the statement and we'll get him to make his mark and you witness it."

"Sure," said the interpreter, "but first let me ask to you one question. What does my brother-in-law get out of this?"

"Well, about that I can't say," answered Joe doubtfully. "I haven't got authority to make any settlement. I'm just an investigator."

"Sure," agreed the interpreter, "I know all that. But just between you and me, like two friends already. Come here." She winked and gave a nod of her head to invite Joe out of hearing of the other people in the room. Since they were not supposed to understand English, Joe thought her caution a bit excessive. Nevertheless, he followed.

"My brother-in-law ain't got much money," began the interpreter, "and I wouldn't want this thing should drag along too long, with me putting out all the time money for board and good food three times a day, and the rent going up already the first of October. So if you would make it a reasonable offer, I would tell him to sign this statement and then there would be no bother to no one."

"Well, you tell him to sign this statement, and then when I go back to the office I'll see what I can do."

"Sure, I know all that," persisted Mrs. Movitz, "but in the meantimes here I am with my brother-in-law what's got it two broken legs and my sister and my mother in highstrikes, so if I should fall down here dead and faint myself, who would look after us? Give us now five hundred dollars and we'll sign anything you say."

It might be stated in passing that five hundred dollars for two broken legs or for one, or for any fracture whatsoever, the liability being unquestioned, would be a settlement that would get any adjuster an increase in salary, but Joe demurred.

"Lady," said he, "I ain't got any authority to make terms. Don't monkey with the adjustment, the man says. That's an order. I don't know much about the insurance business, but I know an order when I get one. I was a corporal before I was a claim adjuster. You ask this guy to make his mark on this thing. What's his first name?"

"Schmool," answered Mrs. Movitz, spelling it. "Schmool. Write it down and give us five hundred dollars." She came closer and seized Joe by the lapels of his coat. "You're a good boy," said she, "and I like your face. I got my dinner cooking on the stove and I ain't got no time to waste with foolishness. Listen now again: Only give us now four hundred and forget it."

"Nix," said Joe. "There's an order out against it. Here, now, I've written 'Schmool Lipman, his mark,' and you tell your brother-in-law to make a cross between the words 'his' and 'mark.'"

"Not on your life!" cried Mrs. Movitz. "Loafers you think we are here to sign away our lives like that? In my hand first put four hundred dollars cash money and then my brother-in-law signs."

"I tell yuh," said Joe impatiently, "I can't do it. He's got to sign this statement first."

"So!" ground Mrs. Movitz between her teeth. She took a deep breath.

"Yahoo!" she shrieked, and launched into a torrent of her own language. The two moaning women joined in piercingly, like factory whistles on the dawn of a New Year, and the injured man rose up on his couch and then fell back with a cry that echoed above all the others. The crowd in the street roared in reply, and Joe could hear their feet drumming on the wooden steps that led up to the door of the house.

(Continued on Page 65)

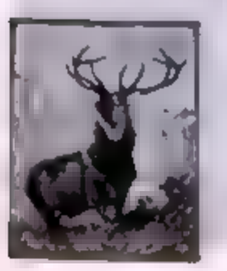
# LET THERE BE LIGHT, *but not fire*

Christmas trees call for lights, and, too often, lights mean open flames. Fire is quick to seize this easy opportunity in hundreds of homes each year. Then he turns the merriment of the happiest of Holidays into black tragedy.

Protect the lives you love and the property you own from the extra fire hazards of the holiday season. Let there be light—but *not* the light of candles.

Screen securely the blazing wood of the cheery fire place. Warn the cigar and cigarette smokers away from the tinselled tree. Keep candles out of your windows.

Be as careful as you can. Then take one step more. Make absolutely sure that if fire *does* start you will suffer no monetary loss. See the Hartford agent in your neighborhood. He offers policies which afford complete protection from financial losses due to fire. He offers you policies in the old and reliable Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

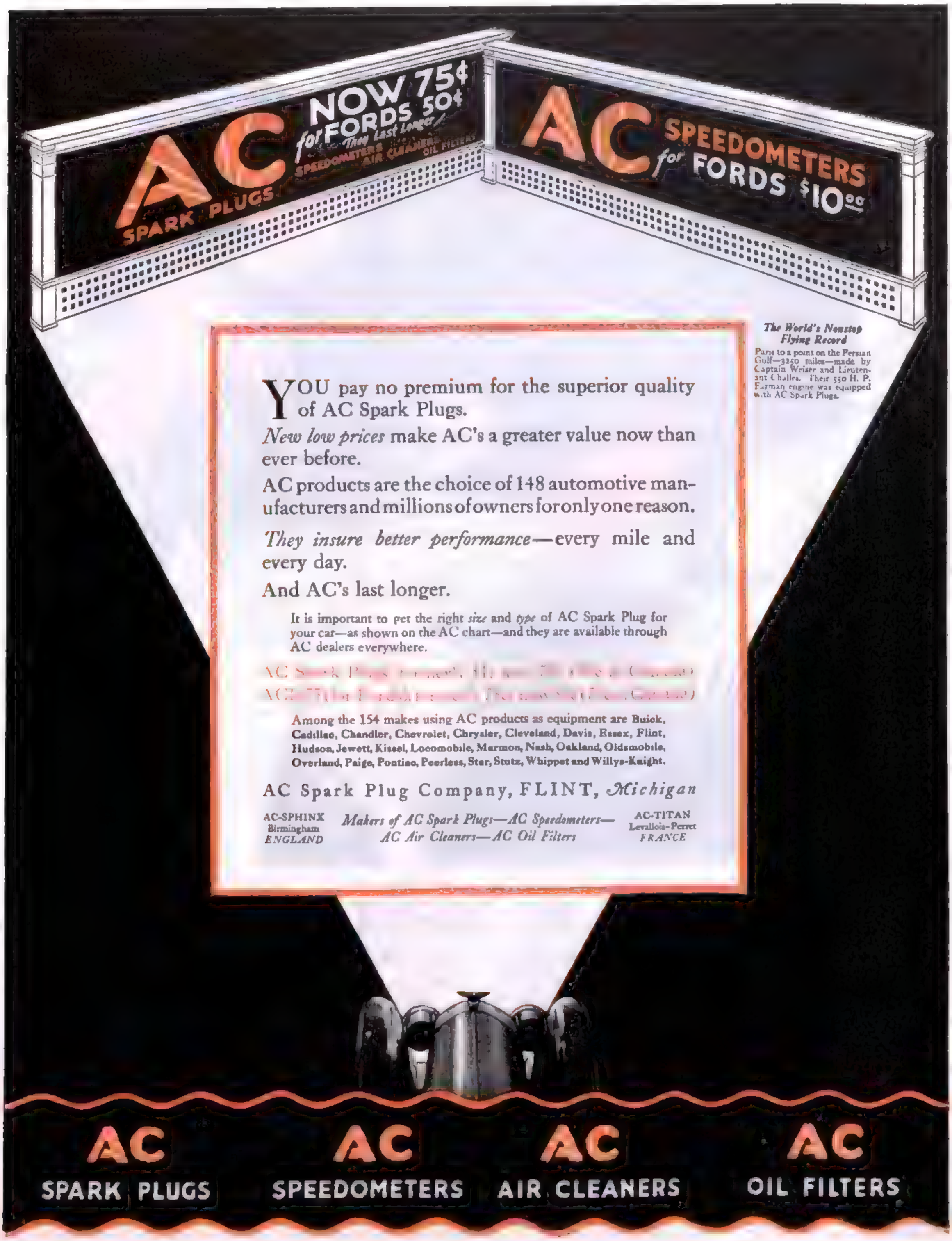


*INSURE IN THE*

## HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

*The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life*


AC
SPARK PLUGS
NOW 75¢
for FORDS 50¢
They Last Longer
SPEEDOMETERS
AIR CLEANERS
OIL FILTERS
AC
SPEEDOMETERS
for FORDS $10.00
The World's Nonstop Flying Record
Paris to a point on the Persian Gulf—3250 miles—made by Captain Weiser and Lieutenant Challes. Their 550 H. P. Farman engine was equipped with AC Spark Plugs.
YOU pay no premium for the superior quality of AC Spark Plugs.
New low prices make AC's a greater value now than ever before.
AC products are the choice of 148 automotive manufacturers and millions of owners for only one reason.
They insure better performance—every mile and every day.
And AC's last longer.
It is important to get the right size and type of AC Spark Plug for your car—as shown on the AC chart—and they are available through AC dealers everywhere.
Among the 154 makes using AC products as equipment are Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Cleveland, Davis, Essex, Flint, Hudson, Jewett, Kissel, Locomobile, Marmon, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, Pontiac, Peerless, Star, Stutz, Whippet and Willys-Knight.
AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan
AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND
Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners—AC Oil Filters
AC-TITAN Levallois-Perret FRANCE
AC SPARK PLUGS
AC SPEEDOMETERS
AC AIR CLEANERS
AC OIL FILTERS

(Continued from Page 62)

"It's time to go," he muttered; "but first this bird signs."

He shook off the old woman's clutch from his coat, rushed to the couch, and seizing the injured man's hand, forced him to make a rude cross at the bottom of the statement. Then he started on a run for the door. Not the front, but the back, and if there was no back, the fire escape. Mrs. Movitz had dashed to the window and with one blow had knocked the screen whizzing into the street, to the great danger of the crowd below, and she had started a vigorous harangue, accompanied with waving of hands and tearing of hair. Perhaps she had told the two women and the injured man that he was to be dragged away to jail, but she now told the crowd in broken but unmistakable English that the evictors were at their work and had offered her affront and personal violence. She called upon all to come and rescue, and the crowd responded with roars of rage and cries to open the lower door. As Joe started his dash for freedom, Mrs. Movitz started a dash likewise, and being nearer the hall, was there before him.

"Stop!" she cried, blocking the way. "Three-fifty or I press the button!"

Joe thrust her aside and saw her thumbnail whiten as she pressed the button that opened the lower door. He went through a door, shoved open another, slipped and fell. Mrs. Movitz had him by the shoulder.

"Two hundred and I tell them it was all a mistake," she yelled in his ear. "You can't get out that way. Is no back stairway! Two hundred and I won't open the door!"

"This afternoon," began Joe, getting to his feet, "there'll be a man out to talk business. Me, I was told not to monkey with ——"

Fists pounded the apartment door, and the shrieks in the front room redoubled at the sound. Joe tore away, shoved again at a swinging door, into a narrow kitchen, through a steam of cabbage and mutton, and thrust his nose against a screened window. Ah! A fire escape! Out went the screen and out went Joe; milk bottles, flowerpots, a clothesline and a flimsy cover that masked the stairway, crashed, one after another, into ruin as Joe sought frantically for escape. Mrs. Movitz had disappeared, undoubtedly to let in the mob, but as Joe reached the landing to the floor below, he heard her voice again.

"A hundred!" called Mrs. Movitz. "From my heart you take the very blood! A hundred is all I ask and then I tell them you went over the roof! What is it to you a hundred dollars you should break my brother-in-law's legs? One hundred, only one ——" Her voice died away as Joe descended another flight, but as he reached the ground a flowerpot whizzed by his ear and crashed into dust at his feet. He looked up, and Mrs. Movitz, seeing the white of his face, called to him again. "One hundred! It won't pay the doctor's bills. If you were my own brother I wouldn't take a cent less!"

Joe fled without answering and another flowerpot, better thrown than the last, made a direct hit on his left shoulder, filling his ear with dirt. Some members of the mob sighted him and followed in full cry, but he had too good a start. He ran like a deer, boarded a street car on the jump, and was borne away toward Boston and safety. As the car rolled into the cool darkness of the East Boston tunnel Joe drew a thankful breath.

"Underground," he muttered. "When things fly through the air that's where I want to be. Golly!" He said no further word, but pressed the breast of his coat, so that the signed statement in the inside pocket crackled with a comforting sound.

In the Claim department of the Blank Mutual Liability Insurance Company, Claims Settled Within Twenty-four Hours, Sign-'em-up MacClusky glowered within his office. It was hot and he had as yet been unable to go to lunch, due to a lengthy argument with a visiting attorney regarding the merits of a certain case of tort. The case had been settled, but it had cost Sign-'em-up an extra five hundred dollars. An unknown lady had slipped and fallen on some obscure flight of stairs, and the owner of the building, in gallantry or in panic, had agreed to pay all doctors' bills on the spot, thus cutting the ground from under the insurance company's feet. Sign-'em-up MacClusky chewed upon these facts and upon his cigar.

"An assured that accepts liability oughta be hung!" he muttered. He added other words more expressive and emphatic, for his lady assistant was at lunch and he was alone.

Appeared then, Joe Blake, the ex-corporal, calmly proud, like Napoleon's messenger at Ratisbon—the one who smiled and then fell dead.

"Whaddyuh doin' in the office this time o' day?" greeted Sign-'em-up.

"You sent me to Chelsea," said Joe diffidently, "to get a statement from a guy that got knocked off a bicycle. Well, I got it. He couldn't write, but he made his mark, like it says in the book."

"That all yuh did?" demanded MacClusky. "I told yuh to get the story! An' yuh come back with the plaintiff's statement! Didn't yuh get no leads? Didn't he give the names o' any witnesses? Did yuh canvass the scene o' the accident? Any police report? Who called the ambulance an' what does the surgeon say? What's the doctor's name that first seen him? Where's his statement? Listen, boy, you ain't in the Army no more; yuh gotta work for a livin' now! When you get sent out on a case it means to get it all! All! It means to get a signed statement outta everyone that seen the accident before or after—every doctor, cop, fireman or what not that was in any way, shape or form connected with it, seen it or heard tell of it. Maybe you think nobody seen it, but you'd be surprised the crowd o' eyewitnesses that shows up in court the day o' the trial! An' all we got in the file is a memo from some nit-wit like you. 'No eyewitnesses could be located.' Huh! How bad's this guy hurted? Both his legs broke?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "He looked pretty bad. He was on a couch, all covered up."

"Huh! Well, they'll be askin' ten thousand to start with on that, all right."

"No," spoke up Joe; "she only wants five hundred!"

"Five hundred?" almost shouted MacClusky. "Five hundred? An' whadyuh say then?"

"Nothin'," replied Joe. "I had the statement and there was a lot of screechin', so I beat it."

"He beat it," repeated MacClusky. He no longer shouted, but spoke in a husky whisper. "Was there splints on them legs? Did yuh look?"

"Yep," said Joe, "there was splints on 'em."

"An' you never thought," husked MacClusky, "that five hundred dollars for two broke legs is like findin' five thousand in the street, did yuh? Never thought of gettin' that boy's name on a release, with a witness an' a red seal?"

"You told me not to monkey with the adjustment," protested Joe.

"An' that's all the alibi he's got," whispered MacClusky. "Five hundred for two legs. It'll be worth twenty thousand if it goes to trial." He reached suddenly for a drawer, opened it and took out a blank release.

Then he rose as if to get coat and hat. "Was he feelin' good when you left?" MacClusky demanded. "Yuh think he'd still settle for that? Did yuh tell him maybe you'd take it up with the office an' let him know or anything?"

"He was all right," said Joe. "He can't speak English. It was his sister-in-law that raised all the hell. She wanted to get me mobbed. She chased me down the hall. She was down to a hundred dollars an' shake hands all around by then, but I wasn't listenin'. You told me not to monkey with the adjustment. She threw flowerpots off the fire escape at me!"

MacClusky seemed beyond words. He gasped, choked, threw the release onto the floor and stamped on it. "A hundred dollars!" he repeated—"a hundred! An' she threw flowerpots at yuh. Sorrow follow the mother that bore her, she didn't hit yuh!" He seemed to relapse into deep thought, rolling his eyes and grinding his teeth.

"Well, now that I'm here," began Joe suddenly, "I'd like to discuss this matter of twenty dollars a week again. This job is too strenuous for that much money. I nearly got tore leg from limb over there in Chelsea. And anyway I understood that I was to work for twenty-five."

Sign-'em-up MacClusky bent an eye upon Joe Blake that was as cold and lusterless as that of a stuffed fish.

"Git!" said he. "You're fired!"

Then MacClusky turned again to his desk and began to ruffle the pages of a folder that lay there.

The stenographer returned, thus marking that the time was shortly after one. The powder with which she had dusted her nose still fluttered in the air as a stranger diffidently entered the sacred office. There should have been a man at the gate to keep out strangers, diffident or bellicose, and Sign-'em-up glared through the glass partition in search of him. The chief adjuster's eagle eye observed the guardian of the gate in earnest conversation with the ex-corporal, now an ex-adjuster, as the said ex-corporal awaited the elevator that was to carry him to the street and oblivion.

"I'll fire him too," muttered Sign-'em-up, referring to the guardian.

"Whaddyuh want?" he demanded of the stranger.

"My name is Butters," said the diffident man. "I called you this morning to report an automobile accident. I knocked a boy off his bicycle. I just dropped around there now and found him playing in the street. I assure you I was quite relieved."

"You the man that telephoned it was a man and both his legs were broken?" demanded MacClusky hurriedly. "In Chelsea?"

"Yes," said the other, more diffidently than ever. "At the time of the accident I was in a hurry to get to my office, and as the police ambulance was there, I went on, after giving my name and finding out the boy's address. I called his house after I arrived at my office and they—somebody at the other end—said both his legs were broken. I got in touch with you at once, and my first free minute, went out there."

"And he was in the street?" asked MacClusky faintly. "In the street in Chelsea, you say? But there was a man with his two legs broke in the house! Our investigator seen him."

"Yes," agreed the other. He smiled faintly. "Little Nathan told me about him. It's his Uncle Schmool. He was hurt in the foundry two weeks ago. A load of scrap fell on him and broke both his legs."

"Aha!" said MacClusky with lowered eyelids. "Aha! An' so they thought they'd put it across with the old man as the injured! No wonder they offered to settle. Aha! But we ain't caught that way! We been in the business too long! Now how would they know that you wouldn't go out there yourself? How about that? That's what bothers me! Now why would they try to pull that"—he stopped and mused to himself a while.

Mr. Butters coughed slightly. "When they were taking the boy away I gave the police officer your card, saying that I was insured by your company, you know, and that you would look after things. It—er—says something about claims settled within twenty-four hours, and they might have thought, you know, in your haste to arrange things, that you might go out there without seeing me."

"And the kid's not hurt?" demanded MacClusky suddenly.

"No, not a bit, but the bicycle ——"

MacClusky seemed not to hear, but had risen from his desk, and dashing to the gate, seized the guardian by the scruff of the neck. "Where's Blake?" he demanded.

"He's gone," said the guardian. "He just went down in the elevator. He said you fired him."

MacClusky dashed back to the office and thrust his head and shoulders from the window so far that the diffident Mr. Butters was alarmed lest he fall out. Below—seven stories below—was Joe Blake, just crossing the street.

"Hey!" called Sign-'em-up. "Hey! It's all right! Come on back, Blake! I didn't mean it! Come on back; you're hired again!"

Mr. Blake turned, and those in the office heard his voice. "Fade me twenty-five dollars!" the voice said faintly.

MacClusky abruptly pulled in his head, turned a purple face at vacancy, then poked it forth again. "Come back!" he called. "All right, kid, you win!"

Sign-'em-up sat down at his desk and picked up his cigar. "Memo to cashier!" he grunted. "Mr. Whatever-his-name-is Blake, Claim department, salary this employe twenty-five dollars per week instead of twenty as previously reported.

"What this company needs," he grunted, "is a few guys that can obey orders when they get 'em."

*Sugar Creek, Turkey Run State Park, Indiana*

# METAL MIKE KNOCKS OUT OLD STORMALONG

(Continued from Page 5)

he could not quite get the idea—that is, he could not quite believe that an affair spinning at several thousand revolutions until it assumed a position in a line with the earth's axis could actually be truer or better than the old magnetic compass, compensated for deviation—he was willing to let it go as a newfangled idea which could hurt nobody in trying out. But there stood the wheel—the steering wheel of a giant liner plunging headlong through the seas—without a human hand near it! He stared wide-eyed. The face of the gyro repeater ticked. The indicator moved one degree. The steering wheel revolved with no hand nigh. It was ghostly. The wheel stopped, moved back, the gyro steadied at the set degree of the course, and all was still for a moment, until the big steamer swerved again, ever so slightly, the wheel spun, checked and rested, and so the course was kept.

"That's Metal Mike," the captain smiled, seeing the old sailor's amazement. "Worked by electromagnetism." It was very necessary to make the explanation simple. Sheer technical terms could only confuse Old Stormalong. "Connected with the gyro repeater is an arrangement by which, when the ship is on her course, a sort of magnetic finger lies midway between two dead poles. As soon as the ship's head moves the least bit aside, electrical life wakes up the dead pole on the side to which she is turning, and that at once pulls over the finger. In turn that starts the steering machinery, which keeps moving as long as the finger is off its midway station. If it goes to the other side the steering engine is reversed. So it goes, automatically, far quicker and more sensitively than human eye and hand can answer. It's infallible as long as the electrical gear stands up." "Ah!" Old Stormalong had growled. So there was something that might go wrong. All gadgets were like that. All newfangled ideas.

### A Handkerchief for Polly

But he had seen Metal Mike steer the big steamer across the Atlantic, and the electrical gear had stood up. Moreover, the wake astern of the steamer ran true as a hair to the horizon day after day. He had never seen such steering. He felt subdued as he recalled some cunning helmsmen he had known, who, bareheaded and barefooted to the blast, with brute strength and a five-foot wooden wheel, had managed to keep a storming clipper from yawing badly enough to broach to. That had been called good steering. Metal Mike cared nothing for weather. There was no yawing while he was at the helm. The quartermaster, modern counterpart of that barefooted, bareheaded defier of the blast, passed his two hours of duty in snug dry comfort, keeping log of dry-and-wet-bulb thermometer, thinking about that new wrist watch for Geraldine—buying a red handkerchief for Polly went out of date with weather-beaten faces for sailors—pressing the electric button that operated the electric clock and struck the bells, and growling under his breath at the sea and the ship he was in, exactly as Old Stormalong's salty sailormen used to do.

But here was a swift liner storming along through misty seas where icebergs had been reported, nearing a bad bit of coast where the ships of all the world came together sooner or later, with weather so thick that no lightship beacon could be visible to human eye until too near for safety, and with treacherous shoals and murderous rips just beyond the lightship station. Storming along at twenty knots, and nobody seems anxious. The commander, being first of all a seaman, keeps the bridge, truly, but he does not appear to worry.

Old Stormalong, looking back through years as misty as the weather, can conjure up a vision of one of his own home-comings in a great four-masted bark, grain-laden from around the Horn. Three thousand tons of steel, cord and canvas, blown along by the wind under an acre of straining canvas, manned by thirty-five hard-fisted men who had to control the giant with sheer main strength eked out by cunning.

On such a nightfall as this, anxious to make port because the overlong voyage had brought stores and water low, the windjammer would be under short canvas while lookouts strained their salted eyes for glimpse of the light, their drumming ears for sound of the foghorn. And the lead would be hove. That would be a labor so tremendous that it was not done as often as safety demanded.

### Heaving the Lead

The big, heavy-working square-rigger must be brought to the wind. Her great courses must be hauled up. It would take half her crew just to drop that deep-sea lead and haul it on board again so that the tallow arming in the bottom cavity might be examined and compared with the marks on the chart. Forward, away out on the jib boom perhaps, the bos'n or another good man would clamber with the heavy lead sinker. Fifty pounds that lead would weigh, and it must be dropped or hove clear of the ship's side and all her mazy gear. A few coils of the line are gathered up and held by the man next to the leadsman. At every few fathoms all along the rail stands another man with more coils of line. Aft, one of the mates stands by the remainder of the line, and while the canvas and gear thunder overhead and the vast structure of the ship lies all in the wind, stopped so that the lead may reach bottom, the word is passed forward, the lead chugs into the sea, and the first coils of line are thrown clear with a shout of: "Watch! Oh, watch!"

The next man must see that his own coils are let go immediately the line tautens to the pull of the lead, but not so fast as to follow a lead that has found bottom, and he, too, sings out: "Watch! Oh, watch!"

So, until the lead is grounded. Then the last man to pay out his coil gathers in all slack, and either he or one of the mates reads the marking on the line, and the line is hauled in over a block. Hundreds of feet of heavy, dripping line. The lead is carried aft for inspection and the ship is put on her course again; and if luck is kind it may not be necessary to go through the toilsome business again. But the lead may whiz down to the end of the line, and no bottom be found. Then the crew grow weary with the labor, and the home-coming is a dreary thing, unless the Old Man himself gets sick of hauling his ship to the wind and fishing for ground that is not there. Then the lead may not be hove again, and perhaps the ship will make her port; perhaps she will not. Many have not for just that reason

Here in the giant liner was no such labor. Old Stormalong knew that steamers for many years, and some sailing ships, too, had been using various types of atmospheric sounding devices, wherein a glass tube was sunk to the bottom by a lead sinker and a chemical coating inside the tube changed its color by action of the salt water as it was forced up the tube by pressure. The depth was ascertained by laying the tube alongside a scale, and the pressure line was the deciding factor. But where those sounders were used, though they permitted a sounding to be taken at full speed, since it made no difference how much wire ran out and the winch wound it in, old-timers still cagily saw to it that the old hand deep-sea lead was always in readiness. But even this handy device of glass tubes and scale and winch was scorned on board the giant floating city striding through the fog. It took Stormalong several minutes to realize the truth, and then he didn't believe it. The navigating officer stood at the chart table and seemed lost in contemplation of the future. Old Stormalong's eyes, following the officer's gaze, fell upon a square box with a round face, on the margin of which a streak of red electric fire danced and flickered like a mad imp.

"Sonic sounder, sir," the navigator said crisply. "Two types. The other's for deep water up to three thousand fathoms. This one gives depths at a glance, as you see, up to one hundred fathoms. We're on soundings now. The flash indicates the depth, and it's precise. Electric oscillator in the ship's skin sends out a signal, which hits the ground and returns to a microphone in the ship's hull. Depth is measured by a formula based on the known speed of sound. Don't have to take a line of soundings and log readings any more. There's the log, and there's the course recorder." The navigator indicated two contrivances beside the sounder. A dial registered the speed, the trip mileage and the total distance, as recorded by a turbine fitted to the bottom of the hull itself and not to a four-hundred-foot line trailing astern with a wriggling vane rotator at the end of it. The course recorder presented a paper and ink finger, like a barograph, showing every little deflection from the course, and standing there graphically to guide the navigator plotting positions on the chart. No making haphazard allowance for bad steering here. No taking the word of a helmsman or another officer. No chance for a quartermaster to misread the taffrail log and bring to the bridge a wrong mileage to throw the ship out.

"You depend on that thing?" Old Stormalong grumbled.

"Absolutely. Can't go wrong unless the electric ——"

"Ah!" growled Old Stormalong. So even these perfect gadgets could go wrong "if."

Outside the fog was thick as pea soup. The siren roared at its automatic intervals. The regularity was maddening. There hung the siren lanyard overhead, fair-leads, pulleys and all, for human hand to pull "if." But as long as the "if" didn't crop up one might count the seconds after a blast, and with the precision of a chronometer, at the set period, "Rhoo-oo-ooar!" the thing would go, and nobody touching the cord.

### No Chance Unless ——

Still no lightship. No fog warning. All around, the sea was belching forth sound. Steamers, sailing ships, anchored fishermen; but no welcome lightship. Old Stormalong would have hove to. Not timidity, but sheer common sense would have urged that. It was one thing to carry on boldly when a man had got a bearing, if only of a sound, if he were reasonably sure of his coast. If a stranger, he might carry sail with confidence or steam full speed ahead—three-quarters anyhow—after he had secured a cross bearing or a four-point bearing of a light or a point of land. But not in a thick fog in a crowded seaway with not even a faint suspicion of sound or of light. And here were forty thousand tons of steel, five thousand souls and fifty millions' worth of property thundering along in total blindness, and nobody worried. Rather subdued, Old Stormalong stood beside the commander. He wouldn't say a word. To the skipper came the radio operator.

"Just crossed Boston with Highland Light, sir, and got Arlington."

"Give the bearings to the navigator," the commander said briefly, and that was apparently all. No change. No fuss. The big ship foamed on. Old Stormalong fidgeted. It was Dutch to him.

"Radio bearings," the commander explained. He had been brought up with these newfangled inventions. They were everyday commonplaces to him. But he remembered that it was just such an old fossil as his grizzled passenger who had taught him his first principles of seamanship and navigation—the base on which all his modern lore rested. He explained further, less curtly:

"The radio-bearing finder has a loop. Any radio signal is clearest when the loop points its edge to the source of the signal. It is weakest when broadside to the source. The stations Sparks mentioned send out direction signals. Sparks picks them up from each station and gets the true direction of each when the signals are loudest and clearest. Then he knows the loop is pointing to the station. It's just cross bearings after that. Where the lines cross the ship is."

"Just like that! No chance of it getting out o' whack?" Old Stormalong muttered.

"Not a chance worth mentioning. Of course, if the radio-shack batteries got soused with water ——"

"Ah!" smiled Old Stormalong. He was feeling much better. These things were amazing, and seafaring was marvelously changed since his day. But—no, he didn't wish something would happen to shake the cocksurety of these newfangled navigators. He was too good an old sailorman for that. But he did wish just one little thing would threaten to happen, so that he might see them hurriedly fall back on some of the old stand-bys, if only for one small moment.

### Leading the Blind

But it didn't happen. It didn't threaten. He stood in the doorway of the chart room and saw the ship's course changed at the turning point off Nantucket Shoals with never a sight of the lightship.

"Got the lightship's oscillator. Mile and a half distant," the watch officer told him casually, stepping out to the bridge again.

"Much like the sounder," the navigator volunteered. "Sound is sent out by an oscillator under water on the lightship and picked up by a microphone in our hull. The radio signals from the lightship are synchronized with the oscillator. There's no chance of error."

Stormalong did not say even the "Unless?" which hung on his tongue. He was becoming too dazed for that. He felt the slight tremor of added speed in the ship, and that told him how utterly these men depended upon the things they used. With all his deep-sea lore and all his real, hard-earned experience he could never depend so implicitly on the tools that were of his trade in his time. Steaming twenty-five knots down the Long Island coast in a fog so thick you could stick your finger in it and leave a hole!

So infectious is cool confidence that Old Stormalong found himself outside staring into the warm glow of the many passenger decks, forgetting fog, perils of shipping, everything but the certainty that the passage was nearly over and the ship was still afloat, tearing through the murky seas, and happy laughter rippled and bubbled from among those golden lights behind the gray fog. Of course Old Stormalong did not believe that these new marvels he had seen would ever entirely supersede the ruder but thoroughly tried appliances of his youth. Yet, thinking again, he recalled that in steamers he had visited on board forty years ago he had seen oil lamps swung in gimbals in the cabins, and candles, too, in coach sockets, in case the electric light failed. He had returned home from India by passenger liner after his sailing ship had been sold under his feet in Calcutta; and he had seen the old log reel and deep-sea lead hanging in their places ready for emergency, but he had not seen that emergency arise. He had seen the taffrail log perform perfectly the whole passage. The atmospheric sounding machine did everything required.

Not once had the electric lights gone out or the oil lamps been lit. He had seen a range finder used for ascertaining the ship's distance from a point of land, and it had proved correct.

But those developments were sensible and conservative, the natural march of progress. Here, in the great steamer he was in now, it was different. Sound seemed to be more important than sight to these stiff-collar navigators. Every sailor knew how little to be depended upon was sound. There would be a great awakening some day. There used to be talk of unsinkable ships. And look at what happened to the Titanic. All these gadgets must find their level soon.

The thought of the Titanic made him shiver. He wandered aft to the smoking room to warm up. If the fog continued as thick as ever when the harbor was reached, there would be no going in that night. He would stay up until the pilot came on board, then he would turn in and be up bright and early to see the ship go up the river.

While he sat in the smoking room, feeling the warmth glow through his rather chilled frame, the ship slowed down, tooted her siren two or three times and stopped. An answering toot came from overside near by, and a sturdy steam pilot vessel slid alongside, put her pilot on board the liner and vanished into the fog again. Old Stormalong had passed the point of receptivity to impressions. No doubt this business of getting a pilot was carried through by some confounded sound gadget, radio most likely. It was a steam pilot boat anyhow.

It made no difference. No pilot, whether summoned by radio and delivered by steam or found cruising a hundred miles out at sea in a cockleshell sailboat and swung aboard up a spider ladder out of a skiff, was going to take that giant steamship up the harbor and river of New York in that fog. No gadgets ever invented could give a man confidence enough to dare that. In a little while the anchor would be down. Might as well go up on the bridge again and see her in that far.

### *Regardless of Fog*

Old Stormalong found the same silent calm in the inclosed bridge as had ruled before. The pilot was there, and all the watch officers. One of them was talking to the chief officer on the forecastle head. Nobody seemed anxious. Nobody spoke of anchoring. But of course that was to be expected. There was no old-fashioned anchor to swing outboard, or chain to get up and range. These big steamers had anchors that came up into the hawse pipe and were let go by simply unlocking the windlass. When the word was given to let go, the anchor plunged down in an instant. That was to be understood. But there was still the piloting. Old Stormalong checked himself when he began to listen for the hail of a leadsman if the chains. He glanced at the sonic sounder. No need for a leadsman, with that thing flashing the absolute depth every second. It was as easy as reading a street sign. No waiting, either, between swings of the lead. The depth was always in sight. Piloting was simple, as far as deep water and shoal were concerned. But there was still the channel. Steering counted there, and tides and windage. The pilot might take the ship up to an anchorage by careful going, but no farther.

Yet what was that new gadget Old Stormalong saw for the first time? Something quite new. There was the pilot, with ear phones at his ears, giving orders in a quiet, indifferent tone to the helmsman. Oh, yes, there was a helmsman now. Old Stormalong grinned knowingly. There was a limit to mechanical devices. But the pilot. His orders came quicker, the helmsman steered more closely, until the pilot muttered "All right" and gave a course. But he kept the ear phones to his ears and indicated small changes in the course by raising either hand. Nobody seemed to be caring about fog or traffic, except that now and then a small voice spoke through a telephone from the foremast crow's nest and was answered through the same medium.

"Going to anchor soon?" Old Stormalong ventured to ask the commander as he came near.

"Anchor? What for?" was the reply in a surprised tone.

### *No Chance of Collision*

"Thick, isn't it?"

"Oh, that makes little difference these days, old chap. The leader cable takes care of us. We've just got on to it. We'll be at the dock in an hour or two."

"Leader cable?" gasped Old Stormalong. "Sound?"

"In a way. Something like the depth finder and the oscillator. Cable runs down the middle of the channel, one for incoming and one for outgoing vessels, d'you see? Cable is energized from the shore end, and a strong electric field is set up all along its length. In the ship are two coils of insulated wire, like an aerial, one each side of the hull; and to each is an amplifier like a radio unit. Ear phones pick up the impulses, and when both signals are equally distinct the ship is over the cable. She is off the course when one signal gets fainter, and she is put back. No chance ——"

Old Stormalong thought he was going to hear another "unless," but he didn't. The commander went on:

"—— of collision. Separate cables for incoming and outgoing ships. Of course ——"

But Old Stormalong had seen and heard enough. He went thoughtfully to his stateroom, not to sleep but to throw his dunnage into his bag and get all ready to step ashore. He did not doubt any more. The skipper had said the ship would dock within two hours. Old Stormalong believed that somewhere in this amazing ship he would be able to call up a taxicab and have it all ready for him at the pier. He went to see. And he found it. He was not surprised.

*If Beethoven Lived in the Apartment Downstairs*


# At $3.50— Tip-Top, *the wrist-watch,* sets a new standard of value

GIVE Tip-Top to any man or boy, and you'll *know* that you've picked a winner! Everything about Tip-Top will meet with his approval—its *octagon* case, beveled crystal, cubist numerals, open hands and sunk second dial. It's a thoroughbred in looks!

But its beauty is really the least of Tip-Top's attractions. Outdoors or indoors, hard work or easy sailing, you can trust Tip-Top as you'd trust your closest friend. It's dependable—a True Time Teller!

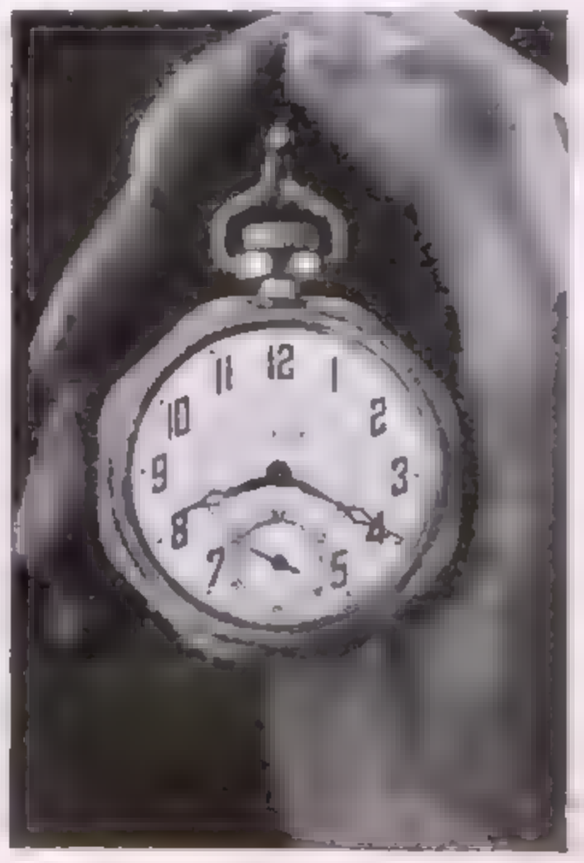
And note this exclusive feature of Tip-Top's—it's set on the strap at an angle that makes time telling twice as quick.

But see Tip-Top. Today! Then you'll know how low its new price really is! $3.50 is the price with silver dial. Radium is $4.00.

See Tip-Top's twin True Time Teller, also—Tip-Top, *the pocket-watch.* Same fine qualities, but pocket-sized. New price, $1.50 with silver dial. Radium, $2.25. Slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.
*Clock-makers for over 100 years*

Tip-Top, *the pocket-watch,* another big value at $1.50 Radium, $2.25



# THE UNDERSTANDING EYE

(Continued from Page 13)

"I don't like this line," said De Mille. "It makes the hero a cad."

As I knew nothing about the situation being photographed save what I could see, I returned to my conversation. I noticed that though Miss Macpherson was polite, she was not listening to me. For though she had not written the scenario for this picture, she was a scenario writer, and she knew that when the director does not like the line it is a serious moment.

The scenario writers who were responsible for the first line furnished others. They were discarded by the director, who was still frowning. They looked troubled. Then the glittering eye of the gentleman biting his forefinger lit unluckily on me. I was at ease; it was not my roof that was burning.

"You would-be authors come forward and sweat a little blood," quoth he.

Miss Macpherson rose, but I sat still. I did worse. I spoke.

"That lets me out," I said, and in the solemn stillness it sounded loud. "I am no would-be author."

Not an eyelid moved. Not a sound came from all that group. The director's eyes fastened on me.

"That means you," he said. He continued to fix me with his eyes.

I rose right up like a galvanized automaton. I suppose if he had said "Act this out" I would have done it. I surveyed the group whose acting had been stopped. In the silence it seemed imperative that I say something. I was not the author of this situation, but I was connected with it somehow.

I gave a line that could be applied to the picture I saw: The injured man in a steamer chair on the luxurious deck; the girl he loved, bending over him; the other man discontentedly looking on.

My luck stayed with me. The director said, "That will do. Write it down."

Something happened to the watchful group that, even though I could not analyze it, seemed somehow flattering to me. They relaxed; they looked on me with interest, where before their faces had been politely blank. I felt ambition rising in me—the ambition with only a little knowledge behind it that is one of the causes of pride going before a fall.

The cameras began to click. "Now, Rod," came from the director. "Vera, move back there." The picture began to flow with the peculiar fluid consistence a well-directed picture has.

### The Bane of Pictures

Then came another halt. Cortez had just indicated that the heroine was marrying the hero because he was injured, not because she loved him, and the director did not like the answer. He looked at me and waited. Had I been able to give an answer that was satisfactory there is no telling how far I might have advanced in this field by this time. But nothing is that easy, certainly not pictures.

"The hero would divide his answer," I said. "To the villain he would say, 'Well, she is marrying me.' And to the girl he would say, 'Do you love me?'"

The director cast an annoyed look on me "Yes," he said coldly, "and for any action I could get out of that I can wave my arms about my head."

Now actually I did not know what he meant. I thought my answer was quite acute. It was what I would have written in such a situation. The sentences were short and expressed the relation of the three characters to one another. I found myself extremely vexed over their instant rejection.

But he was absolutely right. I had given him nothing he could photograph, just some words; and words are the bane of the pictures. For words are not continuity. Continuity is flowing motion. It is a progression of time. It must not stop to make comments; it must keep going on and on. If it stops a moment the attention is not held.

That is the reason why a play does not make a good picture; the play is almost entirely dialogue. Such action as is in it is there to explain the dialogue. You cannot photograph dialogue; and too many insets stop the flowing quality that should be in all good pictures. Plays made into pictures are remade.

Suppose you have to show that a man is neglecting the fiancée at his side in order that he may watch another girl. It is easy to photograph him watching the other girl. But what are you going to do to show that while he is watching the other girl he is neglecting his fiancée? Quite evidently the fiancée must be used to show this. And these two acts must follow so closely that the audience catches their relation without any word explanation.

### Forced to Suicide

In the last line that I offered De Mille I had two separate ideas that could not even follow each other closely. The way it was finally acted was that the hero, at the distressing suggestion of the villain that the heroine was marrying him because of her sympathy for him and not her love, looked up appealingly at the heroine as he sat, unable to move, in his chair. Then she bent over him and kissed him most lovingly.

As soon as you begin to visualize in terms of continuity you will be bored to death by long pages of conversation that get nowhere. You will listen with impatience to long-winded stories, and gas-filled sentences will become your detestation. You will want to do what one of the famous scenario writers does whenever anybody tries to tell her a story. She raises her hands to her ears and says:

"It is in the terms of my contract that I must not listen to an original story. My company does not want to be sued for plagiarism again."

When I got off the Casiana that night I asked for the script. I thought it was high time I knew something about this story that was using some of my ideas, and also time that I knew what was a good line and what a poor one, and why.

There was no script for me, but I succeeded in getting a typed copy of the talk Mr. De Mille had made to his assembled actors when he told them the story they were going to portray for the next three months.

This copy took me an hour and a half to read. The story was told dramatically and tersely; not my story, but the story worked out from some of my ideas. If emotion was to be expressed a stock phrase was used that required no effort for comprehension. something like: "And she was swept off her feet."

The characters were outlined, both their appearance and their mental attributes. Their first names were used when they were not called "that guy" or "that gink." I thought I could rewrite it this way and sell it for an entirely new story. But like putting on make-up, so far I haven't had the time. I do not know whether my original Feet of Clay could still be filmed.

Had I been selling this story to Mr. De Mille this is probably the way I ought to have told it to him. At that time I did not know that almost all stories were told to the producer. He has not time to read, and frequently he does not want to read if he has time. I thought everybody connected with a picture read the book—editor, producer, president of the company, director, and all the actors. They do not. A synopsis is made and they read that. I believe there are a few directors who read the book; I know of one who does so when something goes wrong in the script the scenario writer gives him.

I pored over this typed copy of a man's speech with dumfounded amazement. My hero and heroine were made to commit suicide—a thing that had not remotely occurred to me. It is not the only time suicide has been wished on me. A girl in my

*Another Scene in the Bel Geddes Garden—in Feet of Clay*

The Unguarded Hour was made to kill herself with a paper knife. I thought I had a much better solution of her problem, and I would never have picked out a paper knife anyhow. But there you are.

### A Saturday-Night Story

My characters, not having quite succeeded in their suicidal attempts, were made by the scenario writer to come back and begin anew. And this return over a bridge of light between life and death was a far more remarkable piece of photography than any fiction writer could have visualized. It turned out to be the high light of the picture. Men and women who went to see it expecting a melodrama, or a story, or a De Mille production, came out of the theater saying to themselves:

"Where are we going and what have we left undone?"

They got the melodrama, but they got this with it. And this is one of the great promises of the future of motion pictures. You can get any message over if your story and your production hold the attention of the audience. You cannot get the finest message in the world to your audience if it is embodied in a dull thing they will not stay to see.

"What do you think of the changes?" Rod La Rocque asked when I returned the copy of the speech.

"I am a little dazed," I admitted. "I did not intend to have my hero die; but since he has to die, you do it in a way I would have had him die."

"I have studied him. I know how he would die as well as how he lived."

"You must have read the book," I said.

"Several of us have," he replied.

And it was true, because one day as I stood on a crowded set one of the extras standing beside me was watching Julia Faye come down a staircase and kiss six men who stood on the stairs. We were all watching, for it was a hazardous task. She had to be quick about it and she had to be very careful not to spoil her own make-up or that of any of the men.

"Is Julia Faye the mother in this story?" the extra asked me casually.

"There isn't any mother in the picture. They took her out of the story."

"Oh, you've read the book!" she said.

All my life I have wanted a chance to say: "I wrote the book." I took this chance at one gulp. "I wrote the book," I said.

She gave me an amused glance. "That's a good line. Julia Faye wrote it. Didn't you know?"

I told this to Miss Faye between sequences, as she moved from the six men on the stairs to the other side of the set.

"I'll save that for Saturday night," she said.

### Early to Bed

These people work so tediously, from eight in the morning until six at night, and sometimes late into the night, that they go to bed early on weekdays. It isn't only that they are tired. It is that the camera mercilessly reproduces fatigue lines.

You cannot drink too much on Tuesday and expect to look your best for your big scene on Wednesday. If you must drink you put it off until Saturday. And if you are in the habit of putting off your folly until Saturday, either you will get in the habit of putting it off altogether, or Saturday will be a big night for you. In any case you will have Sunday to recuperate.

But after some months of big Saturday nights, Sunday will not be enough for repairing the ravages the camera will betray on Monday, and you will lose your job because you have pouches under your eyes that even the thickest make-up will not hide. Or your eyes will be so dull that even the most careful lighting will not help them. And after you have lost your job you will be a good example for the others who do not propose to lose theirs. All this talk about the gayety of Hollywood is nonsense.

Hollywood is as silent and quiet after ten o'clock as a high-class sanitarium, and for exactly the same reason. Of course there are always the gamblers who will hazard even their jobs hoping to have luck this time. But for the most part, men and women whose livelihood depends on making a good appearance before as unflattering a thing as the camera do not take such risks, and do not last long if they do.

After the incident on the Casiana had turned a high light on my ignorance, the next thing I craved to be sure of was that I could learn. I have always been doubtful about attempting an opera just because I knew the scale. Once I went through an ammunition factory. Among the hundred different machines that made paper and felt and shaped brass and packed shells, the only thing I understood was the shot tower, where melted lead fell from a height so that it would become round in falling. If I had to invent a machine it would be that kind of machine. It might easily be too difficult for me to understand the machinery of

a scenario that had to put continuity in relation with the camera.

The next day I was invited to luncheon to meet a titled Englishwoman, very young, very soft of voice and attractive of manner. We talked of many things before it occurred to me that all this filming that was going on might interest her.

"Have you ever seen a picture made?" I asked.

"Yes, my mother is interested in pictures." An American would have told me who her mother was and what was her interest, but not an Englishwoman. I had to ask.

"My mother is Elinor Glyn," she answered.

I made another inquiry.

"My mother could not get anybody to write her scenarios the way she wanted them written," she replied. "So I ran over from London to do it for her."

I knew she had done a prodigious amount of war work in her teens, knowing nothing about it before she began it—and she had done it successfully—but I could not keep from asking if she had ever written a scenario before. I had myself in mind, of course.

She said she had not, but that didn't matter, as she knew her mother's stories better than anybody else knew them, and she knew her mother better, and exactly what her mother wanted. I began to bet myself that if this young matron could do it, I could. People have learned to drive automobiles under the same impetus. On the other hand there were a good many people around me who had made the same bet and failed.

"Why doesn't your mother write her own scenarios?" I asked at length.

"She hasn't time to work them out. She has to be on the set all day to get what she wants."

"Does she get it? Nobody seems the least interested in what most authors want."

"Surely she gets it. She wouldn't work with them if she didn't. She will not let anything be changed in her books. She picks out all the actors and arranges what they are to wear, and superintends the appearance of the sets."

"I shall have to see that," I said. "It is such an antithesis to my own experience that I ought not to miss it."

### *The Same Old Bridge to Cross*

And there never was anything so different. I sat beside Madam Glyn a good many hours, watching; and as an example of the exact opposite of the position I found myself in, it was unequaled. I could see also why directors and producers preferred to keep their authors in my position. To be stopped when you are in the midst of directing and made to consider something that is not in your own mind has many inconveniences. It also takes away from your authority over the people you are directing.

Madam Glyn sat beside King Vidor and interrupted him whenever she liked, and whenever she wanted anything done in a different way. What was more remarkable, he endured it with perfect calmness. It is no joke to direct the activities of many people at once. A good many of our officers in the war found it hard even to direct a parade, let alone a regiment in action. As I watched this young man accept these interruptions and lose none of his own value as he carried out another's suggestions, I wondered if he would not go far some day. When I saw King Vidor's name beneath The Big Parade with its marvelous directing, I was not surprised.

The difficult bridge between your own vision of a thing and your giving that vision to another is the place where all of us who try to ride Pegasus are stopped. The picture people are no different. From president to director, from scenario writer to actor, all of them have to cross that bridge with what success they can manage. You and I may see very clearly, but if we have not the ability or the technic to make the other person see, we stay on the less lonely side of the bridge. Usually we can make others see something; usually we are surprised over what they see. It is apt to be quite unlike what we have tried to make them see. But that is up to us. And then, of course, if we are selling what we see, there comes the matter of the other person liking what we make him see. He won't buy if he doesn't like it. The pictures confront this problem, as do all the producers of all salable articles.

When I bet myself that if this young woman could do for Elinor Glyn what she was doing, I could do it for myself, I was facing the same old bridge I had tried to cross a good many times. It had different water flowing under it, but you cross it one foot before the other. This took the form, in my case, of realizing that the new technic of the pictures was remarkably like the technic of the first-person story.

### *The Best Picture Stories*

When you write as if you were telling the story as you saw it happen, you are necessarily confined to what it is possible for you to see and hear or be told. You have to devise many ways of overhearing and overseeing what your characters are doing; and you cannot record what they are thinking unless they express it in their behavior—their acts. You are forever pausing on the stairs to hear what is being said in the hall, because only that way can you get it in your story, or you are unexpectedly opening a door and coming on a situation your plot requires you to narrate. You will notice that this device is employed in the pictures; the scenes follow each other as if you had come upon them and were watching them.

If you are not telling the story in the first person but are the usual all-seeing third-person narrator, you can tell what the villain and the hero are doing at the same time though one be in New York and the other in Boston; and your plot often demands this. But in a picture you cannot be in two places at the same time. For this reason an intricate plot does not lend itself to good picture construction. The simpler the plot the better. The Big Parade had no plot; it was a succession of incidents, each depending on the other. But it must not be so simple that you can foresee its end inevitably, or you will not sit through to the finish. The best picture stories are those connected with deep emotions, simply developed, each sequence a concentrated center of action that demonstrates these emotions.

Now, when you come down to it, this is the way the high moments of life declare themselves. Even when you are most deeply involved in what is going on about you, you do not always understand it thoroughly because you do not see the whole of it. You see it only as it unfolds itself in sections, in sequences. Wisdom often lies in waiting until you get a wider vision. Appearance cannot be relied on; it lacks connotative power. A hundred proverbs in many languages warn you to look at both sides of a thing before you decide, and you cannot look at both sides at once. You can see that an art or an industry connected solely with appearances would have its own troubles in making these appearances seem real.

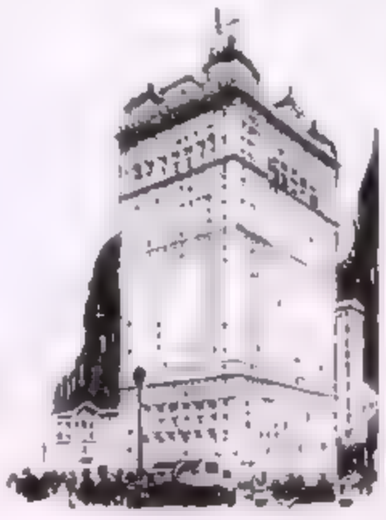
The story-writer can explain these appearances, taking all the time to do so that the occasion demands—a whole page or a whole chapter or a whole book. The motion-picture writer cannot do this. If the picture presented does not explain itself something has to be injected into it to give it significance. If these swiftly progressing appearances become dull, something has to be injected into them also, or the audience would not stay to see them. As long as you stay in your seat looking at a picture the picture has something effectual in it, whether you are pleased by it or not.

The thing that is put into a dull picture, or one that does not explain itself, is usually


Book-Cadillac

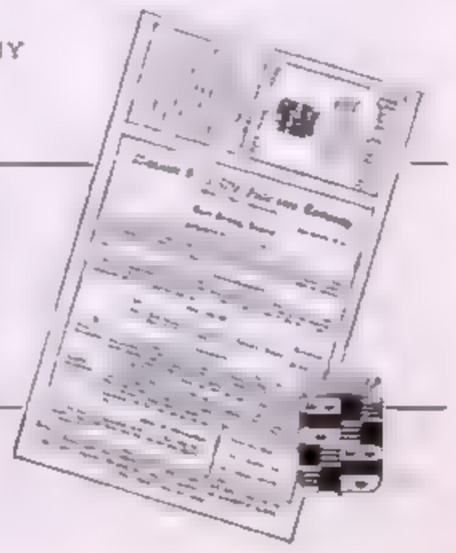
*"And the nights shall be filled with music"*

Colored with romance, a tall spire, filled with pleasant things, with music, with banqueters, with laughter, the Book-Cadillac gathers its youth and its wisdom from 'round the world. From 'round the world, from its further obscure hamlets and from its capitols come these changing, interesting, aggressive folk who people this hotel. In the Blue Room, in the Venetian Room and in the Italian Garden there's always a pageant. Nights *are* filled with music. Cares *can* be forgotten. Yet, *your* room, *all* of the sleeping rooms are quiet, for they are above the seventh floor, and the music and revelry are far below. The beds are soft, famously soft and restful and comfortable. Store that deep in your memory . . . Many come here now and often and they feel at home, for this place knows them well, and they know it. As we've welcomed them so we welcome you. We'll do our best to make your visit memorable, unforgettable. Men say that it is one of America's great hotels.



THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, *President*

This you'll like because it protects your family: As you leave, you'll find attached to your receipted bill *an accident insurance policy*. For forty-eight hours from that minute, it guards you and your family; an extension of Book-Cadillac service. It pays $5000.00 for accidental death; $2500.00 for loss of limb; and $25.00 weekly over a long term for wholly disabling injuries.



something that provides more movement. Battle, murder and sudden death are a great help. Burning houses and railroad wrecks and automobiles crashing into obstacles are well thought of.

Such incidents would banish the monotony in your own life. Even a hammock breaking down and bumping you on the floor has more variety than mere idle swinging. The prettiest girl in the hammock becomes a bore if she swings indefinitely. Let the rope break and you become interested in why it broke and what the girl is going to do about it. If it broke because of a villain who cut the rope surreptitiously, and if somebody interested in defending the girl saw this, you who are watching it become even more interested in it. You have related the action to an idea. It is the thing all scenario writers and all directors and all producers try to do. They have different names for it, but their query, "What's the idea?" cannot be neglected. If there isn't any idea the scene is cut out. It is often cut out if better ideas crowd it out.

To come upon an action that clearly expresses your idea is not always easy in the most ordinary affairs of daily life. It becomes less easy when you are overtaken by the unexpected. We all know how foolish we can act in an emergency. We have all had staircase wit—the wit that does not discover what to do until going upstairs to bed, when it has become too late to do it.

### *Synopses of Synopses*

The good scenario writer finds actions that express ideas. He makes his characters go through these actions in a certain given time that allows them only so many seconds for the small incidents of their story and so many minutes for the large incidents. It is done to a definite beat of time which translates itself, when the camera takes hold of it, into a thing called footage.

All comedy must be in vivid light. All tragedy in shade. You do not go to a wedding in funereal black, and if you are the heroine of the wedding you go in gleaming white. A funeral uses black for a very excellent reason.

It is not solely the director's job to know shadow and its uses, and light and its direction, and high light and where to place it, but yours in writing your story. If a big man and a little woman enter the room together, the little woman would not show if the big man did not stay in the background—which means in the shadow.

After I had found some of these things out I began to wonder what you did with it if you created something the pictures could use. You remain academic if you merely learn. It was up to me to use what I had learned, even if the use of it only took the form of writing stories that did not require so much taken out of them and so much put in them. Not a word can be cut from the Gettysburg Address, but think of what Lincoln had to learn first.

I found that in all studios a corps of readers read a large percentage of all the novels printed; then they make synopses of them, and these synopses leave out a good deal. The head of the department reads the synopses and leaves out some more. Once in a while, if she is interested, she reads such parts of the book as interest her. The head of the department is usually a woman; the readers are usually women; I don't know why. I should think there was a need for men here, but I notice that those who decide on whether the story will be filmed are men. If the head reader likes the synopsis she arranges for a conference with the production manager and tells the story to him. In the telling it becomes still more condensed. If he likes it, then a story conference is called. And this conference includes whoever is interested, and is for the purpose of discussing whether anybody is interested, and how much, and what can be done to make it more interesting

Some of the interminable waits attached to the selling of a story to the pictures are due to the fact that you do not sell your story to a managing editor, as you do in a magazine. You sell it to six people; and it is quite difficult for even the high bosses to get these six people together at one time.

I assisted at one story conference in which a clergyman was the hero of the story. The director, who liked the story and wished to direct it, told it in an accomplished way. I thought the six men to whom the story was told would jump on it, because only a few months before the vice president of this very company had told me most small-town women and some large-town women were offended by clergymen as heroes. But all six men liked the story.

During these months The Fool had carried its clergyman hero to small town and large with much success. And in picture form The Road to Yesterday had made millions of women like its rector hero. So this company now thought it could not only attempt this kind of hero, but might try to borrow William Boyd, who had played the clergyman hero in The Road to Yesterday.

All six men discussed the ways of making the hero appeal to women instead of antagonize them. At one point in the story there seemed to be no action that would adequately show to the women in the audience that the women of this clergyman's parish were crazy about their minister. There was a pause while six men considered what women did when they were crazy about a man. Each of their suggestions applied to men in other professions than that of the clergy.

There came a pause, and being particularly susceptible to pauses in conversation, I dug up a clergyman who in my extreme youth had affected the women of his congregation so that they used to return after the service was over for rubbers they had forgotten or pocketbooks they had left in the pew, or even handkerchiefs they had in their pockets. My reminiscence was incorporated in the story. If the handsome clergyman sees it he should be convinced that the pictures are sometimes true to life, whatever that is.

### *A Story Waiting to be Told*

When I came out from this story conference I wondered if I could not tell a story in this new way, for that would get me over the under readers and the head reader, straight through to the production manager. There was, of course, only one way to answer this question: To find a manager who would listen to me and to tell him my story. One morning it actually occurred to me that I might try to begin on Mr. De Mille, since I was there on the ground with no secretaries to hold me back.

The minute this idea was born I made myself hideously miserable, when I should have been having the time of my life, by asking myself ten times a day whether this was the time to ask him if he would listen to my story. For it never seemed to be the time; too many other people were asking him to listen. If you think about this you never get any place in the pictures.

One day the director-general did not like the lady villain's dress. There was too much gleam in it for the solemn scene about to be enacted. So everything stopped while the costume department made Julia Faye a new dress in an hour. This is my chance, I said.

But the director had relapsed into a canvas chair with his name printed on the back, and he was deeply engrossed in a volume of poetry that must have been a special edition, for I could see the gorgeous illustrations. I took a good long look at this concentration that was successfully keeping away twenty other people who likewise thought it was their chance, and I retired from that place and sought out the head of the reading department—the head over which I wished to go.

"Mrs. Adams," quoth I, "I would like to tell a story to Mr. De Mille. How do I go about it?"

She regarded me humorously. "Why don't you ask him how to go about it?"

"I never seem to find the right time to do it, and I am going home soon."

She did not make the obvious reply that if I could not make the director listen to my request to tell a story I would have small chance with the telling of it. She just said, "I will make an appointment for you."

"Do you mind telling me," I asked, "when a man who works all day directing and sits up half the night reading the script he has to direct the next day can give appointments?"

"If the script has to be altered he sits up longer than that," she said. "He saves his luncheons for his conferences."

### *The Unguarded Lunch Hour*

In a few days I was told that the director would lunch with me on Tuesday. That morning I sat on the lot watching him direct Julia Faye hanging on a window sill that was slowly giving way, with the street presumably five stories below. There was no such scene in the story I intended to tell at noon; there was none in Feet of Clay, but I found myself regretting that there was not. This is one of the things pictures are supposed to do to authors. As far as I am concerned I wish it would do it to a lot of them.

The scene I had been watching had been rehearsed several times and acted twice, and though I had seen it over and over, I was still thrilled. It is true that I saw it very well acted. Had I read it I might not have been so thrilled. All the same I began to wonder if melodrama was not as high art as psychology, and if the story I was about to tell wouldn't gain in quality if it had more action. The magic of the movies had caught me.

At one o'clock the director held up his hand and work stopped. The fifty people employed in the production of the scene lingered a moment, some of them chatting, some of them resting. The director bowed to me and I rose from the star's canvas chair. Everybody observed us gravely as they made an aisle for us to pass through. We passed by other sets where other directors were leaving off work and where they made other aisles for us to walk through.

As we approached the lunch room devoted solely to this director, people began to stop us; people who hoped to get a moment of the director's time and who had been waiting a long time for the chance—a woman who had lost her job; another who had been ill and wanted to come back; a man with an apology.

"So many people want jobs," he said wearily: the only weariness I had seen.

"Some of these wanted money without jobs," I ventured.

"They are easiest to handle." He wasted no words; he had been talking all morning.

I have no doubt it was a well-chosen luncheon, but I really do not know, for I had a story to tell and I could not seem to think of food. I began at once, like this: "The title is The Unguarded Hour."

The director nodded. The nod meant that the title was a box-office title. He listened carefully, eating his luncheon while he listened. I took a bite whenever I got stuck, and it was a help to pause for a drink of water. When I had finished, the director considered what I had said for a few minutes—not long. Then he shook his head. "It won't do," he said. "The theme is not big enough." Nothing more.

The hour's time allotted for luncheon being over, we left the room, the door being held open by the butler. As the director left me outside I realized that I was very hungry. I had had a good deal of excitement during the morning, waiting for this ordeal. That it had not proved an ordeal did not matter. I had talked an hour and eaten scarcely anything. I made my way to the outside gate, and on that way I encountered the polished actor who was playing the elderly husband in my story.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

I was thinking hard about this theme that was not big enough. "I am going to the drug store to get a sandwich."

"A sandwich! Holy smoke, you lunched with the chief."

"That's why I am going to get a sandwich."

I woke up when I saw him grin. No human being would keep that bit of news to himself in the studio.

"Have you ever been the speaker at a banquet?" I began to hedge. "Well, you didn't eat, did you?"

"Not until I had made my speech."

"Well, that's why I'm going for a sandwich."

When I got back to the set fifty suppressed grins were leveled at me where there had been but one, and I could just hear that beautifully modulated voice, once so effective on the stage, but wasted now in pictures, saying:

"The lady you took to luncheon has gone to the sandwich counter of the corner drug store to get a piece of ham."

I sat down in a corner and studied my theme, and I finally concluded I hadn't one. I just had a story.

"There must be a reason," I said to myself, "for that girl's going abroad—a reason other than a social one. But who would have thought there was any place for a reason in the pictures? Let's see if there is a thing that will fit these incidents and connect with all the young girls who go to the pictures. What's the matter with: Should a girl be allowed to work out her own problems, no matter how unconventional, or should she be guarded and guided with strict conventions? Which gives her the greater growth?"

### *Keeping Characters in Character*

Every story worth writing must ask a serious question. If it is worth reading, it must answer the question. But you ask your question before you begin your story. I was asking mine after I had finished my picture. It can be done this way in pictures. And that is the reason that the gag is so well thought of. The gag is the event you use to answer the question you ask. You may answer it many times and in many ways. And if you are a good gag man you can command a large salary in the pictures.

Having decided that this theme would explain my story, I found myself injecting gag after gag into it—events that proved a girl should keep to conventions and events that proved she should be taught to think out her own problems, because she was bound to confront situations no conventions would cover if she was a girl fit to be a heroine. There I paused. Was my girl that kind of girl? If she was not, I had to make her that kind. And here I confronted one of the largest necessities in picture making. You have to make your characters the kind of characters who will do the things you make them do. If you make a girl of eighteen do what only a woman of forty would do, the picture becomes ridiculous. You can get away with it in a story, where characterization is so often a mere description of the girl, but in a picture your characterization has to be a succession of acts.

I began to wonder if the pictures hadn't a good deal to teach story writers. It might be that fiction would greatly gain by having some of these necessities imposed on it. Nothing is so cheap as talk in a novel, especially talk that doesn't get any place.

There is a story of Mark Twain's that I have always cherished because at its beginning he declared there would be no weather in it. Anybody who wanted weather could refer to the appendix, where there were quotations from other authors who were fond of weather.

I referred to this appendix but once, for the first quotation that my eye lighted on was: "It rained forty days and forty nights." The only weather in the motion pictures is weather you see. Nobody in the pictures talks about it. Neither does anybody say, "Won't you sit down?" They make a gesture and let it go at that. There are a few hundred playwrights and a few thousand novelists who might do worse than learn this little trick from the motion pictures.

Having gagged my story and given it a theme, I looked about for somebody else I could sell it to. I made inquiry about who was the easiest man, and found there were no easy ones. But there were several kinds of hard ones, and the hardest men to sell a story to were those who bought only three or four pictures a year. I concluded that, since there were no easy ones, I might as well gain a little experience, and I picked out Joseph Schenck, who at that time bought a few stories a year for Norma Talmadge, his wife.

I did not tell Mr. Schenck that the story I wished to relate to him had been turned down by Cecil De Mille. By this time it was not the same story, and it hadn't been turned down by anybody; but I wouldn't have told him anyhow. One of the astonishing things in the story business is that one man will hate your story and another will think it's all right. This happens even after it is published or photographed, but it never ceases to surprise me. The science of salesmanship seems to be partly concerned with finding the man who likes what you have to sell.

### *The Age of Reason*

Therefore what I said to Mr. Schenck was that I had a story especially adapted for Norma Talmadge. Something told me he had heard that a few thousand times before.

"Shoot," he said, and relaxed into his swivel chair.

This time, after I announced my title, I gave my theme.

He nodded at both and I was greatly encouraged. He made no other move or any comment until I neared the end of my story. Then he stopped me:

"We can no longer get that bunk over. You say the woman was so insulted by all this doubt about where she was that she wouldn't tell where she was. No woman in such a situation would have refused to answer such a perfectly natural question just because she felt insulted by the suspicion cast on her. Once we could do that. There was a picture that got over in spite of the whole story hanging on the heroine's not raising her eyes when the villain walked through her room. But that was ten years ago. We can't do it now. If your story depends, in this scene, on the heroine not telling where she was, you have to give her a convincing reason for not telling."

Literally, I gasped; it was the first time I had been asked to give a reason. No magic of Norma Talmadge's charm was to be used here. This man knew that not even a finished actress can repair the stupidity of the author. He waited for me to fabricate a reason for my heroine's secretiveness.

I had to think fast, or like the audiences De Mille provided for, somebody would get up and leave; and whichever one of us left, I would be the loser.

"The only reason then that would keep her from telling where she was would be the loss of her voice," I hesitated. "She has to lose it for some physical reason, then. She's strong and healthy and intelligent, so I can't make her faint. But I can have her hit her head on the stone cornice of that corridor and fall unconscious."

"Why does she hit her head?" He was as cold as a snowstorm in May; I was not delivering the goods. But he gave me a moment more to think.

"Why, that's the place for the villain! He tries to take her in his arms and she hits her head in the fight she has with him. When she's unconscious he has to carry her back to her room, her opera cloak falling back from the negligee in which she left her room."

He shut his eyes. I imagine he was visualizing Norma Talmadge in this picture. "All right, that will do," he finally said. "Go on."

I went on to the conclusion. He thought several minutes; then he said, "Yes, I think I can use it if you will write it just as you have told it to me, and if you get in a better reason for the girl leaving the duchess. She wouldn't run away from the place where she was a guest without a pretty good reason. When you have it done I will submit it to my wife. She doesn't act anything she does not like."

He rose with me, then he said, "Suppose you run over to my wife's bungalow and study her a bit. She is only working an hour or two today and you will find her there with more leisure than at any time later in the week."

I am not the only person in the world who would like to study Norma Talmadge at close range. I didn't ask her husband where this bungalow was; I asked a girl outside the office, and I was prepared to go as many miles as were necessary to reach it. It turned out to be Miss Talmadge's dressing room, only a few feet away. It consisted of a drawing-room, gay with chintz, and a boudoir with every convenience for dressing and make-up, and an office where her secretary sat.

Miss Talmadge was very slim and youthful looking and dark eyed, handsomer off the screen than on, and that is quite handsome enough for me. She had just begun to dress for the part she was about to play, and she chatted with me while her maid arranged her hair. Then she herself lifted from their boxes the jewels she was going to wear. There came a pause; her pearls were not there.

The maid said she had left them at home, but she said it with alarm. The secretary was called from her office. She said more certainly that the pearls were at home. Me, I was quite willing to be searched, only I knew I didn't have underthings like Norma's. Dressing table and boudoir were searched. The maid looked disturbed, the secretary annoyed. I don't know how I looked. I can only hope I did not look as I felt.

Then somebody had the bright idea of calling up the house of Schenck and inquiring about the pearls. They were found to be at home. But this was almost as bad as if they were missing, for they had to be worn in a picture in a few minutes and the house was some miles away. A hasty messenger was dispatched. The beautiful lady looked at her two worried servitors.

### *Taken Too Literally*

"Come and kiss me," she said sweetly. All traces of disturbance were entirely gone. I began to be sure the artistic temperament was a valuable asset. But it proved to be another of those Hollywood things you would like to have but that take too much time. I had no time to follow the beautiful lady to the set where she was acting. I had to hunt up a typist and put my story into type.

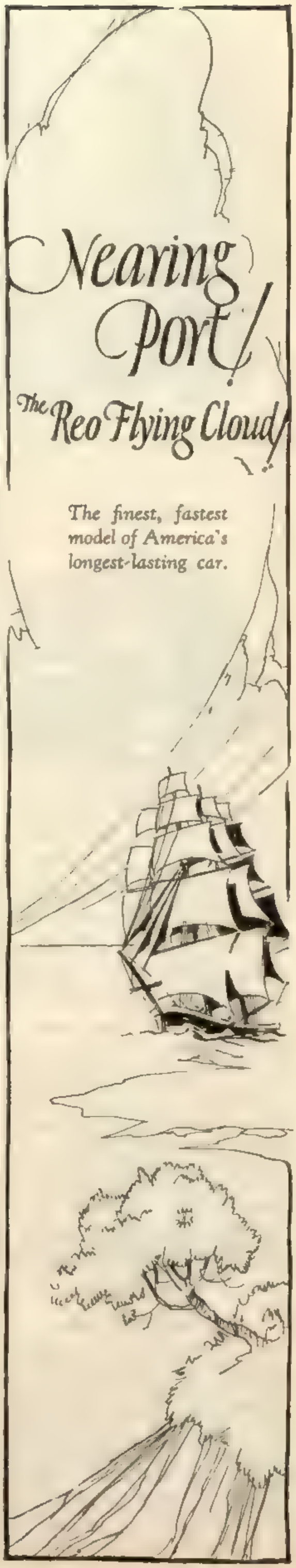
I delivered it in person the next day and was told that it would receive immediate attention. And this was the first time I encountered that ogre of the motion pictures—waiting. It is the terror that stalks by day and devours by night.

All Hollywood is full of those who wait. Some of them wait in agony and suspense; some gayly putting up a front. Some give up in despair. Secretaries by the hundreds put them off. In the studios at Hollywood the stall is perfected to the *n*th degree.

Had I known more about the strange ways of buying and selling in the pictures I would have stayed right where I was and asked for a decision every day, and not left until I had it. But having had only the magical experience of the telephone sale of Feet of Clay, I left my manuscript and went on home, supposing I would hear from it shortly.

At the end of six weeks I wrote. A secretary answered that my manuscript would receive Mr. Schenck's attention at his earliest leisure. I continued to wait, and then finally I sent a telegram. I asked for an immediate decision or the return of my manuscript at once. It was promptly returned with a polite note regretting that I was in such a hurry.

"What Louis was it," I asked, "who said, when the lady entered at the appointed moment, 'Madame, you almost made me wait'?"




# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

What is the proper way to refer to our town? Ans. Our growing metropolis, the biggest little city in the world.

How should the fact that Mrs. Highhat, our social leader, had unexpected visitors for supper, be announced? Ans. Mrs. Highhat entertained Thursday evening for a party of close friends. Covers were laid for six.

What was served at the party? Ans. Delicious refreshments were served.

What will the Epworth League give Saturday? Ans. An old-fashioned box supper will be given Saturday by the boys and girls of the Epworth League. Girls, show the boys how you can cook; boys, don't have fishhooks in your pockets.

Describe the fire which destroyed Tom Jones' barn? Ans. It was a spectacular conflagration, lighting the skies for miles with its lurid glow.

What was the net effect of the wedding? Ans. A childhood romance had its culmination Wednesday, when the young couple marched to the altar. —*D. M. Owens.*

### *To Mona Lisa*

*AND so you knew*
*Them too;*
*Learned to see through*
*The wiles and smiles and guiles*
*Of these pert jackanapes who came to woo*
*And vowed they would be true.*
*Those sepia eyes, that very sepia hair,*
*And those too learned lips—ah, sister, you*
*Are to be envied, for you are long dead.*
*You have no stint of tears yet to be shed.*
*I give you the respect I give but few;*
*Before your mouth so strangely living still*
*I bow my head acknowledging your skill.*
*It's taken me just twenty years and two*
*To learn to smile like you.*

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

# THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 19)

There is one well-known rounder who consumes $100 worth of bread and butter every night. A certain millionaire loves to frequent night clubs which are known to the wise crackers as deadfalls, drums and flea bags. He was handed a check totaling $800 for a few rounds of drinks for four people. He shoved the check back, saying, "I may be crazy, but not that crazy."

Many of these hide-aways are located in reconstructed cellars which are too damp and gloomy for the usual plumbing shops or local express offices. They are best described by an expert Broadwayite as upholstered sewers. They are decorated to the queen's bad taste. I have been in many of them, but not to drink. I like pump water, but I do not like to put my head under the pump the next morning.

These places cannot be described as restaurants, as they do business under night-club charters. They have kitchens, but the chef's patron saint is Lucrezia Borgia. The bright scholars will remember Lucrezia. She was the only woman who never lost her temper when the cook broke expensive Venetian glassware. In fact, Lucrezia used to break a few glasses herself and dropped the pulverized fragments into the food. None of her guests were ever on the committee which reported progress.

The only guest who ever escaped from one of her meals was a Genoese admiral who accepted her dinner invitation, but had judgment enough to bring his marines with him.

Meals in those days were more dangerous than battles. A general invited to a Roman banquet usually drew his sword, placed it conveniently on the table and said, "Pardon me, Nero, if I eat with my knife." High officials never knew whether the tablecloth would be hanging on the wash line the next morning or flying at half-mast on the town hall. They all arrived in sedan chairs carried by four slaves, indicating that they had enough sense to bring their pallbearers along.

We had many famous feasts in Rector's, but none to compare with the Banquet on the Bridge sponsored by that eminent host Caligula. The festival celebrated the opening of the bridge spanning the water from Puteoli to Misenum. Lunch was served in the middle of the bridge, and then the guests found themselves in the middle of the bay. Caligula had them all kicked overboard to drown. They might have liked the cooking, but they could not have cared much for the sauce.

The Roman remembered best for his feasts was Lucullus, whose homes in Naples and Misenum were the scenes of great feasts. His full title was Lucius Licinius Lucullus, which makes him the original Luke McLuke. Anyway Luke was so fond of sea food that he had salt-water fish brought all the way to his fish ponds in the hills and stationed a slave there to see that the fish got the proper attention. The slave carried a saltcellar and gave the fish a pinch of salt every hour on the hour. Like all saltcellars the darned thing wouldn't work on rainy days, and Luke decided to dig a canal through the mountains to the sea. He did this, and salt water flowed from the Mediterranean to Luke's family pond.

### *Luke's Guest of Honor*

Luke put on more lugs than any other Roman patrician. Pompey and his boy friend Cicero dropped in on Luke Lukius one day, trying to catch him off his epicurean guard. They thought they had him euchred when they suggested that all they wanted was the simple repast he had prepared for himself. Luke agreed to this, only asking that he be allowed to tell his servant the room in which to serve the free lunch. He got their permission and told his man to dish up the food in the Apollo Room. The dinner cost Luke exactly $10,000 because no meal was ever set in the Apollo Room for less than that amount. But it was worth it, for he had fooled Pompey and Cicero.

Luke hated to dine alone, but when he did he did it in style. A new butler from a Carthaginian employment agency was ordered to serve a solitary meal for Luke, and made the mistake of using paper napkins and picnic plates, under the impression that Luke didn't mind, provided the neighbors didn't see it. Luke kicked the butler out of his toga and said, "Sappio, dost thou not know that today Lucullus dineth with Lucullus?"

He ordered his purple biscuits to be spread in the fabled Herculanean Hall of Mirrors, where he could look up from his soup and see a thousand other Lukes looking up from their soup. He had one slave whose sole duty was to stand at Luke's right hand at every banquet and tell Luke when he was approaching the limit of indulgence in rich foods. When this slave figured that Luke was overeating he would grab his master's wrist and Luke's evening was over.

All of us have this same kind of overseeing if we would exercise it. In our case the slave's name is Moderation, and we should let him have his sway at all times lest our appetites become a bevy of Circes to transform us into human swine. Luke might have been an epicurean, but he was no gourmand whose eyes were bigger than his stomach. He was typical of the decadent days of the Roman Republic, except that he exercised restraint. Rome decayed when wine and viands took the place of water and oatmeal. The nation that had conquered all nations with its sword finally conquered itself with its teeth.

### *A Great Little Guy*

There is intemperance in food as well as in drink. America is a temperate nation in its eating. I was in the restaurant game for twenty-two years and I know my book. We can look at our successful men of today for proof of this. Twenty years ago the rich man was of the fat type. John W. Gates, Diamond Jim Brady, Dan Reid and the elder Morgan were very paunchy. The corporation monarch of today is on a diet. John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford and Elbert H. Gary are thin enough to be poor. They will outlive their stout predecessors two years to one. The business man of today is a light eater.

One of the lightest eaters I know of is George M. Cohan. He could fly like an eagle on the diet of a sparrow. He hasn't gained a pound of weight in twenty years. If he had been a cadet in West Point in 1900 he could still wear the same uniform today without alteration. I consider him the most important man on the American stage today. I owe him a lifelong gratitude for one thing he did for us around 1911. My father and I had just finished building the new Hotel Rector. As I said before, the French farce, The Girl From Rector's, had effectually killed the hotel and it was withering on the vine. Another bad feature was that in building the hotel and new restaurant we had lost the old homy atmosphere of the old Rector's, and Broadway resented it. We were closed a year during the building of the modern establishment, and Churchill's, Shanley's, Murray's and the Café de l'Opéra sprung up in the interim and took away our entire clientele. For three months there wasn't one guest in the 250-room hotel, our restaurant trade was nil and our bar registered zero. George came into the grill one evening after a tour, looked around at the empty tables and said, "Good evening, George. Where is the crowd?"

"Good evening, George," I replied. "There is not, has not been and may not be a crowd."

Now there could not be anything more dull than a conversation between two men named George unless one of the men happened to be George M. Cohan. I told him about the effect of Paul Potter's play on the Hotel Rector. He put his arm around my shoulder and invited me to have dinner with him.

After dinner we smoked cigars and he said: "George, I don't like to see this. Rector's has always been a great little place, you're a great little guy and I always liked you both. I'm going to show you that I'm a great little guy. I'm going to live in your hotel and so are my friends. I'm going to eat in your restaurant again and so are all my pals. Get me a suite of rooms on the second floor, facing on Broadway. I'm going to live here by the year. You're a great little guy."

And he went out saying "You're a great little guy," meanwhile shaking his head in the affirmative. He stopped at the door to say, "Your hotel is going to be filled tomorrow. You're a great little guy. So am I."

He kept his word and took a five-room suite in Rector's, even though he already had an apartment in the Hotel Knickerbocker leased by the year. Our hotel was completely filled inside of a week. George moved in, bag, baggage and piano. He would bang that piano at all hours of the night and on it he composed many songs which swept the country. He was a warm friend and his greatest tribute to anybody was, "You're a great little guy."

He was the center of the New York he sang about so delightfully. He was joking when he said, "I'm a great little guy too," but I never heard a truer word. George never forgot a friend who helped in the days around 1900, when the Four Cohans were struggling to get a chance to show their ability on Broadway. George could do anything that anyone else could do on the stage—and do it better. Although he came from good theatrical stock he admits himself that he started with nothing but complete confidence in his own ability. He sang without a voice and danced without steps. The result was he created the George M. Cohan school of acting, and has more imitators than any other man in the world. His success was earned.

### *Lackaye's Definition of Tact*

He might have been twenty years on Broadway, but he was twenty years getting there. His songs are sung the world over, the greatest being Over There, which became the battle song of the A. E. F. Joseph Tumulty, who was President Woodrow Wilson's secretary, wrote to George and told him that President Wilson considered Over There the war's greatest inspiration to American manhood.

He trouped with his father, mother and sister for many years and has a fund of anecdotes of the days on the road. He sat in Rector's night after night, hashing up old times in the tanks and jerk-waters. I think the funniest story he tells is of life in theatrical boarding houses. George lived for one night in a boarding house which he says was run on two rules, these rules being not to smoke hop in the parlor and to bury your own dead. It was an old Colonial building with but one bathroom for all, which is a reminder of Wilton Lackaye's definition of tact. His idea of real tact is a gentleman, opening the door of a bathroom, seeing a lady in the tub, backing out of the room, closing the door, meanwhile saying, "Excuse me, sir."

About that time George was engaged in his first attempt at song writing, the result being a melodious epitaph entitled Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home? The question was never answered, even though George sang it off key to every publisher in New York. It was written to waltz time, punctuated by explosions of dynamite in the new Subway excavation running up Broadway. The work of composing the song required great quiet—which was not furnished by the troupe of acrobats and wire walkers in the next room who were playing stud poker and apparently using stove lids for chips. The stud game was not much of a success, many of the losers suffering from the fact that the Subway blasts shook the building and turned over their hole cards.

George's musical career was further hampered by the fact that Singer had twenty of his midgets rooming in the boarding house, and they were all parked in one bed in the room overhead. When one midget turned over, they all had to turn over, with the result that the end midget generally fell out of bed. Princess Rajah and her snakes were also neighbors. The snakes had the clubby habit of getting loose from their baskets and crawling all over the hostelry.

### *Ringing a Dumb-Bell*

The best room was occupied by Ferry the Frog Man, a front bender of great ability. He was a sleepless man who lay awake nights thinking up new and queer methods of contorting his spine. When he got a new idea he would rise, don his frog outfit with a monstrous head and incandescent eyes and try out his new creations on the chandelier. He had lifted himself to the chandelier and hung there for a few minutes, revolving and twisting until he managed to get himself into a splendid knot, with his legs twice around his neck, his arms twice around his legs and his spine in a combination diamond hitch and a running bowline. But he didn't realize that he had accidentally turned on a gas jet while hanging on the chandelier, with the result that he was rapidly becoming drowsy.

Ajax the Strong Man had the room next to Ferry and had just rung for ice water by dropping a hundred-pound dumb-bell on the floor. The landlady was shuffling with the pitcher of ice water, but missed Ajax's room in her hurry, opening Ferry's door. She looked up and saw a monstrous reptile coiled around the chandelier and published the finest scream ever heard in the theatrical district. This aroused Ferry, but frightened him so that he forgot the solution to his tangling puzzle and started to wave his arms and legs in an effort to unwind himself. Then the gas got in its work and Ferry went to sleep again around the chandelier.

The landlady dashed into Rajah's room and made a hurried exit with six real boa constrictors wriggling after her. One of the boas made a bee, or rather snake, line for the midgets' room with the apparent idea of laying in a food supply for the winter. Another snake got into the bathroom and slept in the tub. Ching Ling Foo, the magician, came in to take a plunge and turned on the hot water. This aroused the snake, and when Ching saw its head above the tub he canceled his American tour by way of a window, a fire escape and a second-class passage.

The firemen and police arrived about the same time and started to bring chaos out of disorder by arguing with one another. George was meanwhile engrossed in his composition and making hay while the moon shone by adding all the new and strange noises to his orchestration. The law was making good progress until the half-boiled snake crawled out of the tub looking for the fool who had turned on the water. One fireman went down the stairs on Joe Jackson's bicycle, and the midgets ran around like little pink-and-white puddings, getting underfoot and in great danger of being flattened out by the ponderous police. As one copper said later, "We was knee-deep in midgets."

The landlady had fainted while Princess Rajah was collecting her boas, and came to just as the firemen were dragging a hose through the hall. She saw the hose running past her door and even to this day is convinced that she saw a hundred-foot boa with a white skin and gleaming brass

joints. There was no fire, so the firemen lent their efforts to unbending Ferry. He was in a terrific knot, and it was first feared they would have to cut him into pieces and sew him together again right. However, after fifty minutes of effort, they got him untied and put him to bed.

But Ferry had ruined Cohan's evening, because the gas was supplied by a quarter slot machine. The lights went out just when George was on his second chorus and he finished it in the dark, playing half the tune on the piano and the other half on the bureau. He claims the reason why no musician ever plays Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home? correctly is that they limit their efforts to the piano alone. In order to get the real spirit into the music it is necessary to play half of it on the piano and the other half on a bureau.

Allowing for some slight exaggeration this is almost an average account of life in the old-time theatrical boarding houses. Magicians, opera singers, jugglers, bell ringers, acrobats, trained seals and equally trained fleas all lived together in harmonious discord and fraternal uproar. When the actors were laying off and funds were low the landlady would carry the boys along until times got better. She even winked at her own rules and allowed the tenants to cook over gas jets.

An actor with the bare price of a cheap breakfast would split it two ways with a less fortunate brother. And when neither had funds, they could always sneak into Considine's Metropole and shag some free lunch. Considine's had three entrances and a man thrown out of one door could always come in another. George Considine was a very husky citizen and usually acted as master of ceremonies in his own barroom. He ejected one intoxicated gentleman who was too boisterous and told him not to come back again. Considine took him on a personally conducted tour to the door and dropped him for a field goal on the sidewalk. Then he walked back, rubbing his hands in the reflective manner of a man who has just done something well worth doing. To his surprise he saw the drunk coming in another door opening on a side street.

### *Old-Time Snicks and Snacks*

Considine grabbed him by the scruff and tossed him out, saying, "Didn't I tell you not to come back?" Five minutes later the same well-lubricated lad staggered through a third door, and as Considine started for him he backed out exclaiming, "Good heavens, do you own all the places in town?"

Considine and the other café owners experienced great difficulties with the itinerant actors and Broadwayites who came in to sample the free lunch without first going through the formality of sampling the beer. The barkeeps kept an eagle eye on the food show and woe to the man who tried to eat himself fat after buying one or no beers. It was another of those famous unwritten laws that no client could attack the lunch counter until he had purchased two beers at five cents apiece. Having complied with this invisible mandate a man could stroll casually over to the free lunch, pick out a reasonably clean fork and start stabbing at the tomatoes, scallions, beans, radishes, sausages and sliced ham. After he got his load he was expected to step back to the bar and contribute another ring to the cash register. You could eat and drink very well for fifteen cents.

There were free lunches served that were famous all over the town. The buffet of the Hotel Knickerbocker paraded a marvelous collection of snicks and snacks on its free-lunch counter. The lunch counter actually had chicken salad, lobster salad, lobster Newburgh, melted cheese on toast, cold corned beef, Virginia ham and even chafing dishes. Unfortunately the beer in the Knickerbocker café was ten cents a scoop. This outrageous price was resented by the better class of lunch grapplers, who seemed to consider a five-cent glass the standard price. The Waldorf, Biltmore and Plaza hotels all supplied free lunches to their bar patrons, and this method of distributing rations seriously interfered with the restaurant business.

Thousands of bachelors subsisted entirely on the free-for-all banquet style of feeding. However, it was then impossible for a man to bring his family into the barroom and have a basket picnic. Rector's didn't suffer much from the two-beer dining. We had no barroom, and if we had, we would have been too smart to give away lunches to prospective patrons. The man who lived on free lunch was the same kind of citizen who will look at a circus procession but will never pay to see the circus itself. He lived from hand to mouth—and got most of it on his vest.

The competition among saloon proprietors grew very keen in their individual efforts to attract bar flies by spreading tremendous repasts on the lunch shelf. The buffets with the most free groceries usually got the biggest play from the crowd. A man could get a New England boiled dinner and two beers for ten cents. It got so bad that six or seven of us restaurant owners had an emergency meeting to decide on ways and means of combating the free-lunch evil.

We decided that we couldn't find anything in the Constitution that declared generously donated food to be aiding and abetting the enemy, and therefore treasonable. So we adjourned the meeting and went over in a body to the Knickerbocker and sampled the lunch ourselves.

### *The High Cost of Free Lunches*

There is a prosperous restaurateur on Broadway today who admits that he acquired all his knowledge of marketing, cooking and serving food from his early efforts in keeping his saloon lunch up to the recognized standard in the old days. He says he actually expended $500 a week in supplying charitable provender for his customers and installed a kitchen to roast the meats. When prohibition came he was thoroughly equipped to change his sign and his business overnight. I met him the other day and he said that if he finished life with $50,000,000 he would consider himself even. I think that he has no kick coming, as he got rich selling the stuff he used to give away.

Free lunch reached its most magnificent proportions and glory in the city of Chicago. This was in the days when the immortal Hinky Dink sold a twenty-eight-ounce glass of beer for five cents, including an extra lunch without charge and the choice of sleeping on a table or in the sawdust. Twenty-eight ounces of beer is three ounces more than the commercial quart. It was all beer, because foam weighs nothing. But beering in Hinky Dink's was not without its hazards, as the vagrants who infested the place had some unique methods of securing their suds without expense. They would wait until a patron ordered a beer, and the minute he turned his head the boys would drop very thin pieces of rubber hose into the big glass. Then they would siphon the beer out. When the patron turned his head back to his glass it was only to discover that the entire contents had evaporated in transit.

But the place I started to tell you about was Harding's. Harding had a bar exactly 129 feet long, with twenty bartenders operating day and night. There were five extra men on the free-lunch counter and Harding spent $200 a day on his free lunch. There was nothing in New York to approach this lavishness. Lucullus himself could have dined with Lucullus in this place.

Rector's was connected with free lunch in a very direct manner. One of our patrons complained that any man who had picked up a dinner check in Rector's would be compelled to live on free lunch for the rest of the month. Our charges may have been a trifle high, but were not to be compared with the prices of today. If a man wants to dine frugally nowadays he must go to a feed-and-grain store and do his

*E. L. Cord*

President of the Auburn Automobile Company of Indiana, gives The Dictaphone its full share of credit for helping his concern show the second largest current earnings per share of stock of any concern in the automobile industry.

# "Modernizing" jumped output 220%!

## E. L. Cord, Auburn President, says: "The Dictaphone typifies Modern Methods"

***Read his testimony. Then profit by his experience—using the coupon below***

WIDE-AWAKE executives are watching the Auburn Automobile Company. This concern has produced motor cars since 1900; but when, in 1924, E. L. Cord assumed management, unprecedented things began to happen.

Before two years elapsed Auburn's earnings per share of stock were the second largest in the industry! Yearly shipments first doubled—then quadrupled. While the average production increase of the industry for the first seven months of 1926 was 12%, Auburn's average for the same period was 220%!

Mr. Cord says that one of his first accomplishments with the Auburn Company was "to scrap all antiquated methods and red tape and install modern methods and equipment." That The Dictaphone played a considerable part in this program, we have Mr. Cord's own statement: "It materially conserves the time of our executives and increases my own ability to get things done!

"Then, too, The Dictaphone gives us an ideal means of making the necessary records of conferences which, in our business, take up most of the day. And since we must meet many people during business hours, there is little time left for routine correspondence. Here The Dictaphone is invaluable for it permits us to handle these details at our own convenience, with the result that we are always caught up."

***Miss Ruth Thrapp***

Mr Cord's secretary, has made the most of the chance to get out of routine's rut since The Dictaphone relieved her of tedious shorthand note-taking.

Thanks to The Dictaphone, Miss Ruth Thrapp, Mr. Cord's secretary, is not tied to mere routine but has a chance to use her ability as a secretary. She puts it this way:

"The time which I had to spend formerly in taking dictation now enables me to be of far more service to the Auburn Automobile Company."

You will never enjoy the advantages The Dictaphone offers unless you resolve to try it *yourself*. Why procrastinate? Use the coupon.

# DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

***and double your ability to get things done***

**What's Wrong With Shorthand?**

Executives say:—

"I'm forced to cut dictation short."

"Felt just like dictating but she's gone."

"She can't help me with other things."

"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."

"If she could only take it as fast as I think."

*That's enough! I'll send in this coupon on general principles*

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

**Dictaphone Sales Corp., 154 Nassau St., New York City**

☐ Please notify your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation.

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong with Shorthand?"

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐ *(Check One)*

*For Canadian enquiries address Dictaphone Sales Corp., Ltd., 33 Melinda St., Toronto, Canada*
*World-wide organization—London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.*

# Watch This Column

*If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address.*

REGINALD DENNY has added another scalp to his belt, and it looks to me as if he will soon add still another. *"Take It From Me,"* has been a distinct success. The box-office is the best proof that the fans like it. The people have fallen into the habit of always expecting something unusually good from this pleasing young star, and thus far he has not disappointed them.

His newest picture, *"The Cheerful Fraud"* will appear soon and I am sure you will enjoy it. So sure am I that I am going to let you write the criticism and the comment. For a long time I have been telling you how good Universal pictures are. Now, I am going to ask you to tell me what you think about them.

The story of *"The Cheerful Fraud"* was written by K. R. C. Browne and the plot is unique. It is laid in suburban England and the hero is a wild young nobleman whose pursuit of the girl he loves leads him to daring ruses that land him in the most laughable predicaments. You know Denny, so it is not necessary to tell you what he can do in a story that is just one clever plot twist after another, the action fast, and every incident aimed at giving you a clean, rollicking, full-throated laugh.

An additional point of interest is that the picture is a *William A. Seiter Production*, and that the principals in the supporting cast are GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD, OTIS HARLAN, EMILY FITZROY and CHARLES GARRARD.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and thank you sincerely for your many friendly letters and the helpful suggestions they have contained. I'm always glad to hear from you. Write whenever you feel like it. I'll always answer.

*Carl Laemmle*
*President*

(To be continued next week)

*Send 10c for autographed photograph of Reginald Denny*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City


best. There is no more free lunch. In fact, as I have explained, there never was. You always had to buy the customary two beers before you could stuff yourself like a turkey on Thanksgiving. The hobo who tried to crash the lunch without purchasing the schooners which came sailing over the bar was generally grasped by a husky bouncer and streeted. The process of being streeted meant that you were grasped by the slack of the trousers and the back of the neck and tossed out on the street. Sometimes the uninvited guest turned the tables on the bouncer.

I once saw a burly hobo sneak into Silver Dollar Smith's, a saloon famous for its shining floor of mosaic composed of Uncle Sam's bright dollars. He made a balk motion toward the bar to fool the proprietor and then turned to the lunch, where he wolfed down the entire exhibit, which consisted mostly of American cheese, Schweitzer and Limburger. He had all the cheese stowed away before the boss woke up and started for him. The hobo grappled the proprietor and tossed him back over the bar.

He did the same thing to the bartenders and then threw the bouncer through the window. With all opposition removed, he then proceeded to chase out the patrons and drank their deserted beer. Completely refreshed and invigorated he watched the owner and his three assistants struggling to their feet and read them a fine piece of advice.

He said, "Don't think that men are mice because they eat cheese."

The most pathetic figure I ever saw at a buffet lunch counter was Davy Johnson, who gambled millions away and spent hundreds of thousands in Rector's. Davy was the owner of the famous Roseben, one of the most consistent winners on the old-time tracks. Roseben was the original Big Train and was noted for his ability to carry terrific weights and win. Roseben was a sprinter and Davy made $500,000 betting on him before the bookies took a tumble to the Big Train's ability. They soon made Roseben a prohibitive odds-on favorite, and the handicappers seemed to take delight in packing tremendous weights in Roseben's saddlebags. But Davy still continued to bet heavily on his horse, and never batted an eyebrow, even though he may have had $100,000 on his sprinter.

### *The Big Train in Politics*

As Davy said himself: "I went through the bookies like a fox through a henhouse. Roseben won so often that the layers soon made him a top-heavy favorite. Instead of betting one to win two, I had to bet two to win one. But any time I needed $25,000 all I had to do was to put up $50,000, and it was like a rich kid in college writing home to his old man for money. Roseben always got my letters, and what's more, he always answered them. He was a four-legged banking institution."

All the money Davy won on the Big Train was scattered on less reliable investments. He gambled on everything and anything. He would bet that sugar wasn't sweet if he thought the odds attractive enough. His biggest bet was on Judge Augustus Van Wyck to trim Theodore Roosevelt for the governorship of New York State. Davy had $90,000 in cash on election day. He placed that on Van Wyck, not knowing that Roosevelt was a human Big Train. Then he went to Sam Emery, who was his partner in a gambling house. He sold his half interest in the establishment to Sam for $80,000, which he immediately slapped down on Van Wyck. He now had $170,000 on his political choice. He still had about an hour's leeway before the polls closed and he raised another $30,000, making exactly one-fifth of a million on Van Wyck, whole hog or none.

At eleven o'clock that night Davy knew that Van Wyck had been defeated and his money lost. He didn't have one red penny left to rub against another. He said, "Well, it goes easier than it comes." Then he laid himself down on a couch and slept like a baby until morning. Roseben had passed the peak of his form, and there came a time when the Big Train went to the siding to stay.

Davy was through when Roseben was through. The next time I met him he was at the free lunch. He had lost that Midas touch which turns other people's guesses into personal profit. He was a square gambler, and gave his money away right, left and center. He lived long enough to hear that expression, "He was a good guy when he had it," lengthened into, "He was a good guy when he had it—but he never had it," by a newer generation of gamblers who had never heard of Davy Johnson. His epitaph is the same inscription that has been chiseled over the graves of all followers of the ponies: You can beat a race, but not the races

My intimacy with big gamblers was due to the fact that I fed them. Rector's was the uptown office for downtown brokers, the city home for the suburban horse crowd and an anchorage for the ships that passed in the night. It was a Quaker meeting-house without the Quakers. Every city had its Rector's in the old days, where society mingled with the mob on the eves of big sporting events.

The Parker House in Boston, the Planters in St. Louis, the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver and the St. Francis in San Francisco were temporary mailing addresses for the crowds trekking overland to see big football games, historic fights or racing.

### *Just Between Friends*

The Palmer House in Chicago was the gathering spot for political leaders who swung the old conventions by the horns.

Washington had its Harvey's, Philadelphia its Green's Hotel, where Fitzsimmons and Corbett almost fought a title bout when they met accidentally in the dining room; and New Orleans still boasts of the old St. Charles, mentioned many years ago by Harriet Beecher Stowe in Uncle Tom's Cabin. I don't remember whether Simon Legree or Little Eva stopped at the St. Charles, but it wasn't Topsy.

When the crowd flowed west to see the Kentucky Derby they made the walls of the Seelbach in Louisville ring with the jolly hysteria of folks who expected to augment their fortunes by having a good bet on the winner. The winners and losers gathered the next night in the Phœnix at Lexington, collecting or paying off. The Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati was the Mecca for society and its hangers-on who attended the Latonia meeting just across the Ohio River in Kentucky.

The most brilliant and fairest of the track hotels was the old Manhattan Beach during the days of racing at Brighton Beach. The dining room echoed to the brasses and reeds of Gilmore's Band, which was later supplanted by our own John Philip Sousa. With all due regard to the ultra-saxophonists and super-drummers of today, there never was a man who could triple-tongue a silver cornet like Jules Levy of Gilmore's Band. He tooted The Last Rose of Summer and left out the thorns. When he played Shadows on the Water you could hear the little rivulets lapping the sands under the weeping willows.

I forget who danced the night before Waterloo, but when you went to Saratoga you danced every night for thirty nights in either the Grand Union or the United States hotels and every night was a Waterloo. These hotels were erected around Civil War times. Presidents, princes and proletariat have stopped there, and they are built on old-fashioned liberal plans which allowed plenty of elbow room for sweeping mustaches resembling the handle bars on bicycles, and also dancing space for the hoop skirts of the 70's.

Each covers an immense area, with a patio inside the four walls. Venerable elms with girths like aldermen tower in the patio, and I can still hear the music of Arthur Pryor's Band playing The Blue Danube and see the couples dancing among the mighty elms.

These hotels had quite a problem in running expenses, as they were only open one month out of twelve. The month of August is their big season and must show a harvest sufficient to carry them through the other eleven months. I never could obtain a reduction in rates from the hotel manager, even though I thought a shearer of lambs should recognize the profession. The manager, Leland Sterry, was a good friend of mine, and I managed to even up things whenever he got careless enough to venture into Rector's.

I have stopped at hotels all over the world, studying food and service, and the Saratoga hotels stand supreme and solitary in my memory, despite the fact that I have made the grand tour from Petrograd to Nice, from Berlin to Constantinople and from Baden-Baden to Worsen-Worsen.

The month of August brought the wealth and beauty of the world to the hotels of Saratoga. It was Rector's toughest session of the year. Our business depended on sight-seers and drop-ins, as all the regulars were upstate in Saratoga. They started for the northern race course with bank rolls that looked like heads of lettuce and came back with pockets as empty as Tara's halls. But when October came, with its camphored breezes and crisp profits, we again assembled our quorums and proceeded to run the frivolous business of the nation in a serious way.

There doesn't seem to be any place like Rector's today, where the crowd gathered to discuss events of the day and trade scandal for rumor. Like many of the old-timers, I have been set out in the pasture to graze for the rest of my natural days and am out of touch with events; but I am unable to find any set spot where the bankers, actors and authors assemble for a chat over the chafing dish.

There may be places in cities where the élite still congregate and welcome the newcomer with shouts and banging of spoons on tables as they did in Coffee Dan's in San Francisco, but I am unable to discover any of them. Their place has been taken by the cafeteria and the quick-and-sudden lunch room. Sentiment has been supplanted by business and the long-drawn-out conversation over the coffee and cigars has been discarded for small sales and quick profits. You rush into a restaurant, pick out a table which gives you a safe survey of your hat and overcoat, and proceed to nibble your food in the presence of a thousand strangers. There are four seats at your table, and all four diners are strangers to one another. Even the waiters change from week to week, and no restaurant proprietor seems to realize the value of a personal following.

### *Sacred to the Memory*

Rector's never changed its waiters from year to year, because our patrons would have resented their absence. In all my years of catering to the crowd I never sat a man down at a table with a stranger. No man had to keep a vigilant eye on his overcoat and umbrella like a World Series pitcher watching a runner on second base. If I had Aladdin's lamp I would make it into a tail light and try to throw a beam back into the vanished years just for one look at the old days when men were men and waiters were polite.

You could have the next thirty years of my life if you could give me back the thirty that have just elapsed. Or if you can give only one night of the past in return for the thirty years I will give you, I would pick out the night that I stood alone in the new Hotel Rector and George M. Cohan patted me on the back and said, "I'm going to live in your hotel. . . . Rector's has always been a great little place. . . . I'm going to live here by the year. You're a great little guy. So am I."

---

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The next will appear in an early issue.

# A UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 4)

clearly demonstrated its fitness for self-government; the fact remains that the East has in it all the force leading toward geographical, racial, traditional and social unity; and on top of that, increasing forces toward economic union.

The Foreign Offices in Downing Street, the Quai d'Orsay and the Palazzo Chigi are becoming more aware than we Americans of the fact that the East is East and the West is West. We are used to the phrases about the ancient grudges and hostilities and racial and social differences between nation and nation in the crazy quilt of Europe; those differences are mere trifles compared with the fundamental differences in the Oriental and Occidental mind, character and philosophies. If anyone wishes to peep into those differences, let him read the modern German philosopher, Keyserling, who, traveling around the world, tried as well as any Occidental has tried to sound the depths of those differences. When we read in November of the stirrings in Asia, of the Soviet-Turkish negotiations, of the visit of Chinese and Persian missions to Turkey, of the openly expressed ideas in the Asiatic press that Asia should have a league of nations of her own, it was only another straw which may show what the wind will finally bring from a long way off.

So we come to Europe. Some of us began to prophesy some years ago that there would be a distinct moving toward something like a formal or informal United States of Europe. Some of us even suggested that the United States had about as safe a place waiting for her interests, ideal or material, in a United States of Europe as France would have in a minority position as a member of a council of our own forty-eight states.

Today the many statesmen of Europe regard the possibility of any formal United States of Europe as being almost as far distant as a world without sin. When in late October the manifesto of the international bankers and business men advocating the softening of economic barriers between the states of Europe burst before the faces of a surprised world and raised the hair of some Republicans by what was supposed to be an approach to an offense of heresy indirectly aimed at American high tariff, most of official Europe gave it only gentle and cynical catcalls. The manifesters retired with unnecessary docility, with timid explanations and on tiptoes, as if they had not voiced an incontrovertible fact and an incontrovertible trend. The impression was that of jam-closet conspirators caught with currant jelly on their chins. There was no need to retire so easily from a position as sound as theirs, based on the logic of a more cemented Europe. All the bankers were saying was that they had a small contribution to make to one step toward a United States of Europe.

### The Locarno Lion

The American observation, if it is shrewd enough to tear itself away from the political show windows of the League of Nations, can see the beach of European organization; it must not let propaganda blow the sand into its eye.

An experienced diplomat in Paris said to me: "There is much to be said in favor of the League of Nations; when one starts doing business one needs an office and a telephone. The League at least furnishes something of that kind for international business."

I asked, "What kind of business?"

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said: "The League is in two businesses. It is in the social-economic business. It tried to do scientific service in welfare and humanitarianism, and it offers an office and a telephone for economic adjustments. But it is also in the political business, and this it does so badly that its function as a doer of economic business is distinctly injured; indeed, so badly injured that the big economic peace-building business like the Dawes Plan and the weaving of Franco-German economic coöperation is all done far away. If those who love the League wish to save it they should make it a social-economic office. They should ask the political machinery to move across the street and furnish its own product there, selling on its own merits. The League which furnishes the office and the telephone for economic and humanitarian ends should stand alone."

Said he, "You forget Locarno."

I replied: "I do not forget Locarno. That lion was shot outside the League, and Great Britain and France, which control the League as a political nucleus of the United States of Europe, allow the League to hang the skin over its mantelpiece. But this does not deceive the bankers and business men and industrialists of Europe."

He said: "No; they prefer to deal with one another where there are no politicians. Afterward the statesmen have their pageantry; when they have the lead in such matters, see what happens! Look at Briand's meeting with Stresemann at Thoiry. It sets up a great French cry that Germany at last has won the war."

### The Bankers' Manifesto

Even in efforts toward economic unions, the League—especially with its disadvantage of carrying on its bad record of political business in the same office and over the same telephone—is feeble compared with the national forces of economy and necessity and expediency, which bring about an increasing number of international consolidations, cartels and agreements done by business men sitting far away from diplomacy in some hotel or club room in London, in Paris, or Berlin or Rome.

We read in November of an economic, or trade, conference to be called by the League in Geneva. No one can wish anything but success for such a conference. But the political branding iron is already upon it. The French are expected by observers in Geneva to talk international-debt questions. The Italians will be instructed to haul out immigration and the Germans reparations. They will all say that these questions are the very souls and bodies of all economic adjustments; and, of course, that is not so, but the atmosphere is political and so the wrangling begins. In the meantime perhaps foreign bankers and industrialists will be sitting in a board of directors' room in Milan, arranging international coal allotments, water-power developments and the financing of some converting industry. Later, when that is finished, these representatives of the new tendency toward an economic United States of Europe will tell their Chambers of Deputies, their cabinets and their Foreign Offices to shut off the wrangling because something is really being done.

When the bankers' manifesto was issued it was bad politics. It was bad politics because the way to prevent political and official sneers is to see the politicians before rushing into publicity. The bankers and business men who press thus upon political figureheads exercise the worst form of their influence. Their influence is the influence of men who say quietly, "We propose to do thus-and-so, and if you will support us in our own field we will support you in your field." It is said on good authority that one banker in France today could decree the stabilization of the franc by a nod of his head toward Poincaré, which nod he will not give until he feels that French finance and industry could stand the shock. The nod, however, will not be a public nod, like the bankers' manifesto; it will be a private nod, and that saves everyone's face.

The open nod of the manifesto brought forth an ironical and skeptical expression in Europe as to this little matter of clearing away tariff walls and otherwise expediting trade; but even political European opinion will change on this subject, once currencies are stabilized as they are being stabilized.

Just now the London Times' report from Berlin is in accord with reports from all over Europe. The manifesto suffered because it was a business men's opinion shot off in politicians' faces:

"Germany, of course, is in a special position. As the Tägliche Rundschau is careful to point out, the manifesto must not be interpreted as advocating free trade all round. If it were, nobody but a German Socialist could subscribe to it. Revenue from tariffs is in most Continental countries closely related to expenditure on armaments. Germany, with least reason to consider this aspect, nevertheless relies upon tariff receipts for a large part of the budget expenditure and the return is an ever-rising one, having amounted in July last to as much as 16 per cent of the whole. However, high tariffs and import and export prohibitions are not, in Germany, questions of revenue or even of export trade; they are an integral part of the policy of agrarian protection."

From Italy:

"The bankers' manifesto, which is published here tonight together with the explicit reservations made by some of the prominent Italian industrials who have signed the document, is received rather coldly by the Fascist press, and suspicion is expressed as to the real purpose of the promoters of the so-called economic peace. The Tribuna, indeed, considers the manifesto as one strictly connected with the other international trusts in process of formation, all of which tend only to protect those countries whose industries are most developed and therefore aim at consolidating their present position. The bankers, it is admitted, point out certain facts which have prevented greater freedom in commerce; but, it is added, they omit certain points which are of vital interest for Italy, such as the repartition of raw materials and the problems connected with immigration."

Indeed, the whole body of the press of Europe, more or less in the control of the political forces, gave a loud hoarse guffaw and pointed to the dumping which depreciated-currency countries could make upon those with sound currencies.

### A Trend Toward Consolidation

But this does not mean that the manifesto was not sound in its diagnosis of geographic and economic reasons for breaking down barriers which stand in the way of one step toward a United States of Europe. Nor does it mean that public opinion in Europe is not leaning toward consolidation of interests. One Foreign Office has sent me a list of notable articles published on the Continent and in England during the past year considering the possibility of a United States of Europe. Little could be heard about it two or three years ago. Now on this list of twenty-odd studies of the subject appear German, Italian, French, Austrian, English titles—Pan-Europe, the Federated States of Europe, Europe's Economic Union, and so on.

Last October there assembled in Vienna the Pan-Europe Congress. Those who observed it were able to discern something of the stirrings toward a United States of Europe in the public opinion of the peoples of the Continent. Just as I have said, they begin to see with some wistful envy the economic unity in the great territory and solidarity of America. There are many who feel that the economic pressure on the Continent of Europe is becoming strong enough to surmount ultimately the crazy-quilt boundaries, and even the racial suspicions and traditional hatreds of their

*Week of December 27th*

Can *you* make a Small Slam with the Bridge hand below? Test the caliber of your favorite Bridge partners by playing it over before broadcasting time. Then tune in and hear how the experts do it.

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, dealer, South
Spades ..... Q, 10, 4
Hearts ..... J
Diamonds ..... A, 9, 8, 7, 3
Clubs ..... A, J, 7, 3

Milton C. Work, New York, West—
Spades ..... K, J, 7
Hearts ..... Q, 10, 9, 5, 2
Diamonds ..... 6, 5
Clubs ..... 9, 8, 6

Charles E. Coffin, Indianapolis, North—
Spades ..... A, 6, 5, 3
Hearts ..... A, 8, 7, 3
Diamonds ..... Q, J, 10
Clubs ..... K, Q

W. T. Fraser, Minneapolis, East
Spades ..... 9, 8, 2
Hearts ..... K, 6, 4
Diamonds ..... K, 4, 2
Clubs ..... 10, 5, 4, 2

**Tues., Dec. 28, 10 P. M. (E. T.)**

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WRC Radio Corp. Washington
WGY [illegible] Schenectady
WPG Municipal Station Atlantic City
KPRC Houston Post Dispatch Houston
WFAA Dallas News Dallas
WSMB [illegible] New Orleans
WSB Atlanta Journal Atlanta
WMC Memphis Commercial [illegible] Memphis
KTHS New Arlington Hotel [illegible] Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO Rollins College Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE Tampa Daily Times Tampa
WSOE Wisconsin News Milwaukee
WOAW Woodmen of the World Omaha
WDAF Kansas City Star Kansas City, Mo.
KGO General Electric Co. Oakland
KGW Portland Oregonian Portland
KPO Hale Bros. San Francisco
KHJ Los Angeles Times Los Angeles
KJR Seattle Times Seattle
CFCF J. R. Booth, Jr. Ottawa, Can.
CKNC Can. Nat. Carbon Co. Ltd. Toronto
CKAC La Presse Montreal
CKY Manitoba Tel. System Winnipeg
CJGC The Electric Shop Saskatoon
CFAC Calgary Herald Calgary
CJCA Edmonton Journal Edmonton
CKCD Vancouver Daily Province Vancouver
CFCO London Free Press London, Ont.

Splendid finish, big indexes, lasting quality. Single or two-pack cases.

You cannot get [illegible] Bicycle price.

**BICYCLE** *and* **CONGRESS**
**PLAYING CARDS**

*FREE! Reports of Games and Advance Hands*

Write your name and address in margin, and mail to The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada — or Auction Bridge Bulletin, 30 Ferry Street, New York.

own states. The completion of a better business organization—America is always mentioned.

"Behold!" says an Austrian publicist. "Did not your own states begin with terrible fears of losing their prestige and identity in your federation? Was it not with suspicions and doubts that your own United States came into being? And after all, was there the need for unity among your states that now presses upon Europe? You joined together as an alliance against aggression; it may be said that we will join as an alliance against starvation."

This is putting the case strongly, but on the whole the Pan-Europe Congress in Vienna has just put the case strongly. It was no mere cranks' conference. Politis, the Greek representative of the League of Nations, was there; Kerensky, the successor of the Czarist government, was there; the French minister in Vienna was attending by order of Briand; the former premier of Bavaria was there; an ex-minister of education of France, Monsieur Delbos, was present; so was the German ex-Chancellor Wirth. Chancellor Seipel of Austria presided at the opening. The conference issued a manifesto asking the League of Nations to favor a United States of Europe. Representatives of the French, German and Polish youth movements pledged themselves to the Pan-Europe movement. For the benefit of those who feel that the youth movement is always red, it should be added that Austrian Socialists were keeping away from the congress because they feared that it was an effort to unify Europe under the influence of international trusts, and cartels. The congress even produced a United States of Europe flag! Representatives of all Continental nations except Lithuania participated.

Seipel pleaded with the peoples of Europe "to think and feel European." Other orators joined in expressions of friendship and approval for world organizations based on world nucleuses—Pan-American, Pan-Islam, Pan-Asia. One said: "Pan-Europe's natural development is that of the European peoples into great national states. When opponents ask against whom the movement is directed, we answer, nobody. We are working for all against none. We want to remove the disastrous division of Europe. We maintain that Pan-Europe already exists. Economic cartels, trusts in iron, steel, coal, wool, cotton, and the like, are nothing more than a realization of economical Pan-Europeanism and interests by certain groups of capitalists. Now we want to make Pan-Europe not only in an economic sense but in every sense and for us all. Only by this will Europe be saved from catastrophe."

### *Union for Survival*

It was Herr Wirth who pointed out, though it is not true yet, that America does not think in terms of Germany, France or Austria. "It thinks of Europe as an entity," he said. He added that if Europe wished to survive in face of the competition of America it must unite.

Politis said that the Pan-American Union was rapidly following the natural course of world organization by groups and zones. He said that every conflict between American nations at the League diminished the prestige of the League by revealing its impotence to intervene wisely in Pan-American affairs. He even went so far as to say that he foresaw a federated Europe settling European questions at home, leaving the League of Nations as a real league of continents.

Count Kalergi, the prime mover in the Pan-Europe Congress idea, asserted that a cataclysm would descend on Europe if, unlike the rest of the world, it failed to shake off the nineteenth-century psychology in the face of the advances in technical development. Communications, he said, made Europe smaller than ever. The need of mass production demanded larger economic fields while small units led only to further armament production.

A memorandum from an old friend of mine who has retired after a long career in the service of one of the great powers recognizes the change in the European psychology so ardently advocated by the Pan-Europe movement.

He says: "At the beginning of the twentieth century the nations of Europe were materially more than ready for war; they were not at all ready for it psychologically. The military machines were prepared, not the peoples. Even the budgets of the countries of small size and of democratic government were overloaded with military expense. Neutral countries that were guaranteed like Belgium nevertheless were armed to the teeth."

### *The Indigestible Peace Pudding*

"But on the other side, the long peace had created a psychology of peace. The Hague and politics, philosophy and arts, all preached the end of war. Two Balkan Wars were snuffed out. 'War has been localized,' said everyone, rubbing the hands. Then came the awakening of 1914. But not until the end of 1914 had the psychology of war been established; it was not until 1917 that it became world-wide, in spite of the lassitude of war and of peace aspirations. The tentatives of the Pope, of Wilson and of others were thrown over. The psychology of war was then established and has not yet gone. The peace was written with that psychology. Even the League was created as a war-control device and perpetuated the psychology of war. Internal war went on in Russia, Italy, Germany.

"The peace consolidated all the old incendiary forces for war and created new ones. New frontiers satisfied no one and as Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State of the Vatican, said, 'Even the victors suffer indigestion.' The Separatist movements in the Italian Tyrol, in White Poland, Alsace and in numerous other examples proved the justice of the cardinal's quip.

"This unsavory peace pudding, with its absurd map-making and its blank drafts on reparation debtors, gradually has been producing in Europe the conclusion that there are only two ways to deal with it. Gradually the idea permeates that it may be disgorged by political methods which lead toward recommencing war, or digested, with great pain perhaps, by economic cooperation which at least leads toward some kind of federation, or even unity. In other words, the factors in the problem are two. One is international politics, which tends to start war again even when cloaked as peace efforts. It never ceases to recognize the presence of desire for revenge or the fact of a Europe politically divided and hateful. The other is economic need. It struggles with the first. It concerns itself with coordination of European resources and efforts. And unlike the political factor, it crosses boundaries, expands beyond artificial map divisions and becomes international. It is the one force in Europe which, as you have written, is weaving the psychology of peace. On the whole, the political method of attempting peace is controlled by timid old men afraid of their parliaments, still carrying the psychology of war; the economic method is in the hands of the producers and of a newer generation."

The first method—even that of such agencies as the political end of the League of Nations—has either failed, messed the dish or worked itself out of its function, as in the case of Locarno and the admission of Germany at Geneva. The second method—the economic, leading toward Pan-Europe, toward cooperation, international community interests and perhaps ultimately to a United States of Europe—has just begun.

That is what the American in Europe today discerns if he looks far and listens without prejudice, and if he sniffs for distant prophetic odors coming down the wind.

The Day of the Money Lenders in Europe, which was reported for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in 1925, has not come to an end; but the day of European cartels, trusts, consolidations and international economic unity is just beginning, and no matter how far away it may be, it points to the day of a United States of Europe.

No success has attended political internationalism. Every opportunity awaits economic internationalism.

It is not the absence of war which makes peace; it is the practices of peace.

There is plenty of cynicism, particularly in official and political Europe, about those practices of peace which take the form of international economic coöperation, and particularly plenty of scoffing at the idea that, on the soil of zone coöperation, new federations like a United States of Europe may grow. But this year's crop of attempts to gain federated action, leaping national boundaries, is not lacking in impressiveness.

As one German industrialist said: "The attempt to establish larger units of economic effort than national units may not have reorganized Europe, but it indicates a hope to do so of a fever temperature at a time when political methods are still in a chill."

One who has had long experience in the economic section of a great Foreign Office said of this: "Oh, yes. But suppose that economic prosperity is established by this method of creating a Pan-Europe, would the old hates rise again or would they be stifled by the liens established somewhat solidly by international economic organization? Well, that is the question!"

Of course, the answer is obvious—political methods fail in any case. The last hope is to seize every opportunity for economic coöperation.

Fail or not, it is the one method left to weave permanent peace in Europe, to build a power of international industry, production and finance which could tell the politicians to take their hands off and let peace grow naturally without spankings or pettings. The United States of Europe, if it is built, will be built not by public talk but by private action.

This private action is less whipped into being by such propaganda and programs as came forth from the Pan-Europe Congress in Vienna than brought into being spontaneously by economic facts.

### *Europe of Tomorrow*

Says Europe Nouvelle of the foundation of one of these international cartels: "Doubtless it is brought into action principally to conciliate a number of private interests and to avoid ruinous competition. The adjustment of the industry to the needs of the international situation has become inevitable. The elimination of enterprises of the least use or the least favored by the economic facts results after struggles and convulsions which have not been without danger to peace. The organization of industries substitutes for this cutthroat competition a voluntary and peaceful arrangement. In the second place, one sees in it one of the conditions of commercial accords necessary to the reconstruction of Europe."

The editorial goes on to say that there are two dangers. The first is that there may be cause for conflict between European and American economic blocs or between Continental and British economic blocs. The second is quite different. Although some of the custom and tariff barriers between the countries in the deal may be softened and "there may be accomplished in reality the constitution of that unity of European economy toward which the League of Nations now gives such effort," nevertheless consumers and presumably industrial workers may suffer. But with some enthusiasm the editorial points out the numerous moves for international consolidations, and exclaims, "Europe of tomorrow is being created under our eyes!"

The list of efforts and achievements in forming European international combines extends every day. No doubt the one of first magnitude is that of steel, concluded among producers in Germany, France, Belgium and Luxemburg at the end of September, into which Great Britain may ultimately be drawn. No doubt this steel agreement had some political aid. Briand and Stresemann more or less recognized its value as an aid to drawing France and Germany nearer together. No doubt at first, in any case, the steel cartel will not be used to invite a trade war with British or American interests. No doubt the agreement will be used to preserve Continental markets for Continental producers. Either the central nations, such as Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Poland, will be drawn into the pool or will form one of their own for the same purposes. These four countries produce nearly one-tenth of the steel of the Occidental countries, according to the Neue Freie Presse.

### *International Combines*

The steel agreement, however, is only one of many of Europe's brand-new international trusts in the making. One reads of one in glue, another in incandescent mantles. There is word of a benzol union including France, Germany, Great Britain and Belgium. The bottle industry has a new international organization. There is in process of forming a syndicate of wire producers of Belgium, Germany, Holland and France. This combine, it is said, is to be active in striving to obtain not only home markets but foreign markets as well. The potash industry is another Franco-German agreement. Steel rails are subject to an international convention. Enamel-ware manufacturers of Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland have combined in a cartel. Last October conferences were held in England between German and British industrialists looking toward combines in chemicals, dyes and electrical goods. In Paris one hears of new international cartels dealing with potash, coal, aluminum and various chemical products. As if to follow this long list with the offer of financing service, there appear various proposals for a huge international banking combine, presumably to extend large credit on long terms.

It cannot be said that the idea of a United States of Europe has permeated the peoples of Europe. It has not. But it is spreading about and one finds it in many corners. It cannot be said that the impulse of economic expediency has formed by international syndicates and over-the-boundaries consolidations even the shadow of a United States of Europe. There are obstacles in the way. No one denies them.

An ex-premier of one of the great powers said the other day behind his closed doors: "We do not care whether Germany takes the lead in this organization orgy. They have a thirst for consolidations and are skilled in it. But the old political forces still hold sway. Race is the strongest loyalty in the world, and the German may be relied upon to overeat his dish. You will see. There are other old stand-bys in this game more valuable than mere business organization. In the end, racial and not business considerations will tip the scales."

We wonder.

Looking about at this present trend in Europe, we may wonder at some of the forces of organization which are at work. We may hear the German industrialists, with grunts and sniffs, bewail the fact that one reason they did not get the British steel industry into the international steel pool was that the British industry, as the British themselves are frank enough to say, was not well enough organized within to act together in joining with interests outside their own nation.

One of these Germans exclaims: "That is the trouble! Whenever we, who are every day organizing in larger and larger units, in our shipping, in our banking, in our industries, go outside to make an international agreement or syndicate or combine we must take a broom and dust pan to find a few men who can speak for their national industry."

Then again, there is the obstacle of unstabilized currencies. Trade barriers will not come down, and ideal conditions for economic unions of any kind in Europe will not be set up until the French franc and other currencies are stabilized as the Belgian franc has just been stabilized; until, indeed, dumping from countries of depreciated and wabbling currencies to those of stabilized currencies no longer is possible.

But the reasons for coöperation between the nations of Europe become clearer and clearer every day to the peoples of Europe. Even after Locarno has been taken into the League's show window, the way to peace and to national federation of geographical and economic groups is not by the political method.

If there ever comes a United States of Europe—a real United States of Europe and not a covert political machine bent on getting its creditors into its snarls and tangles—it will be a United States of Europe founded upon social willingness and economic expediency.

The part of the League of Nations which deals with social willingness and economic expediency should ask that part which deals with politics to put down the telephone and leave the office and move across the street and do its best on its own responsibility.

After all, it is the go and come, the give and take, of the business man and banker and industrialist and the worker and the people, and not that of the politician, which will make war forgettable because peace becomes memorable.

If there should be built that kind of a United States of Europe ——

We do not care. We would be glad.

# EDSEL B. FORD

(Continued from Page 23)

The holdings of the late Hugo Stinnes are not comparable. He bought the control of rather more than 1000 odds and ends of companies, few of which had any relation to one another. He bought almost everything that was for sale, and he used little real money. He died before real money again came into fashion. Neither he nor anyone else could have held, much less managed, such an industrial museum, even if working capital had been available. It was left to his sons to see the parts disintegrate. The Ford industries are very different. When the Fords buy, they buy outright, and they never buy anything which they do not need. Their whole accumulation has been made in twenty-three years, but it has been made step by step and brick by brick, so that, although today their holdings cover half a hundred separate branches of industry, including shipping, railroading, coal and iron mining, lumbering, farming, glassmaking, spinning and weaving, and all stages of smelting and metal working, yet all of these activities fit together as a part of the making of internal-combustion motors and the vehicles in which those motors may be used—that is, automobiles, tractors, trucks and airplanes. No step has ever been taken without ample money being in hand to see it through. And as for size, the entirety of the Stinnes holdings could have been bought by the Fords at almost any time during the past half dozen years out of current cash without making much of a dent.

The magnitude of the Ford interests is to an outsider quite incomprehensible, even appalling. The company is not in any one place. Its products are not completely made in any one place. Branches which assemble or manufacture are strewn not only all over the United States but all over the world. Completely self-contained plants operate in Canada and in the British Isles. During every minute of the day a car is being assembled somewhere on earth. No one man has ever seen all of the Ford interests, and it is doubtful if any man could see them in their entirety in less than a year of unremitting travel. The direct pay roll includes about 200,000 people. The service stations and dealers employ about 200,000 more; while the purchases, it is calculated, account for at least another 200,000 wage earners.

### *Breasting the Stream*

This gives a notion of the size of the job; but it is not the size of the job that is most prominent in the eyes of the public, but the character and personality which Henry Ford has put into it. He has always breasted the stream. The old industrial thought was that wages ought to be low, prices high, and hours long. He, on the contrary, has made wages high, prices low, and hours short. More than ten years ago, he put in the five-dollar-a-day minimum wage, when half that sum was considered to be a good wage. Since then he has advanced the minimum to six dollars, and now has practically abandoned all thought of minimum wages. He has had the eight-hour day in force for years, and now he has the five-day, or forty-hour, week. He has never had labor trouble of any kind, and the labor unions have never been able to fix their maximums anywhere near his minimums. He has held that profits are not something to be striven for, but are incidents of good work and are important only because they provide the wherewithal to permit the corporation to give greater service. The public, he holds, provides the funds, and therefore the duty is to the public.

### *Trial and Error*

Holding all these views which were once considered revolutionary, he has entirely financed out of profits and he owes money to no man. The management is as self-contained as the finance. Every superintendent, every manager, every man in authority in the company has come in through the employment gate and worked up from the machine. The men who today have the largest authority are those who helped Henry Ford build his first automobiles. The whole far-flung institution bears the impress of the personality of one man. It would seem impossible that any man could step into Henry Ford's shoes. It is impossible. That may be taken for granted.

But that anyone should step into his shoes is no longer of importance. Mr. Ford never puts a new plan into effect until after a long, thorough, and patient test. In his business he never jumps at conclusions. He follows in business the same empirical method which Mr. Edison follows in his laboratories—the method of trial and error. Naturally, he has wanted his son to succeed him.

But his desire would not have caused him to make his son his successor as a matter of course. He has tried him out, and as a result for the past seven years Edsel Ford has been the directing head of the whole enterprise and Henry Ford has been solely in an advisory capacity, and for several years he has not even been on the pay roll of the Ford Motor Company. Edsel Ford has been president in fact as well as in name since 1919. He became secretary of the company in 1915 and treasurer in 1920. He holds the principal offices in the company. The sole authority of management is vested in him. The question as to who will succeed Henry Ford is academic.

The management of large affairs is not a new experience for Edsel Ford. Since 1912 he has been working in the company. For fourteen years he has been intimately connected with every detail of management as his father's chief, and often his only confidant. The relationship between Henry Ford and his son is closer than can easily be comprehended, but at the same time the personalities have not merged. The personalities and the manner of thought of the two men are very different, and Henry Ford has pursued exactly the same course


**Lowest inquiry cost of any monthly publication on our list**

General Laboratories
MADISON WISCONSIN U.S.A.

September 15, 1926

Curtis Publishing Co.
231 So. La Salle St.,
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:-

We naturally are interested in a recent letter from you setting forth a review of your progress with the new Country Gentleman monthly during the last twelve months.

Our Advertising Agency has just spent two days with us going over the records of our past year's advertising and picking the 1926 - 27 list of publications to be used.

You might be interested in knowing that The Country Gentleman produced inquiries at the lowest cost of any monthly publication on our list. Country Gentleman's inquiries, furthermore, are from the type of farmer which makes up our largest market for S-K -- we believe this the result of your editorial policy.

As a result, Country Gentleman will be used eleven times on our new schedule as compared with five times on our previous year's schedule, and it is the only national publication to receive year around advertising.

This should indicate our confidence in Country Gentleman readers as a market for S-K.

Yours very truly,

By- [signature]

S.H. Gr[illegible]se
Sales Manager

O-O

*The Modern Magazine for Leadership Farm Families*

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York
Chicago, Boston, San Francisco
Detroit, Cleveland

in the training of his son as he has in the training of the large number of capable men who assist in the management of the company. This method, in a word, is to throw a man in to sink or swim, and not to pull him out unless he is going down for the third time. In talking over these methods with me, Edsel said:

"Father seems to know in advance how things are going to turn out, but he just waits and does not say a word, hoping that the man will discover his own mistake. If the man does not discover that he has made a mistake, father steps in and sets things right before too much damage has been done. That is what he has done with me," he added with a laugh, "and I only hope that I can make all of my big mistakes while he is still here to show them to me."

That is the approach of Edsel Ford to his job. It is primarily the approach of modesty, but it is the modesty of accomplishment and not of ineffectuality. It is much the same approach that Henry Ford has. You can never get Henry Ford to admit that he has done anything or that anything has been hard to do, and Edsel Ford has been brought up in this atmosphere. He is not a rich man's son suddenly brought into a business. He was born in 1893, while his father was employed by the Detroit Edison Company and worked nights in their little house on Bagley Avenue, Detroit, devising his first horseless carriage. Henry Ford was a workingman, and out of his wages of fifteen dollars a week had to come the materials and the tools to carry on with his invention. The family lived within its means and there were no servants and no luxuries.

"Of course I do not remember the first automobile that my father made," said Edsel Ford, "for he got it running to his satisfaction the year after I was born, and sold it two years later. But I do well remember that the mayor of Detroit came to see the first, or more likely the second, machine, because I was standing at the window watching for him to come, and it must have been around election time, for we had a picture of him in the window.

"Neither do I remember much about the Detroit Automobile Company, which later became the Cadillac Company, and of which my father was the chief engineer from August, 1899, to March, 1902, but I well know the one-story brick shop at 81 Park Place, where my father set up for himself to experiment and to build racing cars. There he built the 999, which Barney Oldfield drove. It was an eighty-horsepower, four-cylinder machine. We still have it, and I have driven it, although never at full speed, for nobody knows just how fast it can go, and compared with its roar an airplane engine just purrs. I watched that machine through its whole building. On its success hung my father's future as a maker of automobiles, although I did not know this at the time. I only knew that he and Tom Cooper worked on it day and night and that it was the thing principally talked about in our house."

### *Raw Material for Business*

"Then came the carpenter shop on Mack Avenue, where the Ford Motor Company was born and where it began to manufacture. This was in 1903, and I was ten years old. Since then I have always been in and about the company and, in fact, have grown up with it. I went to public school and then to the Detroit University School, which is in the nature of a high school. I left there in 1912.

"My father was well able to send me to college. I suppose really that he was a rich man, for he let me do about as I pleased. What I pleased to do was to buy every kind of new automobile that came out. They must have cost a good deal of money, but money for purposes outside of the business is a subject that our family never talks about. As far as I know, my father never even thinks of money excepting as a business supply like steel or copper.

"I wanted to go into business and not, as it seemed to me then, to waste time at college. I had my own way, and I think it was a mistake, for whatever else college may or may not do, it helps one to meet a great many different kinds of people and also it helps one to get more enjoyment out of life. I hope that my own boys will go to college.

"In 1912, when I joined the company, it had just moved out to Highland Park from the Piquette Avenue plant. Model T, which is the present Ford model, had been put out four years before, and more than 10,000 had been produced. By 1912 this had jumped to more than 70,000, which we all thought was a very big production. It was about then that people definitely decided that the country was saturated with automobiles."

### *Divided Responsibility*

The great growth of the company has thus taken place since Edsel Ford has been familiar with its workings and has been with his father in the management. The men who have been with the company for a long time and who have known him since he was a boy call him by his first name and he calls them by their first names. No one in the business ever calls Henry Ford by his first name. This does not mean that Edsel Ford is a handshaker or a hail fellow well met. He is inclined to be reserved with people whom he does not know. This is not a false reserve, but a measure of protection forced by circumstances, because about nine out of every ten people that he meets eventually want him to buy something or to give them something. And in addition to this, he has a reluctance which almost amounts to a horror of being exploited as any sort of superman merely by virtue of his position. He would actually rather have his ability underrated than overrated. As he said:

"It will be time enough for me to talk when I have done something that is worth talking about. But for the present I want to have my own life. Really the only thing that I am afraid of in this business is that it may take me too much away from my family. My father has managed not to let it take his life, but then I do not know that I shall be able to control my time as well as he does. He finds the leisure for a great many things other than business, but he has had years to work out his system.

"You asked me whether I had any fear of the business growing too large to handle or of money becoming a burden. I do not see how the business can become too large to manage. Of course, even a small business would be too large for one man to manage alone, but our plan is to put the full responsibility for each division upon some man and then check his results. Since we do not go in for titles, and try to move men around so that they will know all the branches of the business, it is easy to find people either to develop any line we go into or to look over any section which is not going as it should.

"The policy of never considering that anything is being done well enough keeps men on their toes. A man who is not afraid to take responsibility can learn to do almost anything. We try to take away the natural fear of responsibility by never being very quick to penalize errors. We do not pretend to pick men, but we rather let them pick themselves. A man who inclines to priding himself on his ability, instead of looking ahead to see what else he can do, is not apt to get very far with us. We have a constantly growing body of men who are able to turn their hands to almost anything, and so we do not have a problem of management. We think of management as trying to do the right thing in the best way, and on this basis size is not of great consequence.

"And as for money being a burden, that is something I do not understand. Money is just as much of a burden as anyone lets it be, and I have a notion that those who complain of the burden find their chief amusement in complaining. I know men who say that they are living simply who actually have built up so elaborate a scale of living that it would seem to be a test of endurance just for them to keep up with their affairs. But no one compels these men to live as they do. They do it from choice. There is no more reason why a man should be burdened with money than burdened with food or clothes.

"We have never had more money than we needed for the business. We now produce only about one-half of the materials that go into the making of the car, and we use a great deal of some materials of which we do not control the source of our supply, as, for instance, copper and rubber. We like to have enough money on hand so that if some supply is being curtailed we can buy a source of that supply. We have done this with timber and coal and iron and some other raw materials, and we shall continue the same policy. I think that money earned in a business should be returned to the business, but not just for the sake of returning it, for unless there is a good reason for putting back the money, it is only so much money wasted. A good reason is something which tends toward making the product better or which insures against having prices raised by some outside source. We are committed to a policy of low prices to our consumers and high wages to our employes. That we hold to be our highest service, and it demands that we continually keep spending money to improve processes and sources.

"If the business should not require the money it earns, then there are no end of directions in which it could be put to work helping people to help themselves. It would be worth hundreds, perhaps thousands, of millions to get rid forever of any one of a dozen common diseases. And that is mentioning only one line of research. Money cannot be a burden unless one elects it to be."

Edsel Ford, it may be gathered, is not one of those sad young men in mental sackcloth and ashes over the condition of the world. He does not view his responsibilities with so intent a seriousness as to get lost in the seriousness and forget about the real responsibilities. He leads a perfectly normal life and out of it he seems to extract more than a normal amount of fun. Henry Ford has an office, but he never uses it, preferring to drop into other people's offices, and he has no office hours.

He seldom reads a letter and never personally answers one. He not only has no regular duties of any kind but also he goes and comes exactly as he pleases and thus keeps himself free from all detail.

### *A Family Man*

Edsel Ford is more regular. He has an unpretentious office at the Highland Park plant, furnished in plain oak. In this office he spends about two hours a day on three days of the week. Most of the time he is, like his father, in the offices of others—at Highland Park, Dearborn or Fordson. It is in the nature of a principle with the company that a manager should not make much use of a desk—he is supposed to be out seeing things. Edsel Ford is in the drafting rooms a good deal, but he is not a busy, bustling executive snapping out orders. That sort of executive works only in the movies.

A man of larger affairs must keep away from his business a good deal, else he loses his perspective. Edsel Ford leaves his office or he leaves Detroit whenever he feels like it, and travels considerably. His wife always travels with him. They were married ten years ago, and Mrs. Ford was Miss Clay, the niece of a Detroit merchant. They have four children—Henry Ford, Second, who is nine; Benson Ford, who is seven; Josephine Clay Ford, who is three; and William Ford, who is not quite two. They have three houses—a house in Detroit, which will shortly be vacated for a new one now being built; a camp in a tract of some 3000 acres about forty miles from Detroit; and a summer home at Seal Harbor, Maine.

These houses are all large and very well managed, and also they are well decorated, for both Mr. and Mrs. Ford have an eye for line and color. The camp is furnished throughout with Americana, of which Mr. Ford is a collector—on a small scale as compared with his father. None of these houses is designed as a show place or managed as a show place. Neither Henry Ford nor Edsel Ford makes any pretense of appearing frugal. They buy whatever they want and can use, but only what they can use. For instance, the Seal Harbor site is one of the best on the Maine coast and a quite ideal place to set up an immense Norman castle, but Edsel Ford wanted a house to live in and not a castle to look at, so he built a house only large enough for his family and a reasonable number of guests. He built it out of local stone and with as much local labor as could be marshaled.

### *Under His Thumb*

He spends a large amount of money in the course of a year, but not a penny goes for ostentation. Neither he nor Mrs. Ford cares for jewelry, so they buy very little. When he went in for riding, he did not set up a stable, but instead bought two very good Irish hunters. He has a schooner yacht, but it is not the largest and most elaborate yacht he could buy; it is just one that the family can have a good time on. When he established his farm he had to have a herd for the needs of the household, but he has not bought beyond those needs. He is interested in painting and is one of the art commissioners of Detroit. When he was last abroad he spent ten days in the Florence art galleries with the director of the Detroit Museum. He buys a considerable number of paintings, but he does not pay record prices or compete at public auctions. He buys some of the canvases for himself and hangs them in his houses because he likes them. He has not and does not intend to establish a private art gallery. Others of his purchases go to the Detroit Museum. He does likewise with books. He buys the books he wants to read and in the editions that best please him. He is not an art collector or a book collector. In short, he leads a normal existence, spending only that portion of his income which is convenient for him to spend in order to be comfortable and enjoy himself.

He is out-of-doors a fair part of each day. He likes automobiles and has a great many of them. He used to go in for motorboat racing, driving his own boat, but he hurt his back and had to give that up. In summer he rides, sails, plays tennis and golfs. He is a fair tennis player, and in golf averages about ninety. He has a large number of friends, but he avoids the formal sort of entertainment which goes by the name of society, because he finds it burdensome. He dresses well but quietly, and keeps himself in splendid physical trim, just as does his father. He is slight but wiry. Henry Ford is very strong and wiry, and, although Edsel Ford is shorter, he has exactly the same features, head shape, and general physical make-up as his father. This likeness is not at first so apparent, because Henry Ford's face is heavily lined.

"How much of the great sweep of this industry are you in touch with?" I asked.

"I think I am in touch with all of it," he answered. "I have been here while it was growing. I do not know the manufacturing end so well as I know the commercial end, but I think I can judge design, for on that I have had long experience. But I can only judge. I do not seem able to originate in an instant the way my father does, but still I never knew anyone else who could do that either.

"Neither have I worked out for myself a business philosophy, but it is difficult to see how it would differ materially from that of my father. On some points there can be no discussion. We must pay high wages and sell at low prices. It is impossible to say how high wages may eventually go or how low prices may be, because wages and prices as expressed in dollars do not mean

anything unless we know the purchasing power of money. But wages ought to increase substantially in purchasing power, although it does not seem likely that we shall ever again be able to double money wages as we practically did in 1914, when we put in the five dollars a day minimum wage. Nor would it be desirable to do that again, for we have found that when we make a flat increase in wages the storekeepers and landlords run up the prices on our men. Our increases will be gradual and on the basis of the individual.

"Such of our products as are sold on the price basis can and will be sold for steadily less purchasing power than it takes to buy them today. No one knows or can know how long this can continue, because no one today knows much about manufacturing as compared with what we shall some day know. It is only necessary to compare today with twenty years ago to realize that.

"Consumption is just as important as production, and it was to stimulate consumption that we started the five-day week. It is out of the question to gain a balance between consumption and production without providing leisure in which to improve the material standards of living. I regard the five-day week as a necessity, just as the eight-hour day was a necessity. Of course as much, if not more, must be produced in five days as in six, but if management applies itself to the task, that can be brought about. Merely cutting down working time and production would only have the effect of raising prices and decreasing consumption.

"Providing more goods for the world to consume may or may not be a public service. It may be that people would be happier if they had less, but there is nothing as yet to show that such would be the case. Poverty may have its satisfactions, but it is scarcely fitting for those who are not poor to try to point them out. This really gets back to the notion that money is a burden, and to this, as I have before said, I cannot subscribe.

"The foundation of our manufacturing policy is making one thing, and making it as well as we know how. Making it as well as we know how involves a continuous policy of improvement in design or methods of manufacture. That has always been our policy and will continue to be our policy."

### *The Ford Trade School*

"A large business has the facilities to do many things which a smaller business cannot do. The old apprentice system was very useful in training boys and young men, but it does not fit into modern industry and therefore it would seem logical that a big business should, in addition to its other functions, be a kind of university of experience and should afford instruction as well as employment. That is something on which I have spent a good deal of time, and we have today in the business about 2400 students who have come to us from every country in the world. Of these, 1400 are in the trade school. This is a school for boys whose parents are dead or so incapacitated that the boys would have to take the first job offered and perhaps never have the chance to learn enough to earn a good living. The trade school has been going on for some years and we look to it to provide men for the future. Some of its graduates are already getting up in the management.

"The school is not a charity. The boys spend part of their time in the classrooms and part of their time in a shop making automobile parts. In the making of parts and tools they get practical experience, and since they make useful things, the company is able to buy their production, and thus they can earn wages larger than they could get in a job which would give them no education. The plan seems to be as good for them as it is for us. Following the same thought of providing for young men who might otherwise simply go on the streets, we are taking on a larger number than usual of boys between seventeen and twenty-one. They very rapidly learn to earn men's wages. You know there is something wrong with employment that does not raise self-respect and ambition.

"You asked me about the airplanes we are building. We are in the air because we have the facilities for manufacturing any kind of motor, and the heart of the airplane is the motor. It is not a new interest with us at all. We made our first airplane away back in 1908. It was a small monoplane, and we put into it an ordinary Model T engine, bored full of holes to make it lighter. The thing did leave the ground, and probably it is just as well that it did not get too far from the ground, for it might have fallen and killed someone. It finally landed against a fence of the flying field and that was the end of the experiment. But we all had a good time!

"Now we are merely experimenting. We do not need the air lines that we have established, but unless we take observations on performance we cannot have the right building data. We shall go into production only when we know what we are doing. Our present commercial products are large planes, but we have built one small plane which is very satisfactory and could be made quite cheaply. But it will hold only the pilot, and for the present, at least, it is not a practical plane to make, for the management of an airplane needs more skill and experience than the average man is likely to acquire. Driving a plane is not yet nearly so simple as driving an automobile and must be in charge of a professional pilot."

### *The Best Man for the Place*

That is Edsel Ford. A question still remains. If an impartial man were to go through the entire personnel of the Ford organization, would he pick Edsel Ford to head it? That is a question which might be asked about anyone in any position and could never be answered about anyone. An answer is worth its face value and no more. Nevertheless, I asked this question of a man who worked for many years with Henry and Edsel Ford, who knows them both well, and who also knows every other leader in the company. He answered unhesitatingly:

"Yes, Edsel Ford knows more about the business than any man excepting his father. The present business is a joint product, although you would not get Edsel Ford to admit that. The two men consult on every point of importance, and no one knows whose view it is that is followed. The finances are managed entirely by Edsel, and he has had a great deal to do with the coördination of supplies and the saving of time in the cycle of production. It may be that Edsel and his father sometimes disagree. It is unthinkable that they should not, but if they do disagree, no one ever knows on what they differ, for on all policies they act as one.

"People seem to think that management is new with Edsel Ford. He has been managing for ten years or more. During the war he was in sole charge of pushing through the making of eagle boats, Liberty motors and caissons, while his father was working on designs and means of production. The record shows that he got results. The company could scarcely have spared him during the war, but it would have spared him to enlist had not the War Department declared its intention of returning him to his job with the rank of major if he did enlist. He was not enough of a hypocrite to consent to wear a uniform in his own office."

As to the long future. "No one knows anything about that," answered Edsel Ford thoughtfully. "I have three boys. Perhaps one of them will prove able to manage the business, but if none of them does, then someone else will be found who can. As long as the business is useful someone will be capable of making it go. If the time should come when the product of the business is not useful, then it would pass away just as so many things have passed. One need not worry a great deal about the future."

Nearing Port!

The Reo Flying Cloud!

*For all those who've wanted a motor car whose every act and every line says, "Let's be somebody and go somewhere."*

MISS OUIDA PETIT'S extra dollars go into her "hope chest."

Would Extra Dollars Make *You* Happy?

YOU can earn them! Hundreds of busy men—hundreds of home-keeping women, too—make up to $1.50 and $2 an hour by work that's easy, pleasant, dignified; work that can be fitted into any odd moments you have to spare. You don't need business experience to succeed. Nor do we ask you to invest a penny. Earning equipment is furnished complete by us, with mighty interesting tips on just how to collect your first dollars as our subscription representative!

Here's the Handy Messenger

The Saturday Evening Post
699 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm attracted by your offer. Without obligation to me, please send me information.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

FLINT "60" SEDAN, $1495 *f. o. b. Lansing*

# LET OWNERS TELL YOU THE STORY

THE words of an owner are worth more to you, who are about to purchase an automobile, than all the words the builders can say. We refer any prospective purchaser of a car to any Flint owner. And the longer that owner has driven his car, the better. You can get a more complete story. You can learn about week after week and *month after month* performance. You will hear a story of constant, never failing, trouble-free performance; of power that surpasses all motoring requirements; of acceleration that has rarely been approached. You will learn at first hand the advantages of the special Flint motor cradle, direct line drive, and the seven bearing crankshaft which Flint introduced in medium priced cars. You will then know and understand why the owner of a Flint will not be satisfied with anything less than Flint performance.

So by all means ask a Flint owner about his car before you make any decision. Then see the nearest Flint dealer and try out the car of your choice to confirm all you have been told.

*PRICES*

Flint Junior, $960—$1075
Flint "60", $1260—$1495
Flint "80", $1450—$2125
*f. o. b. Lansing*

FLINT MOTOR CO., ELIZABETH, N. J.—*General Sales Dept.*, 1819 Broadway, New York City

# FLINT-SIX

FLINT

# THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

Continued from Page 28

land and sea, but right now I do not remember much very cold weather accompanied by ice, snow and midnight days in the Scriptures. Certainly the Adam and Abraham of the Eskimos are not mentioned. No telling; they may not have existed so early as that. They may be the stunted descendants of the Gentiles who were driven out of warmer lands in search of religious liberty.

However that may be, one afternoon a pleasant lady called on me. Our conversation was light and cheerful, she being an Episcopalian and modesty itself, spiritually speaking. But when she was taking her leave she asked if there was anything she could do for me. I was literally perishing by this time for a few Scriptures and I asked her if she would lend me a Bible.

"Yes, indeed!" she gasped, giving me a startled glance, meaning that she had not known I was that bad off. Then she hurried out as if I had sent her to call the doctor. Presently she returned, bringing me a brand-new, limber-back Bible.

I am not saying that it was not the Word of God, but it was the latest revised version. Maybe she thought I was intelligent, progressive or something. But really I could not bear the thing. It was printed in paragraphs, like ordinary prose. Many passages in it had been changed and clarified so that I missed the dearer old incantations of mystery they contained in my ragged old Bible at home.

Such things count in spiritual psychology. Religion is a sort of filial instinct we have, based upon our sense of mortal weakness and fears. It is financed by traditions and ideals of God set forth for the most part in the text of His Word. If you meddle with the text, even to mend it, we old ones detect the difference. We smell the rat of a modern scholar's rational mind explaining away some of the supernatural significance of our Scriptures. We arrived by faith, not by rational processes, in the comforts of our religion. And it follows that some sort of spiritual violence is done to us when we are reduced to learning God again in a revised version of the history of Him and His instructions to us. It is all very well to accustom the younger generation to this later text, because their spiritual powers have been reduced by the rational training they have received, but I do think we who are older in the Word should be permitted to stick strictly to the original King James version, which, of course, was frightfully modern when it was first published; but it has a lot of queer places, contradictions in it, which afford excellent exercise for our old childish faith in the Lord, no matter what the Bible says.

I was not to be outdone in this matter, once I had set my heart upon taking a desert-aged view of the mouthings of those elder prophets. The next day a fine old sea captain came in to pay his respects. We talked of ships and sails and life fifty years ago on the roaring main. I freshened up, as if he had been a strong salt wind blowing over me. He had a grand laugh, a raucous note in his voice, having been born in Scotland. He walked with the rocking gait of a good old ship whose timbers have begun to creak, his joints corroded, I suppose, from having been exposed for so many years to salt-sea weather. He told of pirates and shipwrecks, mentioned God once or twice as if his particular Almighty had stirred mountain waves to try the faith of His mariners.

Really, it could not have been so different from spending an hour with Frank R. Stockton in a gallant seafaring mood.

He always came in bringing a great sheaf of flowers, and when he was ready to go he invariably asked me if there was anything else I wanted. As a rule I would say nothing else, only a few more flowers and another rip-roaring sea tale at his convenience. But this time I surprised him. I asked him if he possessed a very old Bible. He dropped his eye as if I had asked him for a secret.

"I want a mellow, yellow-leafed, old-fashioned Bible, one printed in little short verses, in which nothing has been done to clear up the mystery of the whale swallowing Jonah, and no scientific footnotes about how Jesus walked upon the waters," I explained.

Yes, he remembered now that he had precisely that kind of Bible, he said, speaking slowly, as if he was searching mentally among his seafaring relics for this book. And as near as he could recollect, it was still in good condition, although his mother had given it to him when he was a boy starting upon his first voyage as a sailor before the mast. He gave me to understand, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had only used it in the gravest emergencies, when the topmast was broken, the rudder gone and nothing else could be done to save the ship.

"We always made port then according to the Scriptures—limped in by faith," he added, still grinning, but with a curious look of recollection, as if he had not thought of this circumstance for a very long time.

After that I picked up all the ancient seas and lands as charted and laid off in the captain's old Bible, saw them more clearly, as we do when time or space has been removed from between us and the meaning of the thing we look for.

From this time forward I received from visiting friends few flowers and delicacies to eat, and more books to read. So long as they come bearing innocuous foods when you are ill, smooth your bed covers and lay a rose on your pillows, you are not doing so well. But when they leave off agreeing with whatever you say and begin to contribute hardy mental nourishment to your support, the indications are that you are convalescing.

I took courage and began to read through that astonishingly diverse pile of books on the table beside my bed. One must not only have leisure, but a sense of leisure, to enjoy books. The mind must be elastic and cordial, not gnarled and bowed up by too many opinions and prejudices to defend. I was so relaxed physically that I had lost the personal animus of my own intellect toward other people's views. I was very agreeable, reduced to a sort of childish languor of the spirit which greatly resembled famished credulity lying upon its back. The impression I wish to convey is that my attitude toward this whirlwind library, blown in from so many sources, was friendly and unsuspicious. You get the wink of humor involved in the situation when I copy the titles of these books. They varied all the way from Froude's lectures on the Life and Letters of Erasmus and Cellini's Autobiography, to a sweet little volume of plays by James Barrie; various novels of the softer, more doubtful, substance of life, and three or four good ones. Two books came by mail; more of them later. I had no suspicions at the time.

If these friends had brought strong liquors and laid loaded firearms beside my bed they could not have provided more ferocious stimulation to my moral sense or furnished a more effective arsenal for arousing my somnambulent faculties. Within three weeks I was on my feet, not mended in health, but my loins girded up, virtuously speaking, ready to go forth and pot a primitive on sight. Never before have I experienced such a strong inclination to lead a movement in defense of my country. Traitors among us, masquerading as artists, cultural people, engaged in the nefarious business of destroying conscience and the sense of moral values!

This, in fact, was the sharpest corner I turned in the happy pilgrimage. I lost my singing mind and was never able, from that time, to recover the tune except in broken snatches. I was always on the alert, looking for one of these scamps of the fine arts. Never once did I come to grips with one of them. My feeling is that they probably recognized me first and kept at a discreet mental distance, not so much out of respect for my prejudices as on account of a sort of contempt such people would feel for an old obsolete verb in living who belonged to a vanishing order.

But let that go for the present. I started off mildly enough on that course of reading with Froude's Lectures on Erasmus. Lately someone has complained that too many of us are still living in the nineteenth century. His point is not well taken. He has probably not considered what would happen if this whole generation of men and women were actually living consciously in the twentieth century. With all of us crowding that close to the front, I tremble to think what kind of history we might produce. Fortunately the rudder of every age is hinged on behind. It consists of that slower-moving mass of men that never want to catch up, but which controls the rocking, storm-tossed millions in front because it cannot be shaken off. For my part, I doubt if any man is properly balanced in his own times who does not spend much of his thinking and observing of life in the centuries behind him.

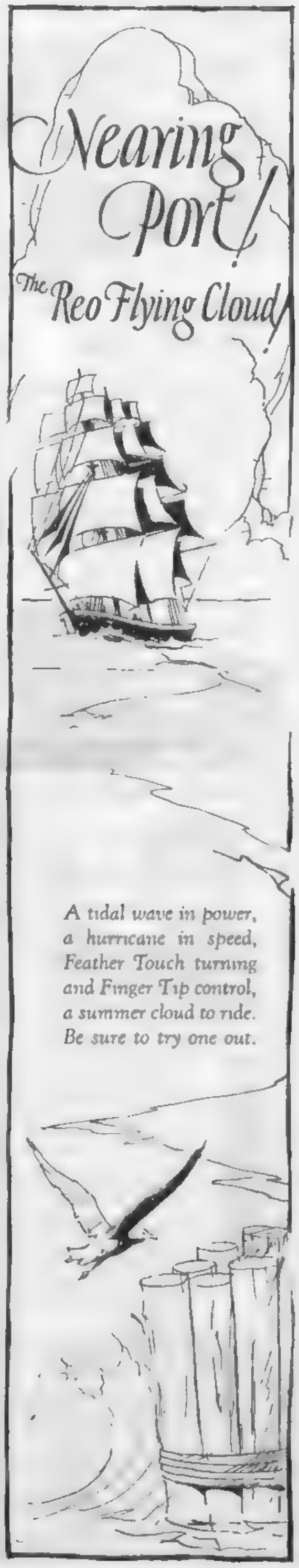
Just so, I enjoyed traveling around with Erasmus through the various kingdoms of Europe a couple of evenings, long enough to read the book. But the trip I made with him covered that part of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when the yeast of men's minds was rising again. Certain scholars were about to present the Bible in a freer translation of salvation to common men. It was a serious time, lurid with vice, leading to the flare of martyrs burning at the stake along the sky line of Christianity. Like other religious people, I had never realized the humanness of the heroes who figured in it. I had the vaguest impression of Erasmus as a very dignified student, pious, and absorbed in the work of translating certain gospels, who quite by accident escaped the martyr's fate. But time can cast a very witty eye upon some of the gravest figures in history.

The man I discovered in this book was not the holy, learned gentleman of my reverent imagination. He was a thin little man, shabbily dressed, anxious to give himself a few airs in honor of his learning, because such learning was so rare, but a mendicant to the last, always beholden to the favor of kings and princes, bootlicking bishops for a pittance, courting fair ladies for a few crowns—an honorable scholar holding fast his integrity as a translator of the Scriptures, without, so far as I could discover, any real religious relations to God. But for the sake of his honor as a medium through which the Word should be given to free men's souls he suffered every privation.

He was always starving for books in his complaints, afflicted with dysentery, calling upon the great of this earth to take note of the pains in his bowels only because these pains kept him from his work. Therefore, would My Lord So-and-So spare him a certain sum with which to buy better wine and food. He complained of this indignity simply because it reflected upon the luster of learning. Still, he went on living by his wits, no compunctions for a few years of fast living in Paris, but covering that with well-told lies.

What a rascal, scorning every hypocrisy in the secret revelations he makes of himself in letters to his friends, but sticking, with the dignity and righteousness of Moses picking out the Ten Commandments, when it came to the meaning of a word in the gospels he translated!

He was the moral counterpart of the noble French lady who sold her virtue to many lovers to obtain the means with which she supported an invalid husband whom she adored. There is no logic in such a character, but logic is purely a mental


Nearing Port!
The Reo Flying Cloud
A tidal wave in power,
a hurricane in speed,
Feather Touch turning
and Finger Tip control,
a summer cloud to ride.
Be sure to try one out.

CARRYOLA MASTER

*The Ideal Gift!*

IN every way the Carryola Master makes the ideal gift. For it looks "Christmasy". See it and you want to get your hands on it. And it's useful. It's a performer, a permanent dispenser of genuine joy.

Plays with the tone and volume of the larger models! Carries 15 full-sized records. Plays all sizes and all makes. Cover and record album beautifully embossed and clad in genuine 2-tone Du Pont Fabrikoid. Your choice of four different colors or black.

*For sale at the better music shops.*

CARRYOLA CO. of AMERICA
648 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.

*Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models*

"Fortify for Fire Fighting"

IMPROVED Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

START the New Year with an Improved Pyrene Fire Extinguisher

Guarantee the safety of your family and home for the coming year and other years to follow

Take steps now to avoid later regrets. Put an end to chance. Free your mind of worry.

Start the New Year with an Improved Pyrene Fire Extinguisher—and start the New Year right

Equipped to prevent loss of lives and property. Ready for that unforeseen emergency. Prepared against accidents and the carelessness of others. Secure in the knowledge that a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher means safety.

Kills Fire Saves Life

Pyrene Manufacturing Co.
Newark, N. J.

Caution: Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.

process, which has less to do with human conduct than we are willing to admit.

The thing that astounded me about Erasmus was the way he could rise, without a single pious exclamation of self-consciousness, out of the coward and rascal he was and show the noblest appreciation of the virtues which he lacked in other people. The interpretations he writes of the kings and great men of his times are more revealing and convincing than any historian ever gives. I am one of the few respectable women I ever heard of who entertain some kind of admiration for Henry VIII, due chiefly to an occasional sketch Erasmus puts in about him. He passes over that king's erotic tendencies with that curious and diverting silence peculiar to masculine delicacy about such matters before a mixed audience. And he dismisses with a witty remark Henry's somewhat abrupt political policies of beheading objectionable noblemen. But he writes with simple and convincing eloquence of this same king's respect and loyalty to certain incontestably honorable men, as in the case of Colet, the Dean of St. Paul's, whom he consistently protected and defended against jealous churchmen. And while Erasmus was about it he put in a short biography of Colet, which is the simplest, noblest description of a good man I have ever read.

Henry VIII was no more consistently corrupt than Erasmus was consistently decent. They both had about one virtue apiece which redeemed them from the contempt of posterity, and that is a good deal to say for one virtue—to weigh so much as to overbalance a thousand vices.

I was fascinated with Cellini's Autobiography. It is a one-man volume of the life of his times, complete in every detail of war, religion, art, music, every virtue and every vice. It is enough to say in admiration, if not praise, of Cellini that he lived it all with a degradation and a splendor that is unequaled in the record we have of any other man. An arrant hypocrite, he had a veracity of mind, and that rarer gift, a truthful use of words, which reveal all his hypocrisies with the artless frankness of a child that has no moral sense of its own fallacies. He was such a liar that when he told the truth, the truth became a lie, because deceit and concealment were among the fine arts of his times, and he exposed them both. He was a great artist, a blackguard, a murderer and thief who believed in God with the outrageous audacity of a villain. This was one of the heroic characteristics of Christian faith during that period. The description he writes of his vision of the sun after being imprisoned for a long time in a dungeon is a finer piece of work than he ever wrought in gold or bronze. This was the quality of his genius; he could accomplish any miracle with it, even to making himself see God in the bright bosom of the sun.

When I had finished the book I had the feeling of having read the life of an immortal man whose temper and times afforded him the opportunity to exercise the worst and the best instincts with heroic vehemence without thinking. Simply by living in the pulse of his period he met with more adventures in a day than the modern puerile thrill seeker would risk in a lifetime.

Shelley, poor soul, was born three hundred years later, but André Maurois' interpretation of him, in his book called Ariel, suggests marked similarities of character and temperament between Shelley and Cellini. The same violent spirit, another amazing genius, financed by the imagination of a poet rather than the golden imagery and skillful brains of a silversmith. But Shelley lived and fumed and sang in a different age. Men's minds had been tamed by systems of thought. Radicals and rationalists had begun to write popular books that recommended their false doctrines in terms of the finest sentiment and most convincing logic.

So, in spite of his violent passions, Shelley was never disposed to go out and kill his enemy. He had the elegant sensibilities of a poet and no taste for murder. He was reduced to the intellectual revolts of a radical, all of which he tried out with the eagerness and credulity of a child. He could not attend a banquet given by Byron accompanied by his "crow," as Cellini went brazenly to Michelangelo's feast. Shelley's age had imposed a sense of decency in these matters. Free love was a conviction he had picked up from the radicals. So he took his women from various walks of life, with or without marriage vows, no more moral than Cellini, but, the victim of a false doctrine, he was some kind of scandalous husband to these unhappy creatures.

He suffered poverty, persecution and many misfortunes even as Cellini did, and was never to be put down on that account. Instead of fashioning an immortal salt cellar and casting the Perseus, he wrote The Skylark and Prometheus Unbound. But it did not come to quite the same thing on account of the spirit of his times. Cellini outwitted the piety of his and got himself buried with honors in a cathedral. Shelley made a tragic ending and got his ashes scattered to the four winds. We are undoubtedly responsible for the lives we live, and pay heavily for the privilege of living at all, but not for the fate that overtakes us. We collect it, and work on it, and write it down far ahead of time without knowing what we are doing. And no provision we consciously make has anything to do with what happens at the very last. The mind of our age predestines us.

After reading through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with a scholar and a scamp to interpret them—both adventurers—I lay back upon my pillows like a good old thing and wondered if I should have chosen either one of these periods in which to make a happy pilgrimage. Decidedly not. There were too many men going around with daggers hidden in their sleeves and swords buckled on their hips. I have always suspected, with no pride at all in the suspicion, that there was something of the man in me, mentally speaking, but I retain the feelings and sensibilities of a woman, and am temperamentally opposed to the shedding of blood or of being burned at the stake for my religious convictions Besides, women do not seem to have fared very well during these periods. Apparently they were eligible to but one kind of adventure, and had very little security outside of convents. A widow of Mary Thompson's age, traveling alone at a time when the world was more than half submerged in vice and religion, might have written some illuminating pages into the history of that period, but I doubt if she would have enjoyed the journey.

If we consider how much longer mankind has been religious than moral, it is astonishing how much further we have advanced morally than we have spiritually. Maybe I should not say such a thing; maybe it is more religious to sit down, as we have sat for ages, so ignorant of God the Creator that we cannot understand many of the Scriptures, and sing "Oh, Lord, revive us again!" until we work ourselves up to an emotional frenzy and get a fleeting vision of Him as long as the emotion lasts. But I do think the discrepancy between our moral sense and religious intelligence is due to the fact that religion has been preached sentimentally and with the contradictory bias of many creeds; not as law and a working principle of life. And I believe the time will come when preachers will be truly learned men and the churches great universities where God will be taught reverently and honestly as a great text.

Then there will be no temperamental antagonism to religion and men's minds will be filled with the light and glory of His Word, which is written no less in the foundations of the earth than it is in the Bible—that one short scroll of the great anthem of life and eternal life. We shall still walk by faith, but men's faith will move with a longer stride. There is no sin in adding as much knowledge as possible to what we cannot know but only believe. It would not surprise me if somebody finds out enough from all the sciences and all the religions to write a sort of abridged but serviceable biography of the Lord. If so, it will be a great book and the author of it will be a master scientist and a true saint.

It is outrageous to undertake to divorce the teaching of religion from the processes of creation, when God is also the maker of the heavens and the earth, and when our immortal spirits are still imprisoned in that very carnal material, human flesh. How are we to know ourselves without knowing all the elements from which we came, much less know the Almighty?

There will be no more theological quibblings then about the birth of Christ or His divinity. We shall know, however He was born, that He is divine by His very works,

*A June Scene in Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park*

and He will be recognized as the Way, the Truth and the Life, as we recognize any other law posted for our safety. What does it matter how we come, so that at last we arrive somewhere within the rim of His glory and in His likeness?

These are dangerous things to say, lest some malicious saint should quote no more than enough to make me a liar and an atheist. But they are welcome to do their worst as far as I am concerned. I have no worldly reputation for piety to defend. I am finishing my course here in living, and in spite of the blind terrors I have endured under the narrow and cruel dispensations of His Word, I also have seen God, and I am resolved to leave behind me some sort of halting record of this safer One to trust than the pinch-faced deity handed down to us in some very heinous theology.

We are very small potatoes, however, compared to the way we talk. As a matter of fact, I have never got beyond worshiping that dear garden God of my earliest childhood, so personally observant of me, so sure to punish me for my transgressions, so sure to reward me for my virtues in case I ever acquired a virtue, so sure to keep me in every misfortune. I remember yet how close kin I felt as a very small child to that sparrow mentioned in the Scripture that could not fall without my heavenly Father's taking compassionate note of the fact. This seemed to me a favorable circumstance in my own case, and I have prayed many a little fluttering sparrow's prayer in the dust of my earliest sins.

But I cover this weakness of mine with a reference to that woman with the issue of blood who slipped through the crowd about Jesus one day, saying to herself, "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole." And when Jesus felt the touch and discovered her there behind Him, ashamed and fearful, He said: "Daughter, thy faith had made thee whole. . . ." Not her knowledge, you understand. What He meant, I suppose, was that however ignorant we are, honest faith is never blind. Just so, to this day, no matter how grand and wide my ideas of religion have become, sometimes in a woeful moment of despair I am still capable of reaching up like a dear old fool of faith and touching the hem of His garment and getting my breath much easier afterward. I do not suppose He minds, knowing how hard I am striving to get a wisdom of Him beyond the childishness of prayers.

What really happened that sun-brightened afternoon when I had just finished Cellini's Autobiography had nothing to do with the serious reflections I have been writing here, but had to do with a certain plan which I have forgotten to record. I have no highly cultivated barbaric taste for jewels. I have never wanted a diamond or any other precious stone. I would as lief be tattooed as wear one. But I have the silliest passion for beautifully wrought metals. I would like to wear a golden chain made of lovely links that would hang a long way down over my breast, which, of course, comes to the same thing so far as indicating the barbaric instinct in the matter of ornaments.

Now shortly before I had started on my travels I had seen such a chain, made of tiny yellow blossoms of gold, wide-open petals, all the same size, yet each one differing in some faint hand-wrought detail from the others. The sweetness and delicacy of the thing charmed me. And when the fortunate lady who was wearing it told me it came from Peru and that such things could be picked up there for a song, I resolved to have one. My idea was to make Peru at least for a week-end, coming or going on my travels, and simply snatch one of these chains in passing, whatever the cost. You can see how free and untrammeled my imagination was as a prospective pilgrim, with no more embarrassment about the geographical formations of the two American continents than a bird might have on a winter flight in search of summer weather.

Meanwhile so many untoward things had happened to me as a weary, wingless human being that I had forgotten all about the chain until I began to read Cellini's entrancing accounts of his work in gold and silver. Then I used to lay back every few pages and wish for it with all the craving of the vainest woman. Why I could not wish for something else more sensible I do not know—a set of dishes or a clean heart! I did finally get the dishes, but they did not satisfy me; because they were not hand-wrought and could not be worn around the neck, I suppose! As for a clean heart, that is a relative thing. I should exercise great discretion there. Those whom I have suspected of having them seemed cold and colorless people. Lord, give me enough human pigment of the spirit to stain mine! And this is not meant for blasphemy. I hate perfection. It is worse than damnable; it is finished—dead!

The only fortunate circumstance connected with this chain is that I did not get it, and still want it. When you have reached my age of seriousness and submission it is a sort of pleasure to go on wishing for some silly thing with the ardor of a child.

I cannot tell now how it happened; but one morning, lying lazily and peacefully in my bed after a rather better night than usual, I reached over and chose one of the larger volumes from the books on the table.

I began to read, mystified, my mind miring deeper and deeper. Page after page of shocking ejaculations, written after the manner of conversation, but without verbs, exclamation points or quotation marks. I could not make out whether it was the soliloquy of a damned soul or the mouthings of a gifted idiot who had dropped a stitch in the intelligent use of even the worst words.

I was never a prude mentally. I have a gallant mind when it comes to literature. I can read a bad book with hardy interest, and have derived much useful information from faithfully dramatized vice, but I was so outraged by this author's insolence to his readers, making an affectation of

(Continued on Page 86)

*A Minnesota Wood*


# Three Ways to Make Money—Take Your Choice

So many people prefer to have their new and renewal subscriptions for our three publications begin with the first of the year that a big cash making opportunity is open right now to ambitious men and women. Without experience or capital you may choose any one of these three proven ways to profit:

## $200.00 a Month

Do you want a position which will make use of a large part of your time? As our subscription representative, Mrs. Irwin has made over $200.00 extra in a single month. We have room for more workers like Mrs. Irwin.

## $10.00 Every Week

Can you devote an hour or two daily to getting renewal and new subscriptions? That is all the time Mrs. Chase has to spare, yet she earns an average of about $10.00 a week.

## Up to $1.50 an Hour

And then, like Miss Kirbis (who is a private secretary, and busy), perhaps you cannot spare even an hour or two a day. Even then you can pick up many an extra dollar by suggesting to your friends and neighbors, wherever you meet them, that they become regular readers of our publications.

**Mrs. Nora Flindt Chase**
*of Iowa*

**Miss Marie E. Kirbis**
*of New York*

**Mrs. Lawrence Irwin**
*of Ohio*

**THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**712 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

I've checked the plan below which seems best for me. Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your offer.

(1) I can sell you practically all of my time ___ (Check here)
(2) I have a few hours to spare almost every day ___ (Or here)
(3) I have almost no spare time but want more money ___ (Or here)

*Name* _____ *Age* _____

*Street* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

**PATENTS** BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS.** Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK"
Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

**ARKANSAS PECAN MEATS**
Fresh and Sweet, 1926 Crop. Ready to Serve
4 lb. Carton Pecan Meats, $4.00
20 lb. Case Pecan Meats, $19.00
Roasted roasted and salted add 10c per lb. Delivered to any point in U. S. Express or P. P. prepaid.
100 lb. bag pecan nuts $19.00 f. o. b. Marianna, Express or Frt.
OSBORNE PECAN COMPANY (Growers) Marianna, Ark.

**Draft Opener**
Put it on your FURNACE. Regulate up at time of. No attendance on winter mornings. No waste. Before a year. Wind proof. Dust proof. Non-electric. 10-day. Send brass. Price [illegible]
"Tork Draft Opener" booklet free.
TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

# Nearing Port! The Reo Flying Cloud!

*So swift, so graceful, so comfortable and so charming in appearance, the Reo Flying Cloud honors the ship for which it is named, The FLYING CLOUD—most famous of the world's most beautiful means of travel, the American clipper ship.*


# Index of Advertisers

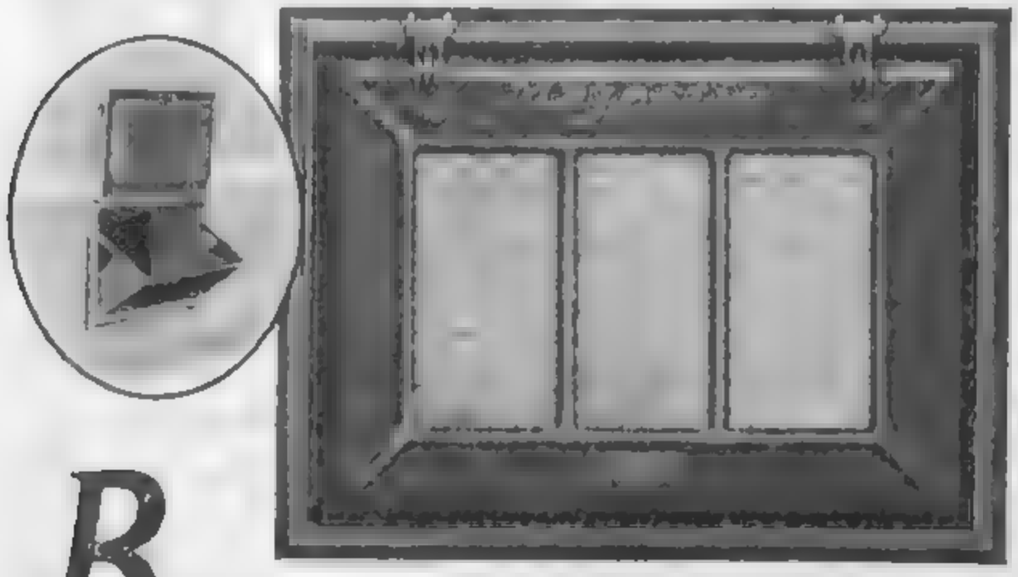
## December 25, 1926


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| AC Spark Plug Company | 64 |
| American Safety Razor Corp. | 50 |
| Auburn Automobile Company | 85 |
| Bon Ami Company, The | III Cover |
| Book-Cadillac Hotel Co., The | 69 |
| Buick Motor Company | 29 |
| Campbell Soup Company | 25 |
| Carryola Co. of America | 82 |
| Celotex Company, The | 87 |
| Champion Spark Plug Co. | 61 |
| Chrysler Sales Corporation | 27 |
| Coleman, Watson E. | 83 |
| Collins & Aikman Company | 88 |
| Congoleum-Nairn Inc. | 33 |
| Dictaphone Sales Corp. | 73 |
| Eastman Kodak Company | IV Cover |
| Evans & Co., Victor J. | 83 |
| Flint Motor Co. | 80 |
| General Electric | 51 |
| Graybar Electric Co. | 56 |
| Hartford Fire Insurance Co., The | 63 |
| Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc. | 55 |
| Hudson Motor Car Company | 36, 37 |
| Log Cabin Products Company, The | 49 |
| Majestic Co., The | 84 |
| Metropolitan Life Insurance Company | 86 |
| New Haven Clock Company, The | 67 |
| Oneida Community, Ltd. | 2 |
| Osborne Pecan Co. | 83 |
| Packard Motor Car Co. | 40 |
| Parker Pen Company, The | II Cover |
| Postum Cereal Company, Inc. | 47 |
| Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company | 54 |
| Pyrene Manufacturing Co. | 82 |
| Reid, Murdoch & Co. | 42 |
| Reo Motor Car Company | 71, 79, 81, 84 |
| Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J. | 38 |
| Southern Railway System | 59 |
| Swift & Company | 31 |
| Texas Company, The | 52, 53 |
| Thatcher Manufacturing Co | 48 |
| Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation | 35 |
| Tork Company | 83 |
| Universal Pictures | 74 |
| U. S. Playing Card Co., The | 75 |
| Western Clock Co | 1 |
| Willys-Overland, Inc. | 44, 45 |


While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index


# When You Buy or Build~

## This is the Coal Window You'll Want



# Because ~

the Majestic is recognized as the leading coal window value. It is break-proof and rust-proof—with Certified Malleable Iron frame and hinges, electro-galvanized pressed steel door and Keystone Copper Steel body and hopper. It protects your house and adds to its value. More Majestics are in use than all other makes combined. See that you get the Majestic in the home you buy or build.

*The No. M10 Majestic—one of several new and improved styles. All are shown in our new catalog—and many other Majestic Quality Products you'll want in your home. Write for this catalog and dealer's name.*

THE MAJESTIC CO., HUNTINGTON, IND.

# Majestic Coal Window

*The Mark of a Modern Home*

# Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

## $100.00 Extra In One Month

Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

**Busy all the time, but never too busy to earn "an extra dollar."**

Mr. John E. Griffiths of Pennsylvania is busy with other duties all day, every working day, yet we have paid him more than $80.00 extra in a single month.

Long ago, Mr. Griffiths expressed a *willingness to try*. And he has been making good ever since.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR OUR OFFER!

The Curtis Publishing Company
720 Independence Square, Philadelphia Pennsylvania

Please send me your cash offer

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

## Supplies, Equipment, Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

# *The* New Auburn *Straight Eight* $1495

## *—unquestionably the world's greatest value*

8-77 FOUR-DOOR SPORT SEDAN. 125-INCH WHEELBASE. 75 M. P. H. $1495

### Speedway Tested

*Others marvel at the extent of the tests Auburn cars must pass All engineers have known that such methods were inevitable "some day". Auburn uses them today*

*SPEED—75 miles an hour, 50 or 60 or more miles per hour, hour after hour, sustained all day long with unfaltering efficiency, smoothness, absence of strain and with a driving ease of 20 miles an hour.*

*ALSO—lack of vibration at all speeds; absence of effort to hold car on road; minimum of pressure required on foot pedals, ease of engaging clutch; passenger relaxation over every kind of road surface or the absorption of road shocks before they ever reach passengers; absence of side sway; road stability on straight away and on sharp curves; chassis rigidity and strength of Auburn's 50-ton-resisting frame; 60% less muscular effort required to operate steering wheel due to special balloon steering; absence of ordinary noises, rattles and loose parts after prolonged hard driving; the stamina to withstand extremes of abuse, all of these and many, many more tests are scientifically applied and results recorded by special instruments so that every part of its construction and every phase of its performance must pass harder requirements than ever before.*

VALUE—unalloyed value—value uniform in every unit, therefore a *whole* car of unequaled value!

Frankly, Auburn designed, built, tested and priced this new Straight 8-77, with the aim of making it the most extraordinary and talked-about car in the world; to be so conclusively outstanding and overwhelming in *value* as to make all competitive comparison an absolute impossibility for a long time to come.

Our experience and phenomenal success with Straight Eights the past two years qualified Auburn to undertake this, a most ambitious program for any automobile manufacturer. Ordinary methods could not achieve it. New factories, greater production capacity, new machinery, new equipment, new engineering and production methods were necessary. Auburn felt it was the only company in the industry in a position to make the preparations necessary to produce the Eight that everybody, everywhere, would be glad to acknowledge of undisputed leadership in value.

*Motor 77 horsepower Straight Eight. Lancaster Balancer. Swan Manifold.*

*Metal side quarters. Plate glass. Brewster type non-glare windshield, mono-control. Driving compartment insulated around floor boards and operating mechanism against heat and cold. Mohair trimmed or leather optional at slight additional cost. 2-tone colors optional.*

*Seven cross members in frame, three tubular, protect body indefinitely from ordinary rattles and squeaks.*

*New 19" wheels adding greatly to the strength and balance necessary for road stability at high speeds and providing increased braking efficiency.*

*Oversize Balloon Tires. Snubber Equipped 4 Wheel mechanical brakes.*

*Oversize balloon steering gear adjustable from outside.*

*Light and Ignition control on top of steering wheel. 125-inch comfort wheelbase.*

Over a year has been concentrated to making sure that we were ready to make the unqualified, sweeping claims we are now prepared to guarantee.

Of the millions of automobile owners today only a *very few* have ever driven a Straight Eight. Once the world realizes the *great difference*, the demand will far exceed the supply. *Auburn opens the flood gates of this demand by removing the price barrier.* No one who has ever driven an Eight would go back to anything else. See it. Drive it. Be your own judge. If it does not sell itself you will not be asked to buy. Disappointment in delivery is almost a certainty for those who delay.

*6-66—$1095 to $1345; 8-77—$1395 to $1745; 8-88—$1995 to $2595. Freight, tax and equipment extra.*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

AUBURN

*Your Next Car*

# Tuck him in—Safe

FORTUNATE are the mothers of today. They can tuck their babies in bed and rest secure in the knowledge that many of childhood's greatest enemies need never touch them. For one thing, their babies probably will never have smallpox. These wise mothers have seen to it that their little ones are protected by vaccination.

How different it was before vaccination was discovered. Then mothers were powerless against this terrible disease. Among children who died, under 10 years of age, smallpox was responsible for one out of three deaths. Smallpox was more prevalent than measles. Few escaped and the children suffered most. Over and over again it swept the world, leaving its thousands of dead, thousands cruelly disfigured, thousands blind and deaf.

Then came the history-changing discovery—vaccination—and the number of deaths from smallpox went down and down. The end would have been reached but for the well-meaning, but misinformed persons who clamored that "vaccination is a crime"—that "sunshine and cleanliness, not vaccination, drive out smallpox".

If such reckless statements are believed and parents do not have their children vaccinated, smallpox may again attack the children as it did a little more than a century ago. In certain parts of the country, smallpox among children is again on the increase!

In the past, when arm to arm inoculation was common and persons were inoculated direct from smallpox patients, there were many deaths following attempts at prevention. Today, vaccination is safe. The only mishaps that can occur are due to carelessness in protecting the vaccinated area. The vaccine now used is produced under the control and supervision of the United States Government.

Smallpox comes from unsuspected sources. Because it takes 12 days to develop, it is possible for immigrants or returning travellers to bring smallpox into the country with them.

Smallpox can be stamped out only by systematic vaccination. Every child should be vaccinated before he is one year old and again during school years. Immunity wears off in time—anywhere from five to fifteen years—*and leaves one again susceptible.* Is it more than seven years since you were vaccinated?

Now—before the danger is upon you—make sure that you and yours are properly protected. Be safe.

Before the Philippine Islands were occupied by the American Army in 1898, thousands of persons died from smallpox every year. Vaccination carried on under the direction of Army officials drove smallpox down to only 273 deaths in one year.

Then came a period when vaccination of children was neglected. As a result, the worst epidemic of modern times broke out in 1918-19 with 60,855 deaths—75 per cent of which were of children under 9 years of age.

Our 48 states can be classified in three groups—those in which vaccination is compulsory, those in which it is optional and those which have no laws for vaccination.

Statistics show the lowest average number of cases per 100,000 of population in the "compulsory" states, the next highest average in the "optional" states and the highest in the "no-law" states.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without cost, booklets which give the facts—"Smallpox" and "The Story of Edward Jenner", the man who discovered vaccination. Send for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

*Published by*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

*Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year*


*(Continued from Page 83)*

incoherency, and so disgusted with the atavism of his genius that it was impossible to read beyond the fiftieth page of this volume.

Ideas rarely come to us spelled out in words, but they reach us in some kind of shorthand of the mind—dashes of color, feeling, visions not yet spoken. A writer is supposed to supply the best words possible—real adjectives, good stout verbs, or fierce verbs, or love-bearing ones—words of power and motion to carry the burden of the thought in that sentence. He is not supposed to drop his periods on the printed page as a child drops pebbles, regardless of whether he has finished the sentence or has merely set down two homeless nouns and pasted them to the page with a period. The poor things frequently do not get so much as an adjective with which to clothe themselves, no verb to ride. And the way he leaves us to think out the quotation marks for him when two or three scamps are talking in the tale is nothing short of slouchy impudence.

We have had the impressionists and the cubists in art, now we must have these primitives in literature. Their method is so simple only a foolish person could use it. They copy into words the disconnected monkey antics an ugly mind performs when it is amusing itself by thinking in jerks or playing with its primordial tail. They skip from one subject to another, go back, repeat certain keynote phrases to themselves. In short, they translate the processes of mental gestation and call it literature. The effect is curiously idiotic, interesting to a student of metaphysics, but it sustains the same relation to literature that a mollusk does to a man.

There is nothing ugly in its significance in the material world; there is nothing actually known to us so full of romance as realism. It is the mind through which it is transcribed and presented that makes it mean and dishonorable. I know a writer who always looks up when he is laying a scene outside, never at the ground or at those commonplace furnishings with which we so frequently lower the high aims of Nature there. In Paris—that city famed for its vices—he sees her spires, her airy curves against the sky line at night—a lovely lady of the evening, clothed in light. He sees the fountains in the Place de la Concorde gleaming like slim bent reeds of crystal. He loses sight of the scamps in the streets, and beholds the city they have built like a prayer to God for praise and forgiveness. Such interpretations are the very finest examples of realism in art. But your primitive never looks up, so he can never make them.

I cannot remember being so stirred up for a long time as I was after foraging around for a week among these masterpieces of the primordial geniuses. I had no idea such a thing existed as the primitive school of fiction. I could no longer lie quietly in bed. Something had happened. I felt obliged to get up and find out what was going on. I had my ears cocked, listening for some reference to this strange abortion of the literary mind. But no one said anything. During the whole of my travels I did not hear one reference to these writers or their works. My conclusion was that I was either the only person who had been guilty of reading them or that it was secret literature of the sort nice people do not mention even if they know it, as we do not publish either the best or the worst we think.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)*

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.


## Table of Contents

December 25, 1926

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker


SHORT STORIES — PAGE

1888—*Joseph Hergesheimer* . . . 6
The Man That Obeyed—*Leonard H. Nason* . . . 8
Taking Off the Mask—*Horatio Winslow* . . . 10
Breaded Waters—*Day Edgar* . . . 14
Not in Politics—*Margaret Culkin Banning* . . . 16

ARTICLES

A United States of Europe—*Richard Washburn Child* . . . 3
Metal Mike Knocks Out Old Stormalong—*Captain Dingle* . . . 5
The Understanding Eye—*Margaretta Tuttle* . . . 12
Old Maids of the Last Generation—and This—*Lilian Bell* . . . 18
The Girl From Rector's—*George Rector* . . . 19
Edsel B. Ford—*Samuel Crowther* . . . 23

SERIALS

The Silver Cord (Fifth part)—*George Agnew Chamberlain* . . . 20
The Happy Pilgrimage (Fourth part)—*Corra Harris* . . . 26

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 22
Short Turns and Encores . . . 24



A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

*Because furnace-heated air naturally rises, more than 60% of the avoidable heat-leakage in an uninsulated house occurs through the roof.*

*Notice how quickly snow melts off the roofs of most houses. Furnace heat, leaking through the roofs, melts it. Note how snow remains on the roofs of the insulated houses.*

# 97% of America's roofs are wasting costly fuel!

***Even though your roof is solidly built, your furnace heat is leaking out through it unless a special heat-stopping material has been used. Stop this waste and make your home more comfortable by lining your attic with Celotex. Saves more than it costs.***

CAREFUL tests in hundreds of homes show an appalling waste of fuel. They prove that from 25% to 35% of costly furnace heat is *needlessly* lost through solid walls and roofs.

Authorities estimate that 97% of American homes are sharing in this loss. For none of the usual building materials, alone, offer enough resistance to the passage of heat and cold.

Solid wood, brick, plaster, wall-boards, shingles and roofing materials are not sufficient. A special heat-stopping, or insulating material is needed.

Today, there is no need for *any* family to put up with the discomfort and waste of a heat-leaking house. An amazing lumber that effectively stops the passage of heat and cold is now available for *every* home, new or old . . .

This lumber is Celotex. It is not cut from trees, but manufactured from the tough fibres of cane. Celotex also shuts out wind and dampness, quiets noise. The broad Celotex boards are stronger in walls than wood lumber.

More than 90,000 new homes built with Celotex have set a new standard of American building practice. For these homes are winter-warm, summer-cool, quiet, strong and about ⅓ more economical to heat.

LINE YOUR ATTIC *with Celotex.* And here is good news for those who built before Celotex was available! You can still enjoy many of the advantages of this amazing lumber by lining your attic with Celotex.

While attic lining cannot effect the same results as complete house insulation, it gives protection where it is most needed. The roof is the most exposed, yet the thinnest and least protected part of your house.

Also, because heated air rises, more than 60% of the heat-leakage in an uninsulated house is through the roof in winter. And in summer, such a roof is poor protection against the sun's attack.

SAVES MORE *than it costs.* Lining your attic with Celotex is not a big job or an expensive job. You simply nail the broad, light boards right to the studding and rafters. Enough Celotex to line your attic will cost you very little. And Celotex will more than pay for its cost in the fuel money it saves.

Celotex also converts your old attic into a comfortable, livable room. Its golden-tan color and rough-textured surface make an attractive wall finish . . . or you can decorate it in many ways.

There are also many other places where Celotex is the ideal material for re-decorating, repairing or remodeling.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
*Mills:* New Orleans, Louisiana
*Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone book for addresses)*
*Canadian Representatives:* Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

*Anyone who can use a saw and hammer can finish off an attic room with Celotex. You simply nail the broad, light boards to the studding and rafters. Celotex not only shuts out heat and cold but converts your old attic into an attractive, livable room.*

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

*Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about this amazing lumber. All lumber dealers can supply Celotex. Also ask about the $200 GOLD BOND now issued on all Celotex-insulated homes.*

*Meanwhile, send the coupon at right for the free Celotex Building Book. It tells you how to use Celotex in old and new homes alike.*

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Dept. M-72A
645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
*Please send the Celotex Building Book*

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

S. E. P.—11-11-26

# BEAUTY IN UPHOLSTERY THAT OUTLIVES THE CAR

When you open the door of a closed car upholstered in CA-VEL, you are impressed at once with its beauty. The car's interior has all the charm of a home furnished in the best of taste, because CA-VEL is the same lustrous velvet, the identical pile fabric of glowing color that interior decorators select for furniture coverings, drapes and hangings.

More yards of CA-VEL are used for closed car upholstery than of any other velvets made. It has earned this preference because its beauty is enduring.

No CA-VEL interior ever looks shabby. The lustrous, resilient pile resists wear and never becomes ruffled because the yielding surface recovers its shape as soon as pressure is removed. If accidently soiled it is easily cleaned.

Remember the name CA-VEL. It will assure you closed car upholstery that will retain its brilliant beauty in all its original freshness long after you are ready for the next car. And that, of course, means a higher resale value.

COLLINS & AIKMAN COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1845 NEW YORK CITY

© CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

# Bon Ami

## *for aluminum and fine kitchen utensils*

Bright as a new dime! How easily and quickly Bon Ami restores the sparkle to the *polished* parts of aluminum.

Small wonder makers of famous brands of aluminum recommend it for this purpose. For they know it quickly yet gently removes all tarnish, spots, and stains. Leaves the surface gleaming like new—with never a scratch to mar its beauty.

And Bon Ami won't chap the hands, won't make the nails brittle.

This magic cleanser keeps many other things besides kitchen utensils glistening with cleanliness. Read the list of uses given above.

Remember—it's economical to have both forms, *Cake* and *Powder*, on your pantry shelf all the time.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

***Principal uses of Bon Ami—***

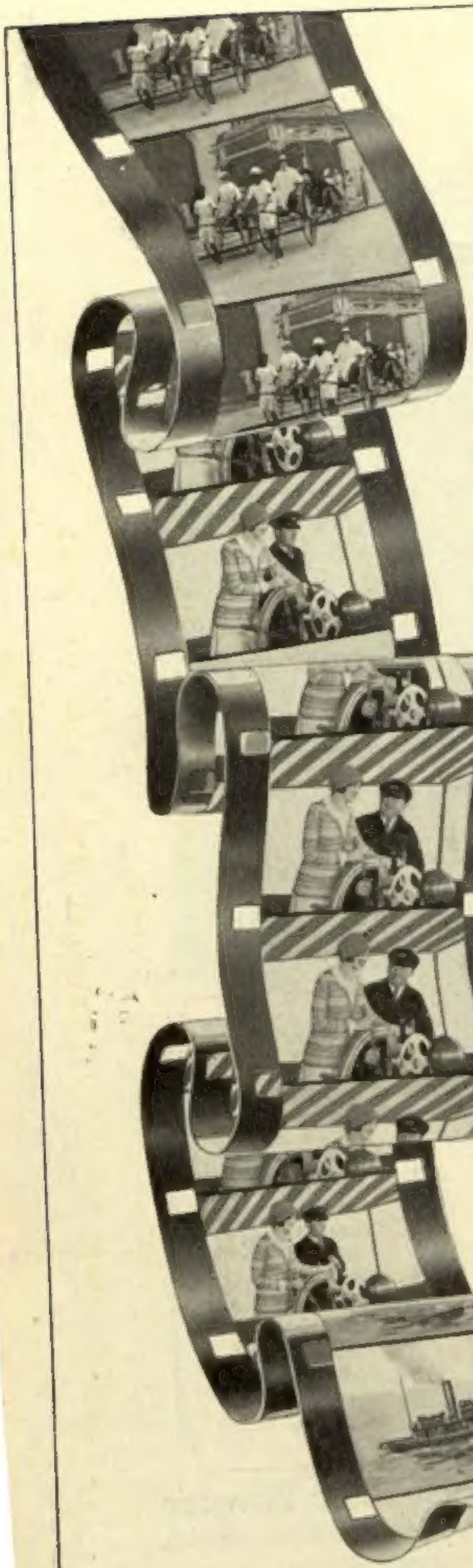
*for cleaning and polishing*

Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs, Tiling
Aluminum Ware
White Woodwork and Painted Walls
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows, Mirrors
White Shoes
The Hands
Refrigerators
Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

## Cake or Powder

***most housewives use both***

*"Hasn't Scratched Yet"*



*Hold waist high or eye level—and just press the release.*

# *Aboard and Abroad* with a Ciné-Kodak

*Hold eye level or waist high—and just press the release.*

ADVENTURE lies ahead—new scenes, new customs, new faces—fresh discoveries every day.

And *now* each one means a movie. Press the release on the Ciné-Kodak—you're making movies. Turn the switch on your Kodascope—you're seeing the movies you made. Thrill? It runs the trip itself a close second.

Nor is this all. In addition to movies you make yourself, you can rent well known screen classics, animated cartoons, travelogues, from a Kodascope Library. There is a list of over four hundred pictures from which to choose.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.5 lens, is priced at $70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.3.5, at an even hundred. The Kodascope C projector is $60.

A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—as low as $140.

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Ciné-Kodak*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

*Turn the switch on your Kodascope, the motor starts, and you're showing movies.*